

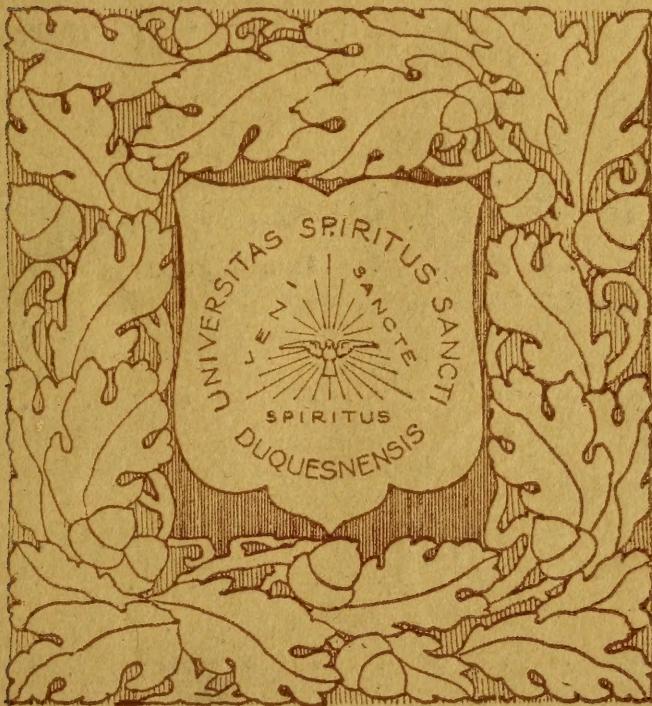
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Duquesne Monthly



Vol. 29

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 1

Duquesne Monthly

O C T O B E R , 1 9 2 1



C O N T E N T S

The Guardian Angel	MICHAEL F. COLEMAN	1
Our Bishop, Our Chancellor		2
An Ultra-Modern Proposal	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	4
Education, Commercial or Classical	J. F. CARROLL	8
Ireland's Secession?	THOMAS P. WHELAN	10
Stars Seen By Knight	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	12
Michael Angelo's Tribute to Dante		13
The C. S. M. C.	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	13
"Tell It to Sweeney"	JOSEPH DOWNEY	15
Editorial:—		
Reopening		17
Our Chancellor Emeritus		17
Pennants		18
Chronicle		19
Athletics	P. G. SULLIVAN	23
Alumni		28
Duquesnicula	MURRAY-CAMERON	30

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1921

Number I.

My Guardian Angel.

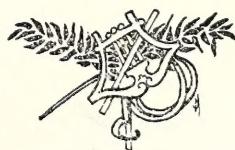
YOU watched me in my infant days,
 You stilled me through the hours I wept,
You sang on earth sweet heavenly lays,
 And round my crib fond vigils kept.

You walked untiring down the years,
 No murmuring plaint, no sore distress
Betrayed your many knowing fears,
 Your happy joy—a soul's carress.

I wronged you, Angel, guardian true,
 If angels wept, your tearful eyes
Would glisten in the azure blue,
 And wring compassion from the skies.

Forget my past, but yet remain
 My life's companion to the end :
I'll strive your favor now to gain,
 To please and love you, Guardian friend.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



4599

Jun 6 '29

Our Bishop, Our Chancellor.

THE June number of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY was going to press when the diocese of Pittsburgh learned to its extreme joy of the appointment of Father Hugh Boyle as its Bishop. This joy reached its highest point on June 29, when the Bishop-Elect received Episcopal Consecration at the hands of Archbishop Canevin.

Welcoming its new Bishop, our prosperous See extends its greetings to no stranger, but opens the gates of its affection to a man who has been a potent factor in its life, activity and progress for many years. We need not recount here the life of Bishop Boyle, surrounded in its early stages by a sad episode in one of the saddest chapters of the history of Western Pennsylvania—the Johnstown Flood. The readers of the MONTHLY too, are well acquainted with Bishop Boyle's activities in the interests of Catholic Education in Pittsburgh, as with his enviable record, as Superintendent of Schools. To him many a parish owes the existence of spacious school-buildings; whilst countless men and women bless him for the opportunities he afforded them within the hallowed walls of a parochial school. Teachers saw in him their sincere friend and trusty adviser; priests welcomed him with unfeigned joy; and children smiled their happiest as he smiled benignly on their youthful tasks and accomplishments. His coming as superintendent of parochial schools marked a new epoch in the history of Catholic Education in our diocese; his going was in benediction to all. For, obedience called him to a still more arduous work, and found him ready in his Apostolic heart.

Called to fill the position of Pastor, Rev. Hugh Boyle's talents beamed forth in all the glitter of efficiency. He had met the children and lived their lives; he had leagued himself with a friendly host of Catholic educators the countrywide; he must now come closer, if possible, to the hearts of humanity, by living and working in the centre of Pittsburgh's industry, feeling the throb of its life and the pulse of its labor in Homestead. As pastor, he was more than admired; he was loved for his works of zeal, charity and philanthropy. His parishioners the toilers for an honest livelihood, the pride of our country and the everlasting treasure of the religion of the poor,—heard his voice, followed it unerringly, and were loathe to part with him when Rome spoke again, gave him a field of labor more vast and meritorious, and, whilst rewarding him for invaluable service, looked with eyes

more far-seeing to the greater growth of the Church in Pittsburgh, and named him Bishop of this important and extended diocese.

Pens have described, and that in a manner that beggars comparison, the momentous gatherings, the gorgeous decorations, the solemn display of the Church's dignity and pomp in her ceremonies, that became a boastful chapter in history on June 29, 1921; they have told in figures of the crowds that flocked to St. Paul's Cathedral on that memorable day, when the aged Shepherd, as he laid hands upon the head of his youthful companion, laid also the burden of the Episcopacy on the shoulders of his worthy successor. But, no pen can describe the deep feelings of joy, the overflow of enthusiasm that filled the hearts, the admiration gushing forth from souls, the absolutely blissful satisfaction of the Catholics of the diocese, when Bishop Boyle blessed the lambs of his flocks and their shepherds on the morning of his consecration.

In behalf of the Faculty and the student body of the Duquesne University, the MONTHLY tenders its congratulations to Bishop Boyle; it assures him of loyalty to his every undertaking of final submission to his every wish, and of ardent support of everything noble and Catholic. May the diocese grow, prosper and expand under his fatherly protecting care.

As we enter upon a new scholastic year, a year that bids fair for unprecedented success in the field of Catholic Education, we have a pleasure far greater than that of anticipated success, far greater than a large enrollment or a most efficient professional corps, a pleasure that is at once our boast and pride—and it is that the new Bishop of our diocese, a friend of long date to Pittsburgh College, and Duquesne University has become a still closer friend of the institution by graciously accepting the invitation to be the new Chancellor. May he see the University advance with great strides; may his name be inseparable from its future success; and may our beloved Bishop be able to hold it up as a torch light of intellectual learning and Catholicity. Congratulating our High Priest in his elevation to the exalted dignity of the Episcopate, with hearts of love and gratitude, we hail him as the Chancellor of Duquesne University.



An Ultra-Modern Proposal.

PROLOGUE.

SAY! did you ever read a story in which the author or perpetrator, whichever you like, explains the plot of his narrative before he initiates you in the mystery of his tale? We bet you didn't. Well, all things being taken for granted, we, now, this instant, are about to do that thing.

* * *

"Hang it, I wonder if she would think me hasty if I—" Excuse us, we are ahead of our story.

James Harold Algernon Symthe (pronounced Smith) was deeply enmeshed in the toils of Dan Cupid. In the vernacular, Jimmy was in love. Now doesn't that seem strange that a young man, boasting a name of such pretentious greatness as did Jimmy, should ever be so commonplace as to fall in love? Yet that very thing happened. And since it did, it just goes to show that he was human. For, granting a man his humanity, how can you deny his capability to err? Be that as it may the fact remains that 'James Har—' etc., was in love. Now we are just where we were at the beginning. But we are not going to permit your interest to waver, for we are determined to tell this tale.

Jimmy was in love? Surely. With whom? My gracious we forgot that all-important thing, the party of the second part. Gracious! a second time. And Gracious! a third time. But since this is a true story we can not go on without giving away her name. It might have been Adelaide Jessica Swindbleton but—it wasn't. It was Annabelle Susan Perkins, known to her friends as Ann Perkins.

Now then we feel ready to give the graphic description surrounding the romance of—Oh horrors! we almost forgot to describe our hero and heroine. Jimmy was dapper and athletic, sunburned and—a 'brick'. Ann was lithe, graceful, nice-looking and—'petite'.

Jimmy met Ann (doesn't that sound romantic and—confidential?) on the first night of a week-end party given by his cousin at Longbeach. It was a case of love at first sight—at least on Jimmy's part. He never stopped to heed the philosopher's sage advice: "while I do not deny the doctrine of love at first sight I believe in taking the second look." And it was just as well for Jimmy because he couldn't have done better if he had taken the second or third or a dozen looks.

Well, as already said, Jimmy fell in love *instanter*. We say

'fell' in love because that is what actually happened. For, after the moment he murmured, 'charmed to know you,' he had pledged (secretly) his heart, his fortune, his eyes and ears, etc., to this new-found goddess. He managed to get five trots during the evening's dance which wasn't bad for a newly made acquaintance. We'll say it was not. But then, Jimmy was a hustler, don't forget that.

The social activities of the next day were a repetition of those of the preceding evening. Jimmy, by hook or crook, always managed to be in the party that contained the light of his life. Whether at tennis, or golf, or canoeing, Jimmy was 'Johnny on the spot.' (Isn't that original?)

Night came and with it a moonlight trip on the water. Now sometimes 'moonlight' is just as intoxicating as 'moonshine.' on water. Isn't it so? Now to the charms of moonlight on the water add the presence of one whose personality and being are intoxicating, and delirium results. To put it weakly, Jimmy was delirious. Not alone by moonlight, or by water, or by the presence of his adored one, but by all these plus the stupid boredom of Tom Brown who chanted romantic poetry into the ears of his adored one. It was bad enough (the poetry) but Jimmy felt that Tom ought to know better. Oh, how he longed for something to happen! something to relieve this monotonous trip. He prayed that the little launch would strike a rock, or lose its rudder, or even be totally wrecked, then he would show them all. But no such thing happened. With only a glance or two of amused indifference at our hero, his cherished one passed the evening listening to Tennyson or Shakespeare.

But hope springs eternal in the hearts of youth. On the morrow Jimmy tried a different method. He shunned the party of young people. Ah! that brought results. Dear reader, if you are ever in the predicament our hero is in at present, just try that remedy. When Jimmy declined canoeing he was met with a smile of amusement. When he turned down golfing a few startled glances were thrown his way. When he declined swimming he was made the general topic of conversation. When he refused to play tennis he was made the object of pity by the girls, and surprised consternation by the men; for outside of living Jimmy enjoyed nothing better than the net game. As the game progressed a few puzzled glances came his way from the girl of his dreams. Soon these glances were melting in their appeal. But Jimmy was obdurate. After a short space of time a whole

set was played. Again came those glances. But Jimmy was adamant. In a half hour another set was completed and the victors being the same who had won the previous sets a loud cry of champions was raised. Ah! at last! Jimmy could see, from the tail of his eye, that she had risen and was coming toward him.

"Mister Smythe won't you please play this set with me? That horrid Tom Brown is crowing like a rooster and I—we—must stop him."

What was that? "That 'horrid' Tom Brown was crowing like a rooster."

"Why certainly Miss er—Perkins, I feel sure that we can beat them."

Jimmy was as good as his word. In three straight, but remarkably hard fought sets, the would-be champions were dethroned.

After the excitement had subsided Jimmy's partner, in a faltering voice, thanked and congratulated him for his wonderful playing.

That night on a similar moonlight trip, Jimmy had the enviable pleasure of chanting extracts from Tennyson and Shakespeare.

The next day dawned bright and rosy. Jimmy was out early, prepared for a long day of fun. Suddenly it struck him that this was Sunday. That night he must go back for he had to be at the office Monday.

"Curses", quoth James. "What can I do to-day? Let me see—swimming, canoeing, a little tennis, and then—'Home James.'"

But Jimmy made the most of that last day. He managed to swim for three hours, play a round of golf, and have lunch before one o'clock. Afternoon he managed six sets of tennis and then prepared to go home. Oh! of course he played with his partner of yesterday. Again came those words of praise, uttered falteringly and modestly. Jim came mighty close to proposing right then, but it might be unconventional to do such a thing at that time. Later perhaps.

And thus we find him when this tale opened.

Place: Longbeach, Long Island, N. Y.

Time: Midsummer evening, about nine-thirty.

Circumstances revealed during playing time.

He: "Hang it, I wonder if she would think me hasty. I

realize that it is not just proper but—oh! here she comes now."

Enter the second and last personae dramatis.

He: "Good Evening, Miss Perkins, I see you are taking advantage of the wonderful night."

She: "Yes Mr. Symthe. (Noting traveling bag). Why a-ar-are you l-leaving?"

He: "Why, you know I must run down to the office in the morning and I—I thought that I had better make an early start."

She: "I see (falteringly) then you-ar-are g-going to l-leave?"

He: "I don't want to An-er-ahem—I mean Miss Perkins, that is, I want to stay."

(A Short Pause)

She (shyly): "You ar-are su-such a wonderful tennis player."

He (gallantly): "And you are a mag-magnificent dancer and—"

She: "And I"

He: "And everything." (Moves towards his companion)

She: "And ar-are you ne-ver coming back to see the ocean and—swim?"

He: "Sometime. Maybe (meaningly). Oh hang it, Miss Perkins, I mean Ann, I can't stand this suspense any longer. Don't be frightened. (Takes her in his arms). What would you say if I, who have known you only three or four days, were to ask you to marry me?"

She: "Sighing contentedly.") Why I should say: Don't p-p-put off 'till to-morrow w-w-what you should have done the d-d-day before yesterday."

Curtain

Epilogue.

You never can tell.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.



Education, Commercial or Classical?

ALL our efforts, to be worthy of their rational agents, must be directed to a definite end. That every human act is performed for a purpose preconceived, is a fundamental principle, nay, the very basis of ethics or morality. Moreover, this end must be good; for, we are so constituted that our wills can tend towards nothing else but good. Just as sound is the object of hearing, color of seeing, truth of thinking, so is good the object of willing. A thing that is good can be desirable for various reasons: first, because it pleases; thus, indulgence in certain edibles, drink, recreation, and the like, is sought by some. Second, there is the seeking after a thing because it is good in itself, and makes for the good of the individual. This is the real good, the moral good, the good that is the basis of Christian morality, the good for which the pagan Cicero longed and of which he wrote so solidly and tersely. Finally there is the utilitarian standpoint of goodness—the seeking for a thing simply because it is useful. The pleasure and honesty element is set at naught; all efforts are based on one thing—utility. The man who builds the edifice of his life on such a shifty foundation will soon wander far afield, all the freer because the utilitarian ideal is enclosed within the narrow circle of a selfish personality.

Thus, things good in reality can be made subservient to such a petty master; and in our age of personal liberty and individual aggrandizement, of material well-being and itching for monetary prosperity the pity of it all, is that such a sacred thing as education seems infected with this pernicious malady. There is what I might call a utilitarianism of education gnawing at the vitality of our country and, like a malignant cancer, threatening its very existence.

An admirer of learning for learning sake, himself an educator of note, and a descendant of educators for generations, once remarked to a teacher in America, that the youth of this country seemed to pay little attention to the requirements of English Grammar: "Grammar will never buy bread in America" was the laconic reply: and it bespoke the utilitarian idea of education to a nicety. It would almost appear that a little of this spirit is taking hold of the school-going generation of to-day. The proportion of Commercial High Schools to Classical ones is far in favor of the former. But it was not ever thus. There was a time when the Classics were studied, merely for education's sake.

The history of Ireland illustrates very characteristically my meaning. Goldsmith was not exaggerating when he described the learning of the village school-master:

“And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.”

Following on the footsteps of the old Monastic Masters, holding fast to their ancient traditions, the teachers of the country devoted time and labor to the cultivation of the Classics. Their remuneration was but a nominal sum; they studied more in the light of knowledge for its own sake, than for the livelihood it might afford. The Classics, with their constructions so different from the language of the pupil, could be reconstrued, in order to clarify the idea of the authors, only by long and serious reflexion. Thus, the student learns to think for himself: and after all, that is the idea of school and education, learning to think. The intellect, being man's highest faculty, has an activity which constitutes man's highest prerogative. The active man must needs have a thought, in order to exercise his activity; the man of will power cannot will unless his mind perceives some object as a good. Man's longing on earth is to know, and his happiness is only complete in heaven when his intelligence shall see God.

The fundamentals of education, therefore are to develop thinking men; and it is a matter of pedagogical experience that the Classics make for such a development. A short Ode of Horace, or a single passage from Homer, opens up more storehouses of hidden lore than do entire libraries of modern literature, storehouses of mythology, geography and astronomy, storehouses of religious and social tendencies of man, of figures of speech seldom equalled or never excelled. The science of modern warfare is drawn for the most part from the writers of antiquity. There is food for thought, there is a mine of embryonic knowledge hidden within the rugged covers of a Cicero, a Livy or Horace, Plato, Demosthenes or Homer. The mine is there, it must be worked.

If, in the dark days of Europe's existence, Ireland was the “Isle of Saints” because of her staunch fidelity to Rome, she was, too, the “Isle of Scholars,” because of her predilection for the Classics, a predilection that is the characteristic and boast of her higher educational system even to the present day. The champions of her cause, who are matching their minds most favorably with the diplomatic minds of the world, are men who think for themselves, men whose training has been along classical lines.

Education is, indeed, a means to an end—to life more abundantly; but it is more than a means, it partakes of the nobility of an intermediary end; consequently, it can be sought for its own sake, and need not be looked upon from the stand-point of the utilitarian. As long as we persist in making of it a mere tool, a means of acquiring money, we are lowering its standard, debasing its meaning, and barring the road to further mental development. Let the Classics remain; let them have a new lease of life; let educators insist upon them; let them be taught in a manner worthy of their antiquity; let them be made attractive; let them, finally, be taught in the light of labor that shall be its own reward, and not rather as a burden needlessly and wrongfully imposed. Then, from being a country, to which the opprobrious name of materialism has been applied, our country shall be a land of learning, and our age a period of a respectable and sane intellectualism.

J. F. CARROLL.



Ireland's Secession?

WITH the truce which has done so much to facilitate the negotiations that are now going on between the representatives of the British and Irish peoples, a new era has dawned for Ireland. When we consider the century-old wrongs, and the years of bitter persistent repression we begin to realize that the armistice, which has for the moment called off the dogs of war, is an event of no mere passing interest.

For peoples and nations the world over its moral is manifest. It shows that no tyrant can crush the soul of a little nation, conscious of its own strength, self-reliant and defiant. The oldest conscious nationality in Western Europe, true to its great traditions, has asserted its rights and humbled a powerful empire. It is startling, but it is a fact, cannot be gainsaid, and has become historic.

Those who take an interest in Ireland's struggle—and their number is many—now know that we are not the willing partner of any imperial union. We are no mere province of the British Empire, but a nation distinct, apart, separate. Those who speak

of Secession speak utter falsehoods. As there could be no question of secession between a conquered Belgium and her German master, so there can be no such question between Ireland and England. The analogy is exact. Where there has never been a union except that carried out by the sword and maintained by corruption and force there can be no secession. Secession presupposes a union. Therefore Irishmen do not speak of Secession, but they do speak of their inalienable rights as a nation. Those they have asserted and mean to maintain. The hand of God placed our little island separate, apart, on the bosom of the broad Atlantic and peopled her with a race as distinct from the English as the Latin is from the Teuton. Therefore we will tolerate no external interference. We hold the position of little Belgium. The voice of civilization is with us. Were we to recede we should sell our natural birthright and dishonour the sacred traditions of our martyred dead. That is the Irish situation to-day. The young men of Ireland shall be true to the lady-mother, even unto death.

The Irish nation has now gone into a council-chamber with her oppressor; but it is well to realize that she has gone in, not as a conquered suppliant, but as an equal. So the words of the most brilliant of our modern essayists have come to pass.

“Soldier with equal soldier shall we sit.”

We know the issue—peace or war. Peace we desire: war we abhor: but if an alien power still persists in the godless creed of might as against right, then the noblest and most just of wars must be chosen—that in which the citizen sons of a nation of their own free will, take up the sword and defend the rights of a motherland. In such a war Ireland shall be the defender: England the aggressor. Death in a glorious cause whose justice is manifest, is a noble act of self-immolation, and such shall be the death of the Irish soldier, who without pay or reward, takes to his native hills and pours out his life blood that his country may live and be received within the circle of the free nations.

THOMAS P. WHELAN.



Stars Seen By Knight!

(I)

DIANE casts down her peerless light from high above,
And Romance hides in ev'ry shadow'd nook;
A gallant knight fares forth to serenade his love,
A wench so fair he scarce at her does look.

(II)

Beneath her chamber window he bursts forth in song,
His lightly thrummed guitar ascends the air.
But, ah! upon the balcony she comes ère long,
And Luna's brilliance tints her lustrous hair.

(III)

Swift, straightway, to the rail she steps and deeply sighs,
Her flashing orbs behold that love-lorn face;
She rigid stands, enthralled 'twould seem, till she espies
A beauteous flower growing in a vase.

(IV)

Then spake she to this rose, "With thee I would not part,
But on a holy mission thou must go;
Godspeed I bid to thee from inmost bleeding heart,"—
And saying which she tossed it far below.

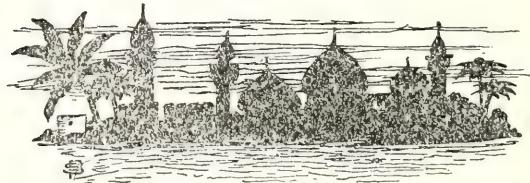
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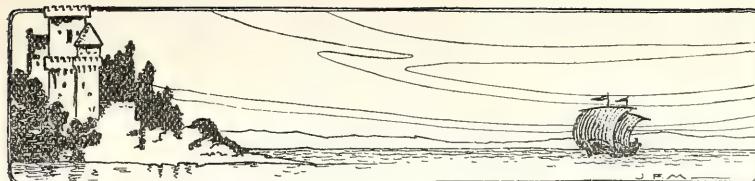
The blossom fell and did caress his upturned brow,
That brow aglow with sweet, enamored thought.
Alas! the gallant knight lies cold and kyoed now.
Because, forsooth, the posie wore its pot!

(VI)

The damsel fair with whom he would a tryst to keep
Remarks, "Now that's shut off, I hope I'll get some sleep!"

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.





Michael Angelo's Tribute to Dante.

"INTO the dark abyss he made his way;
Both nether worlds he saw, and in the might
Of his great soul beheld God's splendour bright
And gave to us on earth true light of day:
Star of supremest worth with its clear ray,
Heaven's secrets he revealed to us through our
dim sight,
And had for guerdon what the base world's spite
Oft' gives to souls that noblest grace display,
Full ill was Dante's life work understood,
His purpose high, by that ungrateful state,
That welcomed all with kindness but the good.
Would I were such, to bear like evil fate,
To taste his exile, share his lofty mood
For this I'd gladly give all earth calls great."



The C. S. M. C.

TOWARDS the end of the late school year a most important step was taken by the students of the Uptown School. Under the direction of Father Edward Malloy and Mr. John P. Stanton a committee of twelve members, chosen from the various parts of the school, met and organized "The Father Simon Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade." By working under forced draught, the committee was able to draw up and ratify a constitution for the unit, secure three hundred and forty-six members, and make formal application for a certificate of affiliation from the central board of the Crusade at Cincinnati. This certificate has been received recently.

For the benefit of new students, and for those of the old who were too much preoccupied with examinations when the unit was organized here in June, a brief description of the aims and activities of the C. S. M. C. will not be amiss.

The Crusade comprises the idea of the furtherance of Catholic missionary work at home and abroad by prayer, education and contribution. It is not, however, a collecting agency. Its sole object along financial lines is self-maintenance by nominal dues, and enhancing the work of those societies that gather funds for the missions. It aims at educating the American Catholic youth to conditions in parts of the world little known, thereby bringing home to him the necessity of contributing to the cause.

Thus, the activities of a unit run along religious, financial and social lines. It is the intention of the Father Simon Unit to become one of the largest and most active bodies in the entire Crusade. To do this, it is necessary to almost double its present enrollment. Plans are now being made by the committee of organization to inscribe practically all the students of the Uptown School among the Crusaders; elections, following the general enrollment, will be held early in October.

The Crusade is the most active and efficient body for the development of the mission spirit in the Church to-day. At its recent annual convention, in Dayton, Ohio,—a gathering of over six hundred delegates from almost as many Catholic institutions of higher learning—the announcement was made that in the past year the membership of the organization had more than doubled; it has grown from one hundred and fifty-six units in July, 1920, to three hundred and twelve units, in August, 1921. A remarkable feature of the unit is the interest it is arousing in schools for women. Fully half of those who sat in the Dayton convention were representatives of such institutions, and, they were by no means silent participants.

A project of such universal appeal cannot fail. It is our duty as students of Duquesne University, to take an active part in this country-wide movement. To do so, we must support the Father Simon Unit in all its undertakings; in a word, we must become interested members of the Crusade. *Hoc fiat!*

P. G. SULLIVAN, '25.

“Tell It to Sweeney.”

YOU have often been at a ball game when the sun was darting his warm rays directly on your back, and you were so interested in the pastime that you failed to notice your red sunburn till evening. These were the circumstances of time when the Blue Sox and Lions met in the “rubber” of a five game series at Cedar Park, home of the Blue Sox. The series stood a tie, and the interest in the fifth game was so keen—it was to decide the pennant race—that all shops and stores were closed, private homes were deserted, and the entire town of Newbridge flocked to the ball park.

The papers called the game a pitcher’s duel, and neither side scored for three innings. In the fourth, however, the Blues scored one run on a triple by Hogan, star shortstop, and a timely single by Doran, who guarded the left section of the outer pasture. One run was a commanding lead for such a team; besides, Gene Clark, pitching ace, was on the mound. His winning streaking counted just twelve, and he had been the Lions’ jinx all season.

But, the beauty of baseball is its uncertainty. The “stretch” inning found the Lions in a mood of determination let loose. Pitcher Johnson, a weakling with the willow was first up. Clark, with the count, two and three, put the next in the groove; it was sped on a line to the centre field fence with Johnson resting on second. Daily, the next better and lead-off man for the furious Lions, crashed the first ball over Doran’s head, and the scores was tied, with Daily at the half-way station.

Here is where John Groff, the almost too honest umpire, came into prominence. Clark had complained all during the spirited contest that the man with the indicator had been missing ‘em. Balls had been cutting the corners only to be ruled bad. Clark had to put them over the centre, and waist-high, or else let the batter walk. With the score a tie, the enraged fans soon gave vent to their pent-up feelings,—the interest growing apace. Things had reached boiling point as Johnson strode to the plate in the first of the ninth; Groff was still “missing ‘em,” and the batter walked; Daily beat out a slow roller to third, a hit batsman clogged the cushions. Second-baseman Davis rammed a hot liner over short, and two men scampered over the rubber. The Blues began to feel the sting of defeat. But Clark was still master of the situation; he struck out the next batter and caused another to “pop up” to third. Then Collins took the easy march to the initial sack. Then another run was batted in; and the trailers went out one, two, three in their half.

The game was over and won but the excitement seemed to have only started. In an instant the stands were empty, the fans surging in the field surrounded the honest umpire, and began their cheerful work of tearing Groff to shreds. A butcher thought it best to cut and quarter him. As he threateningly held his meek victim, deliberating as to the sharpest weapons for dispatch, Gene Clark's right was about to end its semi-circular movement at a cross section of the butcher's rotund features when one of those movie comedy impossibilities, we read of, happened; the carver of crude flesh moved his head, and the optic nerve of Groff's right eye was cruelly shattered.

Then it was that Clark struck also a snag in his career; for, when he essayed to present his most humble apologies, he was told to 'tell it to Sweeney.' Three weeks later the star port-sider met a charming young lady at a party, whom, at her own request, he escorted home. As they stood, loathe to leave, at her door, she asked him to step in and meet her father. But, when father appeared, it was none other than John Groff. Needless to say, Clark beat a hasty retreat. At their next meeting, Ethel Groff believed the story of her athletic admirer; and, apparently, she shared her own opinion with herself, at home.

On the way from the theatre, not many weeks later, the two friends, or better still, lovers, happened in to a smart café. Whilst waiting for their order, their powers of keen observation were more than rewarded, when Clark espied Umpire Groff, a few tables ahead. The outcome of a hasty and spirited debate was to wait until he should have gone.

Excitement followed hard upon excitement on that memorable evening: for, lo and behold! two policemen, officers of law and order, appeared on the threshold. After some altercation or other, one of the officers was on the floor, and a small-sized revolution was seething. With the girl's arm in his, Clark started for the door, where his blue-clothed, brass-buttoned friend, Jake Stevens, was stoutly stationed. A riot, what is it between friends? queried Stevens to himself, as he ponderously stepped aside for free egress to the excited lovers. Suddenly a heavy hand was clasping Clark's arm. He looked around: it was Groff, vowing vengeance for his daughter's sake. He raised his clinched fist, swung viciously around, and planted the dark impress of his doubled digits on the features of—Jake Stevens.

Were it not for Clark's explanation, things might have gone hard on the assailant of the custodian of peace.

When calm was restored, Ethel said: "Papa, why did you hit that policeman?" The laconic reply was: "Tell it to Sweeney." But, as the clerk for marriage license answered to that name, Edith and Clark did as they had been advised.



S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Reopening.

WHEN the bell rang out over the Campus on Tuesday, September 6th, over six hundred students answered to its call: of these fully two hundred are beginning their studies at the University. These figures—and they are not yet complete—are encouraging. They bespeak an interest in higher education, heretofore lacking. They testify to the conviction that is now happily widespread, that higher education, and Catholic education are of absolute necessity for him who would make a mark in life.

The world needs leaders, it needs men who can think and will for themselves; it needs educated men. Our University pledges to fill up its needs. How many of the six hundred students of the Uptown School, will be leaders in Pittsburgh's life? That depends on their efforts. Placing ourselves under the special protection of her, who is the Seat of Wisdom, we begin a new year, with the determination to work faithfully, the desire to succeed worthily, the conviction of reward finally.



Our Chancellor Emeritus.

OUR University is still in its infancy. Before it is very old, many a page of its history will find place in the larger history of the diocese of Pittsburgh. Our Million Dollar Drive, a triumph when failure seemed imminent, will have its telling effort on the history of Catholic education. Now, Most Reverend Regis Canevin was the heart and soul of that victory. His spirit fired it on; his was the watchword emblazoned on its standard: "If this Drive fails, Catholicity in Pittsburgh fails."

As that tall, stately, saintly figure thrilled us on that memorable night of November 19, 1920, little did we think that it was to be his last public, official act, as Bishop of Pittsburgh. In the light of events, the name of Archbishop Canevin is, and ever shall be inseparable from that of our University. That noble figure in the history of the Church in America has quietly but characteristically withdrawn in prayerful seclusion. Our words are too feeble, our honors too paltry to express our appreciation for him.

Archbishop Canevin, retiring from our midst, and the advent of our beloved Bishop Boyle, as our Chancellor, remind us forcibly of the trend of life,—the tear and the smile the sorrow and joy; the loss and gain, in the life of the individual, the family, and in the divine society, the Church of God.



The Pennant Race.

THE Autumn broke upon us windy and gray; and as the month of October draws near the sport-loving public is turning its attention to the pennant races. Whatever be the causes that finally determine the victory, there is one thing beyond the shadow of doubt; namely, that success only comes to those who have struggled for it, who have ambitioned it, who have made everything else subservient to it, who have removed obstacles to it, taken proper steps to insure it. In a word, there was an ideal to work for. Lack of a very definite ideal spells failure; without it the individual, society and nation perish.

Students in the threshold of a University life, should lead the way in forming worthy ideals, if their efforts are one day to be crowned with success.



CHRONICLE

Religious Opening.

The formal religious opening of school was the Feast of the Nativity. The student body, seven hundred strong, rendered the Mass of the Angels in a faultless manner. The singing this year will be a special feature of the Uptown School. Unstinted praise is due to Fathers J. and E. Malloy and F. X. Williams.

Changes.

Room 113 has a new but not a strange occupant this year. There is a different penmanship on the black-board, and a different authoritative voice in the first corridor. Rev. Eugene McGuigan has retired to the fourth floor, where the plans for a wonderful football season are being completed gradually.

Father John Malloy has taken up again the burden of Dean of Discipline: and his past success and experience in those lines are proof sufficient of the high water mark of efficiency to be reached under his direction.

Father John Fitzpatrick, the genial Dean of St. John's Hall, has left us and is now engaged in Missionary work among the colored people of Virginia. The MONTHLY wishes him success.

New Professors.

To cope with the large influx of students the Faculty has been considerably enlarged by men who have left their mark in educational lines in Europe and America. Among these are: Dr. Klein, graduate in Medicine from the University of Vienna, also post-graduate of the Universities of Wurtemburg and Paris. Dr. Klein is a scholar of note, a distinguished writer for numerous European medical journals, and member of many medical associations in America. He will teach Organic and Inorganic Chemistry in the Pre-Medical School. Mr. T. A. Whalen, Ph. L., from the Gregorian University, of Rome, will occupy the chairs of Greek and English. Mr. R. J. McCullough, graduate of the College of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, has been engaged to teach Latin and Mathematics. Mr. Joseph A. Crowe, C. E., besides teaching Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing, will also be Assistant Chemist to Dr. Klein. Mr. Paul O'Keefe will be the

instructor in Latin, English and French. Another professor of English in the person of Mr. John O'Carroll, graduate in Philosophy of the National University of Ireland has been added to the Staff. Mr. John F. Kenney, graduate of the University of Vermont, will teach Mathematics and Physics. Mr. Thomas McMahon will also instruct in Mathematics and English. Mr. John Aikens, C. S. Sp., is specializing in Typewriting. Mr. Joseph L. Walsh, C. S. Sp., in English, Mr. Stanislaus Mielniski in Physics.

Rev. Patrick J. Fullen, C. S. Sp., former professor, and for ten years' zealous missionary of the colored people in Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia, has added joy to the University, by his return. Past students remember him with affection and the congregations to which he has eloquently preached have not forgotten him; he is now assistant burser.

Figures.

On the opening day of school, the registrar announced that there were six hundred and twenty-four students present. One week later, this number rose to seven hundred and thirty-eight; and the latest figures, as we go to print, show that there are eight hundred and five registered in the Uptown School.

Space.

The problem confronting the authorities, and the Prefect of Studies in particular, is that of finding space to accommodate all. At present every available room is a class-room. There is a class in the parlor, the Brothers' Community room, the gymnasium, a private room; even a corridor has been converted into a class-room.

Improvements.

The corridors, floors and class-rooms have been freshly painted. The entire vacation period saw a small army of painters at work throughout the building. The effect is pleasing, making the rooms brighter and keeping the ideal of cleanliness ever before the students.

A new cement entrance to the stage, club-house, and stationery, is a cleverly executed improvement, besides being a tribute to the engineering genius of our faithful and devoted mechanic, Brother Ammon.

Lockers.

Although a new set of steel lockers has been installed, the

excessively large enrollment threatened serious disorder and inconvenience. But the old boys' initiative and spirit of unselfishness solved the problem for the present. The members of the Senior and Junior classes volunteered to waive their claims; whilst the boys of the lower classes shared their lockers with the less fortunate. A waiting list had then to be formed, and the last one's number is 82.

Cafeteria.

An item deserving of more than a passing remark is the establishment in the ground floor of an attractive Cafeteria, where the inward man can "have his claims allowed" and his appetite wants satisfied. Come, all you admirers of preparedness and efficiency and inspect this plant. Take in at a glance, if you can, "the life intense" in this department. See those tempting doughnuts, that HERMES' Grade A milk; glance intently at that cool, refreshing ice cream; see, too, those tasty pies. Come and invest. Brother William will smilingly oblige you, and when you have tasted of his varied assortments, you will forget that Del Monaco ever had a restaurant. No one will take your hat, no "tips" accepted; Father Danner, with his winning smile, will woo your money and count your change. Don't fail on your next stop-over to visit our Cafeteria. We lost the key of our shop; it is open *day and night*.

Stationery.

No one has forgotten the Stationery; it is in the same place, and business is reported to be exceedingly brisk. Three tons of books were stored there a couple of weeks ago, with an estimated value of twenty thousand dollars. If the broad smile of Father E. Malloy is not there it is reflected not faintly on the faces of Brother Hieronymus, Mr. Boyd and Mr. Wilhelm. Smiles attract.

Boarders.

"Look who's here," was a common expression during these past weeks. "Welcome back," and "Thank you." The "who" refers to the Boarders. They are all back again. Between you and me, Father "Mack" must have been good to them last year. If they feared the voice, they loved the man. They were well cared for, were grateful and came back for—*more*. Do you want to be a Boarder in 1922 or 1923, put your name on the waiting list *to-day*. Do it now. Our space is limited.

Mass Servers.

Every man is, by nature, a hero-worshipper. Let us honor

our heroes, and increase their ranks. It is a heroic act to die for one's country on the part of a soldier; it is heroic for a boy to give his ticket for a ball game to a smaller chubby fan: heroic for a Boarder to get up before the signal for *reveille*. Yet one dozen boys do so every morning. They have asked for a dormitory apart—lest they disturb the slumbers of others;—and at six o'clock they are in the Sacristy, waiting to serve Masses: and be it said they will as willingly and obligingly serve a second Mass as well. The Fathers are grateful for this kind service and sacrifice. The Mass-servers deserve unstinted praise.

Sunday.

The Sunday High Mass has been begun again. The Plain Chant is ably rendered by the Boarders. Mr. J. Walsh, C. S. Sp., an understudy of Father Williams, and a musician of ability, officiates at the organ. A series of sermons on important points of Catholic Dogma is preached by the Fathers, each in turn.

Father Dodwell.

St. John's Hall is as popular as ever. Besides a few new members, it has also a new Dean, Rev. John Dodwell. His experience and wonderful success as manager make him a popular choice as assistant to Father John Malloy.

Frequent Communion.

The religious spirit is much in evidence among the Boarders; and at the daily Mass, it is the usual thing to see the majority approaching the Holy Table. The Juniors are a source of edification. All have an opportunity of choosing Confessors, who are at their disposal every evening.

Boys per Parish.

The parishes of the diocese are unconsciously perhaps, running a tight race for leadership, in sending boys to the University. The Chronicler is delving into records, in the hope of finding the leader or leaders. From the figures available just now, the following interesting items are worthy of note. Let the students copy them and strive to win a pennant for their parish. The race will be open until after the Christmas holidays. On boys! boost your parish! In new registrations, St. Paul's Cathedral leads, St. Raphael's is a close second. The Annunciation parish, St. Peter's, N. S., St. Anselm's, Swissvale, and Holy Innocents, heridan, are all bidding fair for supremacy.

The Director of Athletics, Rev. E. N. McGuigan, wishes to convey through the pages of the MONTHLY his sincere thanks to two friends of the University, Mrs. A. M. Donations Mullen and Mr. John Hermes, for their most generous donations in behalf of Athletics. He hopes that their good example will be emulated by other supporters of American sport.



' VARSITY.

AS OUR rural contemporaries would remark, the autumnal equinox is in our midst again. We have with us the time of year when the geese, the pigeons, the plutocrats, and the hoboes begin to hear the call of the so-called Sunny South. The birds leave; the leaves fall, and the Fall is. People are taking in their porch swings, and Mr. Woolworth is no doubt well on his way to the lofty attic of his renowned edifice to dust off such Christmas tree ornaments as have survived the tender ministrations of his loyal employes throughout the land. Arm-weary office-seekers shake numberless hands, provoke homicidal sentiments in the breasts of millions of innocent voters who feel it their duty to listen to touching speeches concerning the candidates' Sunday-school record, and wish it were the middle of November. The old boys on the pennant contenders are praying for warm weather during the world's series, and affluent turfmen are tossing the annual "bull" that the leading ponies will be retired to stud after their next race.

But all this stuff is the bunk, history from the files, so to speak. Right now, at the beginning of October, Old King Football is the sole occupant of the throne on the "bees knees." He wears the "cat's pajamas;" he is the eater of the "berries." *Vive le roi!*

So it is that we take our Waterman in hand to give the inside dope, the real up-and-down on the situation at Duquesne as regards the gentle pastime. And right off the reel let's slip a vote of thanks to Father McGuigan. He's the lad that landed the 'Varsity for us this year. If it were not for him we'd be seeing our football at Forbes Field to the tune of two bucks a thrill, and "don't let 'em tell you different." More power to him, though we'll inform our millions of madly devoted admirers he doesn't need much more—he playfully slapped our reportorial back the other day and we're still trying to separate our spare rib from our digestive apparatus!

As we go to press, the royal and ancient game reigns supreme on the Bluff. The ping of the punt predominates. The campus is daily the scene of what the sentimentally inclined "experts" designate as "miniature wars of the gridiron." And soon will come the opening game.

Quite naturally "Jake" Stahl is on the job again as head coach. "Jake" was master of ceremonies last season and compiled a record that made other rising young grid mentors wish they had died in infancy or at least had been crippled for life. The first practice was held on the twelfth of September. It was part of our duty to count the number of future Thorpes and Brickleys on hand and publish the total in these columns. We made a good start but soon became badly confused, and referred the mystery to an ex-census taker, with a portable adding machine. He hasn't reported to date. Sufficient to say that there was an appalling amount of well-built material. Both Coach Stahl and Father Mack are decidedly optimistic over the team's prospects, and student opinion expects a banner year.

The players themselves are in great shape, and if confidence goes for anything, heaven help their unfortunate opponents! It's a trifle early to make predictions regarding the personnel of the eleven, and Coach "Jake" is reluctant to discuss the matter. He is running the men hard and refuses to give any hint as to who will toe the mark in the lid-lifter. As Darwin says, it'll be a case of "natural perfection" and the survival of the fittest. We will now go out Walter Camping.

Captain "Chewey" Doyle is out for center. Bennie Keil, the Lawrenceville edition of Bob Peck, and "Walt" Houston, the Wheeling big fellow, promise to make the contest for pivot man a battle royal. "Mooney" Klinzing, "Pat" O'Malley, the Goliath from the "Strip", McNamara, Lee Schneider, and Dowling look good for line positions, but Wilinski, Finley, Mihm, Olszewski, Dwyer, and John and Jimmy Doyle are putting up a mighty struggle for regular assignments. Broderick, Tenney, Cingolani, Shanahan, and Quinn will fight it out for the terminals.

The backfield looks unusually promising. "Mike" Wolak, last season's fullback, again seeks the line-bucking appointment. "Pat" McGrath is pretty certain to do so half-backing. On past performance it is hard to see how he and Horne can be kept out of the majority of the games. In spite of their acknowledged prowess, however, their rivals Barrett, the Greenfield diamond ace, Harrison, the cage luminary, Len Snyder of U. High fame,

and Cramer, captain and back-stop of the ball squad, will make it uncomfortably hot for them. "Dan" Rooney, who made a name for himself on the 1920 squad and the versatile "Chuck" Cherdini are working hard for the honor of calling signals. And believe us, the whole race is a pretty tight one. One guess is about as good as another. As someone has aptly remarked, "time alone will tell," it's a cinch that the "powers that be" won't.

Manager Strobel, the genial Junior who guides the destiny of the schedule, when interviewed declared that the aforesaid schedule is practically complete and will be published in a few days. A few minor details have yet to be attended to. According to present plans either seven or eight games will be played. Among the teams to be encountered are Grove City, Thiel, Marietta, Dayton U., Geneva, and St. Bonaventure's. The manager and John Deasy, his energetic assistant, are agreed that business matters are progressing as smoothly as the proverbial silk. What could be sweeter?

And that's the football dope. The stage is set. Let the current rise!

HIGH SCHOOL.

The University High is again in the field! What a headline to excite comment. Not that its unexpected, but well, its news about the D. U. High and by the shades of the old Academics, they'll be "better'n ever." We have this statement from no less an authority than Coach Martin who is devoting his entire coaching ability to the interests of the High School department. Just between us, you understand, there's method to that madness, for the Prep lads of to-day are the 'Varsity stars of to-morrow, and its "big time" material that must be developed.

Not much real dope on the H. S. squad can be given out yet. The line-up is a gamble at present, but will venture the prediction that Charley Curran, last year's regular center, his brother "red", and Good, the husky Fourth High veteran, will be frequently seen in action. By the way, friend Charley is also acting captain and we go on record as saying he'll make good.

The new men look very promising. To date there has been little opportunity for gauging their true ability. Some are experienced; others green; but all will show great improvement after a few weeks' good coaching and hard training. "Hank" Fleck, though light, should make a strong bid for one of the backfield assignments. He proved his worth as a member of

Father Rowe's champion Dukum team of 1919 and again under Father Dodwell on the 1920 Juniors. He should have a big year. Frank McCaffrey looks good for a line job. He is sure as a tackler and a natural football man. Savage, the floor and diamond luminary, looks ripe for High School work, and Moriarty, the speedy Lawrenceville boy, seems a pretty good bet.

The brethren Sherrer, of Canton, are linemen par excellence according to advance information and should fill the gaps left by the loss of Gilday and the illness of "Fat" Curran. Cameron of Fourth B is performing in an impressive manner. He is long enough and broad enough to make a real grid man, and should come along rapidly under Father McGuigan's tutelage. Rohan, another guard candidate is showing up well. He has the size and build but needs practice. He'll get it, all right; so will the others.

Of the remaining hopefules, we know little, but expect much. Butler, Tracy, Malloy, and Murphy, are husky lads and ought to make good. Hennessy, Vaia, and O'Connell will fight it out for Captain Cingolani's old job at end. Kent seeks the quarter-back station. Wilhelm, Snyder, brother of the famous Len, Haverty, Zupsic, and Barrett are going good, but seem a trifle light. Dudick and McNally are out for the backfield. All in all prospects are wonderfully bright for a successful season.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

Great interest and much enthusiasm were manifested when the call was issued for candidates for this year's Junior football team. Nearly fifty youthful huskies reported to the Coach for the initial tryouts. As usual the Coach's first task was to weed out the squad, and whilst many of the places on the team have been filled, the process of weeding is still going on, and the prospects for a fast, clever hard-working team are very bright.

Practically all of last year's team have reported. H. Fleck will be missed as will L. Shiring, but of the new players, Haberl and Brice seem to be worthy successors of the two mentioned. Killen, an end, Hocking, a tackle, Cooke, a guard, Whalen and Joyce, linemen, and Malone a good drop kicker and backfield man, are the best of the new candidates. McCarthy, Schaub, Vogel, Lennox, Loughren, Boyle, and C. Shiring, all of last year's team, are to form the backbone of a new and better Junior team for the 1921 campaign.

Games are now being scheduled, Sacred Heart H. S., Holy Rosary H. S., and Eamon 2nds, have already applied for places on the schedule, and before many more days the programme of the Junior games will be completed. Then, watch the Juniors go!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, B. A., '25.



Law School.

On Monday, September 26, the Law School reopened for the winter session. Great enthusiasm was evinced both on the part of professors and students. The registration, though far from being complete, is the largest yet for the opening day. The apartments on Fourth Avenue are deemed insufficient, and some of the classes will soon be transferred to another, not less convenient site.

The *Pittsburgh Catholic*, September 15, printed the following interesting item: The extraordinary enrollment of students at Duquesne University, an enrollment fast approaching the eight hundred mark in the uptown school—has made it imperative to separate the College Department from that of the High School. In the very near future these two departments, life-long companions in the history of the University, shall have different locations.

Rooms have been engaged down town to meet the congestion. These same apartments will be used by the law classes in the evening and for their benefit a special reading reference room and consulting library has been set aside. This library is the result of special care and selection exercised by the authorities for some years. This year, one hundred and fifty students, from various points and schools of the State presented themselves for the preliminary State Board Examination, and of these, only seventeen passed.

That the aspirants to the legal profession may not be discouraged by a prospective failure, a class has been organized under the direction of competent and experienced teachers to prepare candidates for the very severe test to which the board of law examiners will subject them. Eleven students have now

joined this class, and several others signify their intention of doing likewise. If students in general would realize what an advantage is thus afforded they would gladly seize the opportunity.

The University authorities plan to conduct this class also in connection with the Downtown School, which is so easily reached from railroad and street car centers. The classes are conducted from 9:00 to 3:00, with one hour for lunch, and beginning with the first week of October similar night classes will be organized.



Alumni.

REV. STANISLAUS J. KOLIPINSKI, C. S. Sp., S. T. D. and B. A., '05, has just completed his Theological Course at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland. His written thesis is nothing less than a completion of St. Thomas' doctrine on the Gifts of the Holy Ghost. Studying the works of the Angelic Doctor in the light of their own evolution, the teaching on the gifts is really unsettled. Father Kolipinski's work has been widely talked of and most flatteringly complimented in University circles.

REV. M. J. BRANNIGAN, C. S. Sp., D. D., the popular prefect, and learned instructor of a few years ago, has also completed his studies in Rome most successfully. He is expected to arrive in America in the very near future.

MESSRS. REGIS WEHRHEIM, LEO WATTERSON and VINCENT RIELAND, of the Class of '21, entered St. Vincent's Seminary on September 14; ardent workers for the MONTHLY, students worthy of imitation, they carry with them the good wishes of all—wishes for success and happiness in the road to the holy priesthood.

MR. CHARLES WARD, '21, has entered St. Bonaventure's to pursue his theological studies. St. John's Hall will miss his genial smile and the orchestra will miss his artistic touch.

MR. NOVICKI, of the Sophomore Pre-Medics, has entered Jefferson College of Medicine.

MR. VEBELUNAS, gridiron, floor and diamond star, will pursue the same course at Georgetown and will have as companion, a fellow-classmate of Duquesne, in the person of Mr. Foster.

MR. BARCERZAK will enter the School of Medicine of Maryland. To these prospective members of the medical profession, we extend our sincere wishes for success.

FATHER VALENTINE FANDRAJ, '03, spent the vacation with his parents in Oakland, and was a frequent visitor during his short stay. Father Fandraj is teaching Moral Theology at the Seminary in Ferndale, Conn.; he has rendered invaluable service to the diocese of Hartford, by his zealous ministrations to the Polish population of Connecticut. His free time is devoted to the hearing of Confessions, giving Retreats, and preaching Missions throughout the diocese.

FATHER ROSSENBACH, quondam professor of Philosophy, and now Assistant Director of the Holy Childhood Association, has purchased a Ford touring car, in the interest of his missionary activity.

WE were agreeably surprised to receive a flying visit from our old, dear friend, RICHARD ACKERMAN. Pried with questions, "Dick" showed his secretaryship training, answering everybody by a broad inimitable smile.

AT home in England, yet never less at home, FATHER KIRKBRIDE, B. A., '19, only recovered from a long siege of nostalgy, when he saw the Statue of Liberty once more. We do hope the fates will drive his bark to Pittsburgh.

REV. GEORGE BULLION, '09, assistant at Holy Rosary Church, has secured permission from the Right Rev. Bishop Boyle, to pursue a course in the principles and practice of Plain Chant, at Rome; this course may extend over a period of three years. During his College days Father Bullion was a distinguished member of the orchestra, and evinced vocal talents of no mean order.

REV. T. J. McDERMOTT, '16, recently ordained as a member of the Passionist Order, is at present Assistant Master of Novices, Pittsburgh district; he has signified to his superiors his ardent desire to be employed in the Chinese missions; and hopes to be chosen as a member of the first group of volunteers sent to the Far East.

REV. VICTOR KENNEDY, '17, has been appointed assistant pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, East Liberty.

REV. E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL, '16, too young to advance with his class to Ordination, employed the intervening time teaching a

Community of Sisters in Sioux City, and was ordained to the Holy Priesthood, by the Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, at St. Vincent's Archabbey on August 7th, and celebrated his first Solemn High Mass at St. John the Baptist Church on the following Sunday, in the presence of the Rev. Pastor, Right Rev. Archabbot Aurelius, a large gathering of clergy and a host of friends. He has been assigned to duty at St. Justin's, S. S., as assistant to Rev. J. B. Barry. Distinguished in his classes, and prominent in all college activities, he is sure to realize our best hopes, founded on his talents and zeal.

REV. EDWARD J. NEMMER, '16, ordained with REV. JEROME HANNAN, D. D., '16, is stationed at Holy Family Church, Latrobe, Pa.

REV. JOHN R. MCKAVNEY, '13, has been transferred to a broad field of missionary activity in St. Jerome's Church, Charleroi, Pa. His abundant energy will find scope for zeal among the American and foreign elements in that prosperous town.

JOHN Z. SZABO, the fourth member of his family to enroll in Duquesne University, after graduating in the High School Department, has been assigned to the Freshman Class, College Department. His brother, REV. NICOLAS SZABO, is pastor of the Ruthenian Church, Homestead. Another brother, DR. DENNIS SZABO, is home physician in the tuberculosis hospital, Pittsburgh. A third, ALEXIS, after a distinguished career as a High School student, and the art schools of Philadelphia and Paris, has returned to Pittsburgh, to practise his profession as painter; he is now engaged in a picture to appear in the Fall Exhibition of Paintings in the Carnegie Museum.

JOSEPH H. SZELONG, H. S., '18, is about to enter the Dental Department of the University of Pittsburgh. During his three years' stay in the Polish army, he figured with distinction in the major battles of Champagne and Chatteau-Thierry, and the offensive of Limberg, together with several minor engagements; he is one of five survivors of his regiment, and one of thirty-five of his division. As souvenirs of his campaigns, he has brought home the Croix de Guerre, Polish Medal—also a wound in his right leg, which laid him up for five months in a military hospital.

WE note with pride that the graduates of our Law Department have uniformly passed the State Board final examinations. The class of 1921 is no exception to the rule: all its members

triumphed with success in the final test, and have been admitted to practice at the Bar of Allegheny County. Phenomenal successes are responsible for the record-breaking registration of this year's Law classes.

MOST of the 1921 High School graduates from the Academic department, have returned, to pursue their studies in the college. Others have severed, wholly or partially, their connections with *Alma Mater*. We wish success to those who have left us, and equal, if not greater, success to those who have registered in the School of Accounts.

ANDREW J. TOLLEY figures on developing an exclusive, though extensive, *clientèle* in the Hill district. He has been admitted to the Dental department of the University of Pittsburgh. The expenses of his first year will be heavy; tuition and necessary instruments will cost him upwards of 500 dollars. Devotion to his studies will deprive him of one of the greatest delights of his young life; he must forego the charms and the excitement of the squared circle in which he achieved many brilliant victories.

AUGUST C. FRIEDERICH has also entered the Pitt Dental College. It is likely that he is the youngest student to enroll.

EUGENE A. CONTI and FRANCIS A. RILEY have decided to take their whole medical course in their native city. In the past, our aspirants to the medical profession distributed themselves amongst Jefferson College, the University of Pennsylvania, Georgetown, Maryland, and the Universities of St. Louis and Chicago. Wherever they went, they gained distinction, and set a high standard for their successors to aspire to. The present high cost of living is a bar to registration in schools in the farther limits of our State or outside its boundaries.

SEVEN prospective "Saw-Bones" have registered in our Pre-Medical Course: J. D. DOYLE, L. C. SNYDER, J. A. GILMARTIN, V. P. BURBY, E. F. HAGGERTY, J. E. LANG and A. J. QUINN. They are now deep in the mysteries of inorganic chemistry, biology, medical jurisprudence, and psychology, rational and experimental.

ALBERT C. KELLY and J. DORSEY MCQUADE are qualifying to assume the mantles sooner or later to be relinquished by their Sires. The former is taking electrical, and the latter mining engineering in the University of Pittsburgh.

VICTOR O. FRIDAY and WILLIAM A. JACKO are our contribu-

tion to the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The class will be well represented by these studious and ambitious young gentlemen.

FRANCIS J. GRUNDER is our only offering, though a worthy one, to the engineering department of Cornell.

JOSEPH S. HOFFMAN decided to devote his life to agriculture in its broader phases. So many were the applications to State and other schools of higher learning nearer home, that he was obliged to seek admission in far-off Purdue. His credits were deemed amply sufficient to entitle him to registration.

GEORGE M. ABSALOM, THOMAS P. LYNCH, and JOHN A. WITT, with possibly others, will be with us still, though in the Downtown School, Accounts, Finance and Commerce will enable them, after a novitiate of two or four years, to realize their golden dreams in the higher regions of business life. With proper training the alert business executive can command salaries ranging from \$6,000 to \$35,000 a year.

WE extend to DOCTORS HODGSON, SEARLE, HOWARD and O'DONNELL, our most cordial congratulations on their having passed with distinction the final State Board examinations admitting them to the practice of their profession.

FOR years it has been the ambition of RICHARD ACKERMANN'S young life to qualify for the holy priesthood. His ambition is in the course of being realized. Late in September, he entered the novitiate of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Ferndale, Conn. At the end of a year's trial, prayer, and study, he will begin his philosophical studies in the Seminary conducted in that ideal location on a rising ground fanned by breezes from the Sound and the Atlantic ocean.



Duquesnicula.

D UQUESNICULA faithfully promises its readers one of the most fruitful, interesting, and astounding years of its checkered career. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, therefore the best advice we can offer is: Read it, and weep, but make your will first. Several of the students of the institution have been writing for *Life* during the last summer. We will publish all the jokes (?) that *Life* couldn't use. We also

promise a few interesting sketches from *Whiz-Bang*, *Police-Gazette* and *The Quirt*.

Yours till the devil plays hockey in his own back yard,

THE EDITOR.

HOT SKETCHES.

MOOMPUS ANHREIM tried out for HOLD BOCK on the 'Varsity. Coach Stahl was much pleased with his work and says MOOMPUS has the FORM to make a football player.

The minister who said that the automobile is a menace to religion must have bought a second-hand car.

SQUIRREL'S (RED) O'BRIEN will probably be seen on the gridiron this season in the capacity of referee. His work last season, as baseball umpire, has qualified him for this position.

It's easy enough to be carefree
When you ride in your neighbor's machine.
But wouldn't you chew,
If it fell upon you,
To pay for the gasoline?

JAWN LAFFEY, of Junior College, needs his hair cut just as bad as ever.

A well-known citizen of Wiley Avenue died last week of throat trouble, superinduced by a razor.

A certain student soliloquizing on summer vacation was heard to say lately: "Sometimes, the father tans and sometimes the sun."

The registrar is held responsible for this one: he asked a boy what classes he intended to follow? "The *Epidemic* class," was the only reply.

Father Dodwell was victim in a case of mistaken identity, when he said to the mother of *Adam Appel*: "I'm glad to have met you, Mrs. Adam's Appel."

Can you imagine it? HANK O'BRIEN and GOOFUS O'CONNOR tell us they stayed at a joint in Atlantic City, where they ate their hash in their soup and fish. We prefer ours in separate dishes.

When you consider how little a church bell knows, it is really wonderful how much it has "tolled."

They called him little chatter-box.
He was a youthful "jay."
He had so much to talk about
'Cause he hadn't much to say.
He was a Freshman—NUF CED.

The "lovesick" boarders are famed as the mushiest youths in Pennsylvania, and points west. It has become so chronic that one may observe them any day—"spooning in the dining-room."

Philosophers have often told us that people frequently see colors when they "dye".

Mr. Staab, the undertaker, has just bought a new hearse, and they say people are just dying to ride in it.

First Artist—"I see a tall man going into your studio every day. Is he sitting for you?"

Second Ditto—No, he's laying for me.

Youth. "You look sweet enough to eat."

Sweet young thing—Where'll we go?

Squirrels O'Brien appeared at school the other day with a large bump on his forehead. It is said he was struck by a thought.

Mr. Whalen remarked the other day that Henry Xavier O'Brien was a disgrace to his name. This makes it unanimous.

REMINISCENCES.

There once was a fellow
Who'd let out a bellow.
When one of his class-mates said "Cash"—
No, Bert wasn't broke,
The balmy young bloke,
He'd merely contracted a "mash".

(N. B. FRESHMEN).

Father J. Malloy to a Boarder: "Have you any eye-witness to prove that you were struck by the young man?"

Complainant: "Yes, Father," here, (pointing to his discolored optic).

THE RECOGNITION.

Home they brought her sailor son,
Grown a man across the sea,
Tall and broad and black of beard,
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,
Both he offered ere he spoke;
And she said, "What man is this
Comes to play a sorry joke?"

Then they praised him,—called him "smart,"
"Tightest lad that ever stept;"
But her son she did not know,
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
Set a pigeon-pie in sight;
She saw him eat:—" 'Tis he! 'tis he!"
She knew him—by his appetite!—William Sawyer.

BOB MURRAY
JOSEPH CAMERON, '22.

AN INVITATION

The Students and Alumni of Duquesne University are cordially invited to visit us. We shall be glad to explain and show the workings of a big commercial Bank.

We take this occasion to commend the Students who are keen enough to realize the potency of an education as a factor in success, and to assure them from first hand observation that never has there been a more urgent demand for trained minds in the various pursuits of business.

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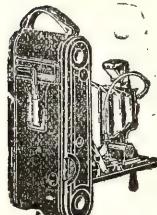
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Duquesne Monthly



Vol. 29 NOVEMBER, 1921 No. 2

Duquesne Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1921



CONTENTS

Autumn Leaves	CLEMENT STROBEL	37
The Finality of Life	SOPH-PRE-MED.	38
The Poet Divine	STEPHEN J. DUSHAK	42
The Sheriff's Romance	J. F. D.	43
Imprisoned	MICHAEL F. COLEMAN	49
The Burglar	RICHARD WILHELM	49
A Thought for the Student	H. J.	51
How to Study	J. F. C.	52
Our Irish Dead	THOMAS F. WHELAN	54
Duquesne	J. L. WALSH	54
 Editorial:—		
Courtesy	JOHN M. IMHOF	55
The Disarmament Conference	M. A. CUSICK	56
Education Wins	W. F. BOGGS	56
Aviation as a Commercial Aid	EDWARD J. CAYE	57
Charity Begins at Home	J. B. REARDON	58
Education	JOSEPH M. CAMERON	58
Chronicle	STROBEL-COYLE	60
Athletics	P. G. SULLIVAN	64
Alumni		68

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Volume XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1921

Number 2.

Autumn Leaves.

SOFTLY fall the Autumn leaves
Rhythmic and in measured time
Varied patterns Nature weaves
Into woodland stores sublime.

Flying tints of rainbow hues,
Shining brilliant in the sun,
Green and red and shaded blues,
Slowly dropping one by one.

Hedges rough these treasures hold,
Gathered in by moss-grown rill
Wooded nooks the dead enfold
Hill and dale these beauties fill.

Lustrous beauty sunken deep
Down in many a lonely bed,
Silently may vigil keep
Over Summer's ghostly dead.

Giant trees they once adorn'd
Gauntly stand there bare and grim,
Sighing, soughing winds have mourn'd
Loud their plaintive, doleful hymn.

CLEMENT STROBEL, B. A., '23.



The Finality of Life.

EVERYTHING around us is in motion: we witness the passing of every being at every moment of our existence: the rivers hasten towards the sea that engulfs them, and as they pass, we see wave following upon wave. Nature appears beaming in the adornment of Spring, but only to shed its verdure again in view of other embellishment. The animal is born, grows, is victor over others less powerful than he: he falls in turn, and others appear, following the same bent of existence. But man fares better than these; he sees and understands that life is movement; if he cannot resist this mysterious impulse, can he know, at least, its end?

Does man lose himself in the great "whole" of creation, as the river is swallowed up by the sea? Or, perchance, each man is but another step nearer by evolution to the "Absolute", God. Or, again will man just fall into "nothingness?" Writers, ancient and modern, have supported and sustained such solutions to the question: "Whither are we going?" They all leave the soul under an impression of insufficiency, nor can they efface her golden dream of a personal existence, infinite both in duration and in the intensity of happiness. One answer suffices for Nature's need: it is one equidistant from Oriental mysticism which sacrifices man to God, and from modern realism which wishes to substitute us for the divinity. Christian philosophy, under the guidance of its master-mind, Aquinas, clings to the idea of a personal God and a personal man. On these principles Christian morality is based. By their light the first thing the human mind sees God, a necessary and unchangeable being; then, man, contingent but *eternal* under the preserving influence of the Creator. When the reason sees God and man, cause and effect, it cannot help remarking that the effect tends towards the cause, that man returns to God. This movement, or steady march of the rational creature back to God whence he came, is what we call moral life or morality.

A fundamental doctrine, then, of St. Thomas is that human life has a goal to reach, and that goal is one, and only one, God.

Life is movement. This is explained by the fact that inertia is like death, whilst we calculate the vitality of things by the intensity of their intimate action. Every movement has necessarily an object or end; the stone that is loosened on the mountain-side falls and rolls, and stops only when it finds a suitable place: it has no preconceived, definite place; it might have stopped elsewhere. In the hand of a man it would, should he

wish, have had the same movement, but with a definite end in view. The living organism moves and changes. He, too, will have a goal. But will he conquer one thing rather than another? Is his walking inspired with an intention that dictates such a path and not such another? On examination we see that all inconscient life—the vegetable and animal kingdom—manifests a determined end, firm and always identical.

Entirely different is the conscient being. All human life is a succession of diverging and opposite thoughts and desires, of marches and counter-marches, of coming and going, of retracted concessions and disavowed refusals, of repudiated choice and relented judgment. We say that inconscient life has an end that it knows and wishes to attain, and will we add that man, free and conscient, neither sees nor desires a precise term for his efforts? Thence would only be a step to the paradox that life knows and covets its goal all the more because it is less capable of it.

The perfection of inferior beings is their advance; and the infallibility of their success has only one name, *mechanism*. The complex program they fill out is, surely, beautiful and sublime. It is the sign of a Spirit; for, only such can conceive order; the sign of an infinite Spirit; for, only God can conceive such a grandiose plan, whilst man loses himself, often irretrievably in the little he knows about it. If the plant is born, grows, lives and reproduces itself, it is because God wishes and sees and lives for it. Its merit consists in putting this plan into execution. On the other hand, the indecisions, the discord of human existences double by a prerogative that honors man: *autonomy*. If in life of thought and liberty we do not follow a uniform path, it is because the way is not traced for us in advance; and we must work our way through every changing circumstance. Whilst the star pursues its uniform course in the heavens and the bird flies care-free through the raging tempest, man must stop to think and must concentrate his attention at every moment to decide on the road he is to travel. Everyone of his actions and decisions demands this recommencement of thought and will. Why? Because man is not led by a blind instinct. He understands things in a higher way; he sees their different aspects, more especially the *good*; and the good is ever the conformity of an object with our desires. Every man feels within himself dreams striving for expression, awakening tendencies struggling for action. These inclinations towards things which we have not, but which we can possess, are our wishes, our *wills*.

Intermediary between the intimate world inside us and the external world in which we move, is the intellect comparing and seeing the marvellous corelations of things that are to our liking, of lights answering to our obscurities. The intellect goes further, it directs each desire, each movement of our intimate life to the object, the good, which is its natural goal. Thus by a necessary movement that draws man, as a living being, out beyond himself, to find as it were a complement of his existence, the mind has made an intentional act. Thus, too, human life, the only one that seemed devoid of intention, is, really, that which possesses it more fully. Man finds the natural end of all the inclinations that press upon him at every instant of life. Conscient life is intentional. Each moment of it realizes a determined wish, and is drawn towards an end which the mind has set, and to which the will has consented. Inconscient life goes on of itself, conscient life demands our coöperation. We aid in the development of our life and senses; but, we make our thought and our virtues. To have an end in everything man does constitutes a superiority above the animal creation. Life is the more harmonious that it is directed entirely towards an end, a last, fundamental and only end. Now, the unity so evident in inferior stages of existence disappears from human life. What admirable cohesion in life's lower grades! The plant is nourished, grows and is reproduced with remarkable regularity; what happened in the vegetable kingdom four thousand years ago happens to-day. The same is true for animals. But, what of man? Is not his life a broken line composed of various detours, never identical in direction, of successive and unstable ends? When we view in a map roads or paths, such as are met with in the mountains of Switzerland, we would easily be inclined to conclude to its uselessness. It zig-zags up and down, right and left; but, he who follows it knows full well that without it he could not reach the summit. Those who see him as he wanders to the right and left, disappearing for half an hour, only to reappear a few steps higher up, think they are witnessing the antics of a maniac. Despite it all, he ascends and finally reaches the top. His difficult march was marked by two wills: one, a firm one—to reach the top; another changed at every step he was choosing the best way thereto. These latter choices would be folly if the other was not always present.

Such, truly, is human life, composed of contrary desires and actions. But there is an undercurrent to his wanderings and

quietudes, to his tears and joys, his sadness and pleasure. There are intentions. What we daily kill ourselves to possess are special minor ends or good. But, even these, why do we choose them in preference to others? One looks for riches, another for honor, a third for virtue; still, an ideal, a principle must have directed the choice. Thus we reach the secret of all human life, that particular ideal and the means to attain it. Every individual forms his own ideal, or concept or outlook of life, and everything leads up, is sacrificed to that. His life is movement through the byways of mediocre advantages to arrive at the most excellent.

If we had not the love and desire of a superior good at heart, our loves, our desires, our activities would be stifled. The steep mountain-road is too long, too arduous to attract us by itself: it has its attractive value only from the end to which it leads. Thus every object that is now the *ideal* and that answers but imperfectly to the concept of life, has no charm of itself. If it pleases, it is because of its resemblance to the ideal which is most excellent. Without a last end, one, fundamental in proportion to the intensity of our thirst for life, the world would leave us as insensible to its pleasures as the eye is inactive in the absence of light.

It is the sun, penetrating each tiny flower, each blade of grass, that causes us to love all that is impregnated with it. It is also our ideal, our good, that lends a ray of its grace and beauty to every object, and that makes us seek it across the intermediary and oftentimes varying pathways. Our life is movement, and a continuous, harmonious progression. That this law be realized in us, it was necessary that our mind have a notion of that ideal, and that our heart possess the passion for happiness. From this thought and this love come all our thoughts and loves.

Life, therefore, has a tendency to be organized and be directed towards one only end; and each man realizes consciously in himself what inferior beings do unconsciously and blindly; and, that end is happiness. As regards the source of this happiness, it may be safe to say that there is not a form of joy or pleasure which has not been proclaimed, at least once, supreme happiness. The divergencies are secondary; wherever happiness *may be*, the conviction of humanity is that *it is*. Man seeks and desires it incessantly; it is a dream of his nature in every age and in every clime. His life is a seeking after good, and that is why every fibre of his nature in the long journey of existence cries out: *happiness*. This is the end, the only end, the last end of every human existence, of the existence of the human race.



The Poet Divine.

IN THOSE wonderful years, the culminating point of the Middle Ages, when stone upon stone was being shaped into poems of rock, the giant cathedrals, Dante Alighieri composed his marvelous lines.

Born in an age which had received from the past the splendid fruits of doctrine and philosophical and theological speculation, he transmitted them to the future in the vigorous style of the Scholastics.

That great saint, called the prince of the schools, Thomas Aquinas was his model. From him he derived his theological and philosophical science.

How wisely Dante interwove the Catholic dogmas in his work! His poems are based on solid religious principles. The Church had taught him to see in all wisdom, beauty and excellence the seal of the Creator. There is throughout his poems her solemnity, awe, calm and serenity.

Not in the details does the greatness of his work lie. It is its comprehensiveness and its vast conception, sustaining, as it does, without failure the trial of its long and perilous execution, and fulfilling in the end the hope and promise of its beginning.

The progress of the work holds many surprises, many difficulties, many disappointments, many strange reverses for the reader.

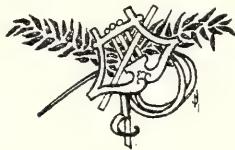
Of all his years of hardship and exile the Divine Comedy was the labour and fruit. Telling his own story and life, Dante makes himself the central point. He translates into the language of the multitude what the schools had done to throw light on the deep questions of human existence which all muse upon but few can solve. He did the work of a great preacher. Dreamer though he was, Dante still was a worker, and he takes his place of importance, or rather stands on the pedestal of the world's civilization, sharing the grandeur of Francis, the Saint; Aquinas, the scholar; Louis the monarch. In his own art he was easily the greatest singer among the bards of a great song time. He is the gauge of Italian art; an art that was almost lost to us in the Sixteenth Century Reformation.

Among the poets of ages, Dante like the slender, cloud-piercing spire of some cathedral, towers aloft. His *Divina Comœdia* gives him undisputed right to the title of the Poet Divine.

Michael Angelo, whose genius was primarily critical and never thoughtlessly lauditory appreciates Dante thus:

“ What should be said of him speech may not tell;
 His splendor is too great for man's dim sight;
 And easier 'twere to blame his foe aright
 Than for his poorest gifts to praise him well.
 He tracked the path that leads to depth of hell
 To teach us wisdom, scaled the eternal height,
 And heaven with open gates did him invite,
 Who in his own loved city might not dwell.
 Ungrateful country, step-dame of his fate,
 To her own loss: full proof we have of this
 That souls most perfect bear the greatest woe.
 Of thousand things suffice in this to state:
 No exile ever was unjust as his,
 Nor did the world his equal ever know.”

STEPHEN J. DUSHAK, B. A., '25.



The Sheriff's Romance.

“ LANKY” McKAY'S stage-coach was rumbling along the mountain highway with many bumps and bounds. The driver smoked his clay pipe and was at peace with all the world. His horses required no attention for they knew the route full well. The chatter of those inside the coach had ceased and “Lanky” judged they had fallen asleep. He was carrying four passengers: an elderly man, a young woman and two older ones. He also carried the mail pouch for Ox-Tongue. McKay fell to musing, and thus it was that as the coach rounded a sharp turn in the road he failed to see the dark form of a man who stood in the centre of the highway.

“ Halt! Come down from that perch and keep both hands

skyward;" a harsh voice cried, and "Lanky" came out of his musings with a rush. The coach stopped with a jolt, the driver dismounted and stood before the bandit wondering what was next going to happen.

"Get your passengers out and bring all baggage along too," was the next command that greeted the startled driver's ears. McKay was rather quick with his six-shooter, but he had no chance with this alert bandit. The path of safety lay in the direction of following orders and McKay took that path. The distressed passengers came forth meekly, the baggage and the mail-pouch were deposited at the bandit's feet and the entire party stood, with backs to the coach, hands on high and faces turned to the edge of the road, beyond which yawned a great abyss.

"I leave it to your honesty to place all your valuables, including money, right here with the rest of this stuff," said the man with the masked face who held two wicked looking pistols pointed in the direction of the victims of this hold-up. Again, all hands were obliging and the bandit next ordered them back to the coach and bade "Lanky" drive on and not look back. The stage-driver was about to follow orders when a shot broke the stillness of the night and the bandit was next seen falling in the direction of the abyss. The impending tragedy was clear to their eyes for the moon was up and involuntarily the excited passengers veiled their eyes from the sight. The wounded man would shortly be a mass of flesh and bones lying at the bottom of the cliffs.

"It's all right, he's only hit in the leg and a boulder has saved him from a journey to the Devil's ranch," was "Lanky's" assurance. As he spoke, three men appeared on the road, having issued from the rocks to the left of the highway. One of them was the Sheriff of Ox-Tongue as "Lanky" explained. The others were miners from the same village.

"We were on our way home when we saw Redshirt here making his way to this place," said the Sheriff. "I have been hot on his trail for many a day and thank the Lord I have got him at last. Let's see the wound."

So saying, he stooped down, pulled off the bandit's leathern boot, tore open his trousers' leg, and soon discovered a little round hole from which blood issued freely. Hastily bandaging the wound with a piece of his own shirt sleeve, he and his men lifted the bandit to a seat next the driver and ordered the latter

to get on his way to Horse-Shoe Inn without further delay. The Sheriff and the other two men, mounted their horses which had been grazing in a green space behind the rocks, and then brought up the rear.

Arrived at the Inn, the Sheriff handed over his victim to the tender mercies of the village doctor, with strict orders for the bandit's removal to the lock-up after treatment. The rest of the party entered the Inn which they discovered to be quite a pretentious building for so small a town.

Horse-Shoe Inn was the property of Sheriff Donegan. It was a rectangular affair two stories in height. It ran along the only thing that looked like a real street in Ox-Tongue. At one end on the first floor, there was a General Store. The central portion of the building was used as a tavern and dance hall. At the other end was the Sheriff's office and living-room. The upper story was divided off into sixteen rooms, eight on either side of a carpeted corridor.

When our travellers arrived, the two ends of the building on the first floor and the entire second floor were in darkness. The tavern was lighted well and filled with men who either stood at the bar or sat at tables playing poker. On entering, the little party became the centre of attraction and each one was called upon to give a version of the hold-up. Thus it was that when the Sheriff entered he was cheered to the echo, for it must be noted the Sheriff or Ox-Tongue was certainly respected by all those rough miners. This was but another proof that they had the best Sheriff in all that section of Nevada.

"You folks are tired, no doubt, and hungry. Here Charley, get a table ready in the dance hall and speed up a little supper for the strangers." The Sheriff thus gave orders to his man of all work and soon the distressed party found themselves in a long room, separated from the tavern by a thin partition. Fortunately, this was not a dance night, so that this hall was deserted. The travellers sat down about the table and in a few more moments they were eating and quite at their ease. Donegan sat looking on as they ate their meal and by degrees the field of his vision had narrowed down to the features of the young woman. His heart was thrilled within him, for he had known that face, all those faces, back in New York, years, yes, seven years before. Evidently, none of them recognized him, for they treated him as a stranger. But, he reckoned, the night had a few hours to go and possibly before they went to bed they would know each other better.

The business of mutual introductions over, the Sheriff turned the conversation to news about New York. It must be noted that the party had come from the great metropolis, and that the old gentleman was George Bishop, the young lady was his daughter, Constance, and her mother and the latter's two maiden sisters, made up the rest of the party.

"So you come from New York, eh?" began the Sheriff. "It's been a long time since I was there, and no doubt things have changed considerably."

"Oh, yes," replied the vivacious Miss Constance. "We were away in Europe for two years, and when we got back we could notice how the dear old city had changed. I suppose you would be lost in New York, if you returned now, since you have been away for so long a time."

"I used to know a young fellow named Phillips. I believe he clerked in a bank when I left New York. Did you ever happen to know him or hear about him?"

Had a bomb been suddenly exploded in their midst, the little party could not have given clearer signs of surprise than that evoked by the Sheriff's question. The painful silence caused by the question was at last broken by Constance Bishop.

"I hope," said she with apparent effort, "that you do not number him amongst your friends."

"Well, I used to; but if you have anything against him, perhaps you might tell me about it."

"We used to reckon him amongst our friends until we found out what sort of fellow he was," replied Mr. Bishop. "Maybe, you do not know that Phillips is now serving time in the Atlanta Penitentiary for embezzlement. Another young fellow who worked in the same bank was first under suspicion. The young fool ran away, seeming to lend color to the suspicions; and for some time Phillips was thereby given a clear track to continue his crooked work. At last, he was caught, and at the trial it developed that Clifford K. Jacks, the other young man was wholly innocent; that Phillips had been the thief all the time; that knowing this, Jacks, who had foolish notions about loyalty to friends, chose rather to disappear than to defend himself, and thereby implicate his friend Phillips. All this was admitted by Phillips, and so he was given ten years in the Penitentiary."

"And the poor fool who made such sacrifices to save his friend, what ever became of him?"

"One of those things the detectives call a mystery. We

have tried to locate him, for, up to the time of his disappearance, he had been a *persona grata* at our house. Miss Constance there can tell you all about it."

Miss Constance blushed, and Donegan suspected that he saw a little tear glistening in her eyes.

"Oh, if we could only find him," she said. "One thing that induced me to suggest this trip to papa was the forelorn hope that we might chance upon him, or, at least, learn something about him. I have read in books that fugitives from justice make the West a sort of Promised Land. But so far we have been keenly disappointed."

The Sheriff was delighted to hear this proof of the girl's interest in the fugitive from justice. He must see just how far interested the girl was.

"You have not heard, perhaps, that these fugitives from justice sometimes change their names, take on other identities?"

"That only makes our search more complicated I suppose. Well, our party is rather tired, and if you will be kind enough to show them their rooms, I am sure they would appreciate it."

So, with the excuse that she wished to sit up and read awhile, the Sheriff left her sitting there and showed the others their rooms. He returned shortly afterwards, and at once returned to the topic of the fugitive from justice, as he called Jacks.

"If I'm not too inquisitive, may I ask why you seem so interested in him?"

"Well, it is rather inquisitive; but, I suppose you may be excused. You see, before the crash, Clifford Jacks and I were the best of friends. In fact, it was understood that we would marry some day. I always believed him innocent, but father got it into his head that no innocent man would run away. Oh, I would give the world to see him again and tell him how I have missed him and how hard it has been to take his part when everybody seemed dead against him."

Very pleasant news for Sheriff Donegan. He knew it was tantalizing to keep the woman in further suspense, but it was good to hear her give proofs of the love she bore this fugitive from justice.

"What would you do, supposing Jacks had married and forgotten all about you?"

"Impossible! Why, he told me before he went away, that he would never marry if he could not marry me. I feel the same

way about it; either I marry him, if I ever find him, or I marry no man."

"I am sure he would appreciate your loyalty; but, a fellow often speaks as he did, through enthusiasm, not meaning half of what he says."

"It is easily seen you do not know Clifford as I know him."

"Put your mind at ease about his having married someone else. Unless he was drugged and dragged before a preacher by some wild Amazon, I do not think he has ever married. Let me see, I think I can have him here in three-quarters of an hour. Are you too tired to wait that long, or would it do as well in the morning?"

Clearly the girl was beside herself with delight. She arose from her chair, came around to the Sheriff's side, and kissed him before he realized what had happened.

"You are a dear, the best Sheriff that ever lived. Of course I am not too tired."

The Sheriff left the room forthwith, and his three-quarters of an hour were the shortest she had ever waited. It was exactly twenty-five minutes later that the quondam Sheriff re-entered the room, minus his moustache and goatee, hair carefully combed and brushed, and he was dressed in the height of New York style. The girl sat with her back to the door by which he entered and she was reading a magazine. Suddenly she felt his arms about her and the impress of his lips on hers. It was an ecstatic moment for both, and for a time they could not find words to suit the occasion. Finally, the man managed to say:

"Well, I reckon, Ox-Tongue will have to get another Sheriff. We start for New York in three days and where do you want the wedding to take place?"

"The man in the case must tend to those details," said the delighted girl. "Won't father and mother be delightfully surprised when they get up to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, darling? Why they don't intend to sleep till to-morrow, do they? It's already to-day, see the clock says one-thirty."

"So it does. My how time does fly. Let's get to bed."

"Agreed," said Clifford Jacks, alias Alec Donegan, and he sealed the agreement with three kisses, with the full consent of the party of the second part.

J. F. D.

Imprisoned.

A FRIEND he entered in my life,
A soul, a heart both staunch and true,
To banish pain and cloud and strife,
To make my sorrows light and few.

He came, just loved, and lingered on—
One day I missed the beaming face,
Death beckoned him, and he was gone,
But bore of earth a trifling trace.

Last night, methought on lonely hall
I saw him pallid, sunk in grief,
I heard the voice of anguish call :
“ Have pity, friend, be my relief.”

* * *

“A friend in life, a friend you’re yet
Perchance you suffer now for me,
I promise you, I’ll not forget
To send relief, to set you free.”

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



The Burglar.

THE chimes rang out from the old city hall of Caine, a town in the environs of Albany; and as they had completed their twelve long, slow, pealing rings, a lone officer patrolled the street. He stopped the measured step, looked at the tower, took out his trusty time-piece, gazed at it musingly, set its hands, and continued along his beaten path. It was patrolman Kane, the longest man in point of service, the biggest in point of time, on the force.

At exactly six minutes past twelve, whilst passing the luxurious home of the town’s wealthiest resident, Mr. Quinn, a single shot rang out from the sumptuous, palatial silence, like a sound from the regions of the dead. As an officer of order, it was a summons to duty, a summons that he answered by jumping the hedge and speeding noiselessly across the lawn till he came unmolested to the rear porch. Used to danger, immune from fear, yet scientifically cautious, he gazed around, piercing the darkness with his catlike eyes. Automatic in hand, he quietly,

stealthily mounted the steps, peered vainly through the shaded windows. His first search was fruitless.

Kane's attention was next directed to the door: the mystery would soon be solved, for the wooden door was open about an inch. Noiselessly he stepped over, and noiselessly pushed it ajar. As he penetrated further into the culinary apartments and alcoves, his keen sense of smell told him of the presence of recently-spilled blood. Suddenly the lights flashed, and when the first bright glare had vanished, Mr. Quinn, clothed in his bath-robe, pistol in hand, confronted the daring officer.

Shortly after eleven o'clock that evening Mr. Quinn slipped under the covers. He was soon aroused from his sound sleep by the chimes of the city clock telling of the midnight hour. But, no, thought he to himself, the chimes had never wakened him before; they did not wake him now. Try as he may to forget that presentiment, the irresistible feeling crept over him, that some one was in the house. He was soon brought to his full senses by a loud noise coming from the direction of the kitchen. Brave in his own mansion, he slipped on a bath-robe, reached for his gun, and then stepped noiselessly into the hall.

He reached the foot of the stairs unmolested, and then, his steps turned towards the kitchen. Approaching, he heard a dull peculiar noise, then a thud or thump. Down on his knees he crouched, slowly opened the door; and the sight that greeted him sent a thrill through his strong, manly frame. The faint glimmer of the street lamp showed two indistinct objects moving in the direction of the cupboard, one white the other dark. He leveled his revolver and fired.

Immediately came the noise of falling crockery and another heavy thud. A noise in the back porch aroused him to a further sense of danger: he would brave it and take the consequences. On went the lights, revealing the stately figure of Officer Kane with his gun, also a dark object on the floor in a pool of blood.

Mr. Quinn had forgotten to lock the porch door. Enter cat in quest of milk, found it in the open cupboard. The two men stared at one another, then at the dead cat.

"Thought it was a burglar," was all the young man could say.

"So did I," answered the guardian of the law, and with a grin, he took his leave.

RICHARD WILHELM, H. S., '23.

A Thought for the Student.

TERENCE MACSWINEY, late Lord Mayor of Cork, poet, prose-writer, orator, statesman, whole-souled patriot, and fervent Catholic, has not lived in vain. His youth was a preparation for a life of achievement and for a death that impressed the world, as no other act of his could have done, with the justice of his cause and the rights of his country to self-determination. In his *Principles of Freedom*, a book he wrote a short time before he was consigned to an English prison—that was to see the shadows of death settle deeper and darker daily until the gloom of his parting moments was pierced with a light which shall never wane—he has expressed many a noble thought well worthy of consideration. The one which I quote below should inspire the student with the praise-worthy resolution to make his young life a preparation for meritorious achievement. Though he may not live to see in his later years all the beneficial results that flow from his influence and labors—for they go on indefinitely like the ripple formed by the casting of a stone on the placid surface of a sequestered lake until finally it subsides on the rock-ribbed shore—yet they are to be attributed to him as surely as if he still directed their immediate causes and noted the beneficent effects produced.

“His boyhood and youth are directed that his manhood and prime may be the golden age of life, full-blooded and a strong-minded, with clear vision and great purpose and high hope, all justified by some definite achievement. A man’s prime is great as his earlier years have been well directed and concentrated. In boyhood and youth the ground is prepared and the seed sown for the splendid period of full development. Ultimately his work opens out, matures, and bears fruit a hundred-fold. It may not be in a day, but when his hand falls dead, his glory becomes quickly manifest. He has lived a beautiful life, and has left a beautiful field; he has sacrificed the hour to give service for all time; he has entered the company of the great, and with them he will be remembered forever.”

H. J.



How to Study.

WERE we to compare the number of students in the world with the actual results obtained from study the revelation would be alarming. The fruits of study are, to say the least, scanty. This general condition is not, I think, due to a lack of ability to learn, not to a dearth of serious application, nor yet to criminal negligence in the pursuit of study, but to an ignorance of the method of acquiring knowledge. It might not be out of place, nay, the time seems opportune to lay down a few principles which are fundamental.

He who would learn any art or science must bear in mind that little progress, if any, can be made without serious application to the work undertaken. Study, 'tis true, can be looked upon as a pleasing occupation, but only in so far as work itself is a pleasure. For, study is real labor, more tiring and nerve-racking than any physical exercise. Yes, study is work; and work, for our fallen nature, is always attended with difficulties. Knowledge does not come for the wishing, nor for the asking, nor is there any primrose path leading up to its dizzy heights. The first requisite for success in study is work.

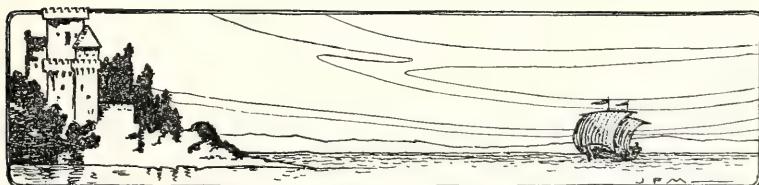
But even work itself must be reasonably regulated. The human mind is a delicate mechanism, which is easily thrown out of gear. It has truthfully been said that certain minds pass hours or days at a time in study. These are often put forth to the youthful minds as models; yet, I think, wrongly and uselessly. Such are giants, the big exceptions, the "super-men." Few of these have the ages known; they are not ordinary students, they enter not into the category of "the average:" they are to be admired for their energy, but scarcely to be held up as models for imitation. The ideal, in their case, so far exceeds the reality, that it fails to attract, and often positively aids to discouragement. I hold that two hours is the longest period that should be devoted, consecutively, to any one branch of study. A change of occupation, a change of subject, will generally suffice to keep the mental eye clear and active. Physiological psychology affords ample proof of the foregoing statements. Forcing oneself to study when the mind is fatigued is fruitful in naught save weariness and disgust,—evils most sedulously to be avoided.

A student should not only work, he should also pray. He should address himself to the Father of Light; that He may illumine his mind, direct him along the path of truth, teach him the road to glory. "The light of reason," says St. Thomas, "is

given to us by God, as a species of image or likeness of the Uncreated Truth; hence, since human knowledge has no efficacy, except in virtue of this light, it is only God Who interiorly and principally teaches; just the same as it is nature that really and primarily heals, medicine and doctors being only its instruments." "In this matter," says Leo XIII., "let us follow the example of the Angelic Doctor, who never began to read or to write without seeking God's assistance in prayer, and who in simplicity acknowledged that all his learning had come to him not so much from his own toil as immediately from God." Students in the privacy of their own homes should practice what they have been taught in school; namely, to begin and end their daily study by prayer.

The trite saying: "Order is heaven's first law," holds true most particularly for study. Without right order, the acquisition of knowledge is well-nigh impossible. It is truly lamentable to see students, otherwise brilliant, setting necessaries aside, whiling away their precious moments in trifles or accessories, and like butterflies in a garden of flowers, flitting from subject to subject. They invariably neglect what should be attended to, and delight in things that pamper idle curiosity, and that afford little or no profit to the mind. It is, therefore, a principle of good order that things most necessary should first be studied; then, if time permits, the subjects that may be useful, but not essential. It often happens, and the result is as disastrous, as the blunder is egregious, that students devote their time to branches of study, for which nature has not adapted them, nor prudent counsel advised them. Their courses are determined by rashness, fancy and even chance. They squander labor and midnight oil over subjects that make for their destruction, and become educated misfits in the world's mart. Before a burden be carried, it must first be seen if the shoulders will be able to bear it. Efficiency will be served best when students, after a careful deliberation and wise counsel, pursue the course for which nature has best equipped them.

J. F. C.



Our Irish Dead.

UNDER the green and tender earth they sleep,
Our sacred dead: Fame like a golden star
Shines down, and voices from the broad, blue deep,
Bring peace with gentle tidings from afar.
No murmur, vain retort or coward complaint;
No words of wise discretion could we hear,
As strong for Ireland's glory, without taint,
They held our holy hills, and knew no fear.

O ye, who slaves to fashion whispered all
The old familiar tales of danger, death
And dark disgrace, remember now your shame:
The little pleasures of the festive hall;
An empty love, and lips that knew no breath
Of sacrifice—these only can ye claim.

THOMAS P. WHALEN.



Duquesne!

LET high Duquesne's bright standard,
Her cherished *Red* and *Blue*,
If you're her son, be proud you're one,
Be loyal, fond and true.

Be not a timid slacker,
Of cowardice a tool,
But go and fight, with force and might,
Bring honors to your school.

Show all the world our record—
See! not a blotch or stain;
Don't bend your head; stand high instead,
And back up old Duquesne.

J. L. WALSH, B. A., '23.



J. E. M.

S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Courtesy.

COURTESY is a word whose meaning many adults have forgotten. They knew well the real significance of this word in their school days. Even the child to-day is not aware of the real meaning behind this word—courtesy. It is taught in schools throughout the land, but parents fail to instill into the hearts of their children the “worth-whileness” of courtesy. The little ones behold their parents going about each day without any politeness. They see how their mother pushes her way through the hurrying crowd, how their father intrudes in places by mistake and departs without a “beg pardon”.

Courtesy is politeness combined with kindness. It is an art. Indeed, it is a great art which all should acquire. When one is riding a street car, how many passengers add a “please” to the stop they desire or the amount of checks they wish to purchase? Very few. It gives a thrill to people of every rank of life to hear a “thank you”.

It costs nothing to say “thank you” or “please”. People have forgotten them, it seems. They feel out of place to add them. They can’t be bought. But they bring untold happiness to the one thus addressed. They bind friendships and oftentimes add friends, and others respect the giver.

How much easier work, for instance, would be if more “thank you” and “please” were used.

IT PAYS TO BE COURTEOUS.

SO BE COURTEOUS, PLEASE.

THANK YOU.

JOHN L. IMHOF, '23.

The Disarmament Conference.

THE stage is set for the International Conference, scheduled for November 11th, at Washington, to discuss the limitation of armaments.

Following the counsel of President Harding, the rulers of the various leading powers have selected a "Big Four" to sit at the international table.

What effect the outcome of this parley may have on the leading powers will be watched with unusual interest. Restrictions will be undoubtedly, placed on various war-time essentials, such as the size of standing armies, air-craft, tanks and certain deadly projectiles, without meeting with very serious opposition. In fact, decisions along such a line will likely meet with unanimous approval. This will probably be the easiest task ahead of the internationalists.

The crisis in the parley will positively be reached when the naval programme is opened for discussion. The keen competition in the building of battleships at the present time makes the coming conference take on the aspect of a hoax.

To-day, the three leading powers, Great Britian, the United States and Japan are engaged in an extensive building programme. At present the United Kingdom is leading the United States nearly two to one, and Japan is crowding us for the second position.

However, when the various programmes are completed, the United States and England will be virtually tied for the lead on the sea with an approximate 6,500,000 tons. The Nippon building programme, when completed, calls for 4,500,000 tons. Frankly, such navalism is neither going to aid the progress of the National City Conference nor further its interests.

The outcome of the parley should give the critics much food for thought.

M. A. CUSICK, A. B., '22.



Education Wins.

THE majority of the American people have for many years turned a deaf ear to the praises sung in behalf of education. This fact has been a subject for criticism and discussion, not only by the authorities of our own country, but

those of foreign nations. Our foreign critics were wont to point their fingers at us in disgust as promoting illiteracy, because in their opinion we are nothing else than 'dollar chasers'. But it has been gratifying to note that the American people have at last recognized the value of an education.

Previously, the majority of parents failed to see the advantages of higher education, and so put their children to work, as soon as possible, without a good reason. The result was that they grew up into ignorant and narrow-minded citizens. The American people owe an education to their children for their country's sake, if for no other reason. The number of students registered to-day throughout the country is greater than ever before, in fact, too large for the schools and educational institutions to accommodate. But extra efforts will be made, so that every pupil may receive the benefits of education, and all those who are connected with schools and colleges will do their utmost for an appreciative public.

W. E. BOGGS, '23.



Aviation as a Commercial Aid.

THE commercial world is always eager to adopt some method which may facilitate transportation. In recent years no other invention caused more discussion than the advent of the aeroplane. It was only the matter of time until it would be in constant use. During the war it seemed to have reached its apex of development. Post-war days were expected to see the horizon darkened by fast-traveling aeroplanes carrying the cargoes of commercialism. These post-war days are now past, and the expected has not taken place. And why?

The daily paper will answer. Day after day we read of aviators being killed by the fall of an airship. Perhaps, as we recently read in the papers, a plane, in falling, lodged upon a tree on the roof of a house, and the aviator narrowly escaped death. In addition to the inability to accommodate large lot shipments, the hazard and risk is too great to warrant the acceptance of aviation as a mode of transportation. The commercial man evidently espouses the saying, "I don't care how high I go, so long as I have one foot on the ground."

EDWARD J. CAYE, B. A., '23.

Charity Begins at Home.

FROM ten to fifteen millions of people are starving in Russia at the present time. Shocked by the greatness of this terrible calamity, Hoover has issued an appeal to the generosity of the American public to tide these wretched people through the coming winter. How in the name of common sense is America to aid these people? With five millions of men out of work, and with ten millions without any means of gaining a livelihood, it is necessary for us to act quickly, if a general panic is to be averted. Many methods have been devised by which the country can return to its natural position; yet Congress has not seen fit to act on them. Nor has Congress found any mode of procedure or arrangement by which the load of the overburdened taxpayer might be diminished. With the coming of winter the hardships of the unemployed will be multiplied, and the sufferings of the poverty-stricken people in America will be intense. Still, people are organizing relief expeditions in this country for the poor, dear, Russians. Why don't those charitable persons awake to the fact that there is need of their contributions here in America? Possibly they do not know that Charity begins at home.

J. B. REARDON, B. A., '23.



Education.

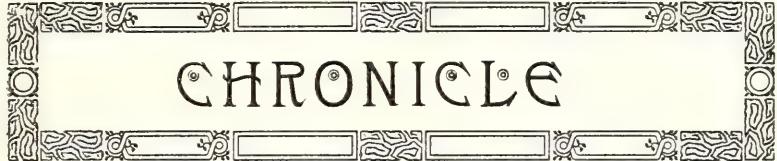
A STUDENT, who has spent three of four years of his life in any of our American institutions of learning, might find analysis of the aims of education a delicate morsel of food for thought. The average high school or university student utterly disregards the ultimate purposes of education, and takes into consideration only the least of its immediate objects. He judges the book by its cover, so to speak, and immediately comes to the erroneous conclusion that schools are maintained for no other purpose than to impart a few facts founded upon the observations of long dead ancestors.

Information may be obtained anywhere and everywhere in the universe without lack of variety. From this it follows, that a school is not, primarily, a place where information is dispensed; it merely teaches us a little classified knowledge to enable us to index, as it were, the knowledge we acquire from other more fertile sources.

And there we have, briefly, the foundation of a man's career. The rules and formulas he learns in his college days form the scaffolding which he will use in building his life—a monument he may leave for the admiration of future generations.

Finally, we may say that the ultimate object of education is to produce gentlemen, men who have attained complete efficiency from both the social and domestic point of view. Such men leave the world a better place than they found it, and for their labors they receive the finest reward it can offer—domestic happiness and the respect of their fellow-men.

JOSEPH M. CAMERON, H. S., '22.



CHRONICLE

EVENTS of note are following hard upon each other in University circles, the CHRONICLER must limit himself to a few of more than passing interest.

The Junior Choir is making an enviable reputation for itself and its masterly directors. Not only have its members enchanted the critical ears of all who heard them in the Junior Choir Chapel, but they recently appeared to a large congregation in the city, and their praises are being unstintedly sung in the interim. On September 28th, the Fathers who have brought about such admirable effects, Fathers J. Malloy, Williams and E. Malloy, took a small portion of the choir to the Golden Jubilee Celebration of St. Wenceslaus Church, N. S. They sang the Plain Chant faultlessly; the congregation was thrilled well-nigh to ecstasy, as the tender, full and silvery voices burst forth at the Offertory, in the beautiful hymn *Salva Mater*. The boys were afterwards congratulated by the pastor, flatteringly praised, and munificently rewarded for their services. Say you want to hear Duquesne University Junior Choir.

The Boarders chronicled an event prior to that of the Junior Choir. On September 26th, a real nice lady visited the Bluff Theatre Party bringing a supply of tickets from the Pittsburgh Assembly of the A. A. R. I. R. Needless to say, all the Boarders were invited, graciously accepted the invitation, and enjoyed every moment of the two hours' fun. The programme, varied in contents, attractively printed, was most artistically rendered. All were loud in their praises of the First Annual American Association Week. The speakers were both literary and patriotic in their discourses; the singers were applauded to the echo, whilst the sensational entertainers and laugh-provoking creations helped to make the evening most enjoyable. Through the pages of the MONTHLY, the Boarders and authorities wish to thank the Pittsburgh Assembly A. A. R. I. R. for the invitations.

"Have you seen Father Mehler any place?" asked a boy, the other day; he had knocked at Room 309, at 8:30 A. M., and received no answer. "No," said I, "I have Father Mehler not." He did not ask me where Father was. But, I knew, and I'll tell you. It is worth while knowing. About that hour Father Mehler goes to his class-room, sees that everything is in its proper place, attends to the ventilation of the rooms, inspects the offices, typewriters, desks and blotters, and then receives the boys in class. He begins class on the hour, finishes it at the stroke of the bell, says little, smiles and passes on. Familiarity does not breed contempt in his case, for, this same Father Mehler is now on his twenty-fourth year of teaching in Duquesne.

On October 7th, all the students received Holy Communion, it being the First Friday; some in their own parishes, but most of them received in the University Chapel. The First Friday Devotion has been always a favorite one in the school; one, too, that will be continued, despite the inconvenience of limited space. Breakfast is served to all in the University dining-halls at nine o'clock on the occasion of Holy Communion. On such days, too, the pomp of the Ritual of the Church is manifested by a Solemn Benediction, at which the singing is rendered by the student-body.

Mentioning the First Friday, we cannot refrain from saying

something about the First Sunday. It is an all-important day for a number of our students. It is home-day.

First Sunday The exercises being carefully (?) done, there is a very exodus of Boarders for their homes, far and near. The first visit home for a University student is "like the first blush on the face of Spring," "like the first flower, the best of all." Neighbors peer through the curtained windows; the home folk dance with delight; the fatted calf is killed; the pantry is thrown open; the pocket-book is taxed; and "little nuisance" of a few summers ago has *carte blanche* to everything. The day is enjoyed, and even if it ends in tearful partings, it throws before it a bright ray of fond hope that other First Sundays will be on the Calendar.

The Devotion of the Holy Rosary is observed with due solemnity during the month of October. Those living at the

University have ample opportunity of honoring the "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary."

The Rosary It is recited, as prescribed, during the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every evening during the month; afterwards Benediction is given.

One of the most active workers in the cause of the Missions is our humble Brother "Dan". He is now in receipt of a letter

from Right Rev. Hugh Boyle, Bishop of

Brother Daniel Pittsburgh, recommending the Almanac "Manna", which is issued in the interest of the Missions. "It contains," the letter goes on to say, "matter to interest and to edify readers of every age." Brother Daniel, known to some, as a good distributor of food; to others, as humble Lay-brother, is a devoted worker for the University, and, by the way, the principal worker for the material success of our MONTHLY. Let him interest you in the "Manna".

The members of the Senior and Junior College classes, most of whom are aspirants to the holy priesthood take turns in reading the Martyrology—a brief account of the

Reading lives of the Saints in Latin, every day at noon in the dining-room of the Fathers.

This is a practical lesson in the reading of the language of the Church, a lesson, at which the scholars quickly become proficient. The correct reading of English, the exact manifestation of another's thought in print, being of paramount importance for

every educated man, a goodly number of less advanced students have volunteered to read at the evening repast of the community. Thus, at an early age they learn what few know,—the correct pronunciation of unusual words in our language.

Two enthusiastic Mass Meetings in favor of athletics, and one in the interests of the C. S. M. C., were held during the month. At the former, Father Mack worked Mass Meetings up the Duquesne spirit to a very high pitch. You must "hand it" to this popular speaker and preacher. He is in a class by himself. At the latter, unpretentious Father E. Malloy scored a decided success. Be not surprised if you hear in the near future, that the Father Simon Unit of the C. S. M. C. is one of the largest in the country. Hats off to the moderator of our Unit.

The Night School began on October 4th, with a record registration. It is a distinctively good sign of the times to see young men and women, at the close of a Night School toilsome day, spending three hours at school in the evening. Such students are to be lauded for the desire of knowledge. The professors, too, who sacrifice their evenings, deserve a great deal of credit.

Class on Saturday morning rarely appeals to us. It savors somewhat of the heroic. But the women who have "given up all" stop short at no difficulty. Ever Sisters' Classes anxious to be of greater service to the Church, a large number of Sisters brave the hills and weather on Saturday mornings to take up subjects that will entitle them to High School and College diplomas in the University.

The manager of Hotel Lafayette, Marietta, Ohio, writes Father McGuigan as follows: "We wish to take this opportunity of thanking you again for the very generous Tribute patronage that you and the foot-ball team conferred upon us, and we assure you it is very deeply appreciated." Duquesne boys are always gentlemen; they are recognized and treated as such.

The Director of Athletics wishes to thank, in a very special way, for generous donations towards foot-ball, Mrs. C. Maloney, Aylesboro Avenue, Pittsburgh; Mr. Caffrey, Donations father of our popular 1921 grid hero; and Mr. Thomas Meighan, movie star and actor. Their support is keenly appreciated.

Our Very Rev. President journeyed to State College on October 13th, to assist at the installation of John M. Thomas as president of that institution. The ceremony State College was attended by the heads of one hundred and twenty-three colleges and universities. On the occasion of the inauguration, a number of educational conferences were also held.

The entire membership of the Father Simon's Unit, Duquesne University, met in the Auditorium, October 4th, and organized for the coming years. Immediately preceding Activities of the C. S. M. C. the election, last year's officers made an impressive appeal for new members, and were very successful, as over one hundred recruits joined the ranks of the Crusaders. The election was then moved forward and resulted as follows: President, Clement M. Strobel; vice-president, Paul J. Sullivan; secretary, Daniel Rooney; financial secretary and treasurer, Alphonsus Braun.

One of the first acts of the new administration was the naming of the Advisory and Activities Committees. The members of the Advisory Committee are Messrs. Caye, Deasy, Sullivan, Lang and O'Donnell. The members of the Activities Committee are Messrs. Smith, Doran, Tushak, Mansman and McCrory.

The new officers have entered enthusiastically into their work and plan to eclipse the great work of last year's men. The unit at present numbers over four hundred and sixty Crusaders, and is steadily increasing.

A brisk programme of activities is being worked upon, and the Activities Committee will announce the result of its work in the very near future. The whole student body of the Uptown School was thrilled on the morning of November 19th, when Rev. T. J. McDermott, a young priest and a graduate of Duquesne, addressed them from the Chapel pulpit. Rev. McDermott has volunteered to go to the distant mission fields of China, and there under the capable direction of his Order (The Passionists) hopes to bring the light of Faith to the blinded pagan. As a further evidence of their earnest work, the Committee has announced that a Philippine missionary, direct from the field of his labors, will address the students very shortly, and after him they hope to have Rev. T. J. O'Connor, C. S. Sp., who is at present enjoying a brief respite from his arduous work in the torrid zones of Africa.

It is the place of our new officers to make our unit a truly

representative unit. Each class will in a way be autonomous. Each will have a class-mate for financial secretary, for treasurer, and another for general mission work. These in turn will then report to the supreme heads of those departments in the local unit: Mr. Rooney, Mr. Braun, and the chairman of the Activities Committee respectively. When there is business of general interest to discuss, a representative of each class will be sent to the meeting.

Boost the mission activities!

Be a Crusader!

Be a writer and a thinker!

Be a Sacrifice!

"The Sacred Heart for the world! The world for the *Sacred Heart*."

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.

School of Accounts.

The School of Accounts and Commerce opened on October 3, with what may be termed the first post-war enrollment, the actual registration reaching the grand total of ten hundred and sixty-seven. The publicity work of the summer recess brought unexpected results, and an extra force was necessary to carry on the consulting and enrolling work. In the Day School the number of first year men far exceeded the total registration of last year. In the last moment, the class had to be divided, additional professors engaged, and the entire fifth floor of the Vandergrift Building had to be reserved for their use, thus necessitating the removal of the second year class to the sixth floor.

The Night School enjoys more than usual popularity, and a few changes were deemed necessary, before the first reunion was called.

An interesting item, one worthy of note, is the record made by men sent to the University by the Federal Vocational Board. Our report for such students, last year, was by far the best of all other such schools in the vicinity. This naturally had for immediate result, a great enthusiasm in the class-room, and a larger enrollment for the current year.

Elaborate plans are being formulated for a year of activity in the Students' Association; and things will be on the road to great efficiency, as soon as the elections are held, and the various committees appointed.

W. M. COYLE, Accounts, '22.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL is all the rage now. The 'Varsity is doing wonderfully well. Dr. Stahl has the boys going at top speed. The student body is brimful of enthusiasm. Lack of space, alone, prevents us from sounding the praises of all; but the accounts of games played, as we go to print, will give a fair idea of the workings of our gridiron stars.

'VARSITY, 7—MARIETTA, 7.

"Whad d'ya think o' that!" No end of a surprise, what? Thought they'd wallop us, huh? Well, they didn't. And in their own back yard at that. All of which goes to prove that you never can tell. But to get down to brass tacks, the 'Varsity crossed up "expert" opinion and held the Buckeye boys to a tie. Various opinions and explanations have been given out, but there's only one true enough to deserve consideration; the Duke spirit, backed by "Jake" Stahl's brain and "pep", sailed into Marietta, and gave her a game she won't forget for many so-called moons.

It was a battle from whistle to whistle. The Dukes failed to find themselves in the first half, but the turn was called in the third period. The Ohioans had scored in the second quarter on a thirty-two yard run by Robinson and a pass over the line to Reiter. The success of this toss led to another attempt in the following frame, but, like the pitcher that went to the box once too often, they played the aerial game once too frequently. Caffrey—congratulations, simply grabbed the oval and with perfect interference ran eighty yards for a touchdown. Then he kicked goal. That's all there was to it. Simple, what?

The fracas ended with the ball in Duquesne's possession on Marietta's forty-yard line.

As to the individual work of the men, they all played a bang-up game. Caffrey and the Rooney boys did some nifty end-skirting. Cramer at full-back hit the line hard and frequently, while "Pat" McGrath, substituting for Art Rooney, was "there" as usual. Tenney and Cingolani held down the terminals in big league style, though the former was rather kayoed clipping a would-be tackler of Caffrey during the lengthy sprint. Packard went in for the Oaklander and continued the neat work. Walt Houston and Lee Schneider were on the job at the tackle posts and acquitted themselves nobly, to use a time-worn and inadequate term. "Moon" Klinzing at right-guard played up to the Klinzing standard. Nuf ced! McNamara, at the corresponding

station on the south side of the line, did likewise until injured and forced to make place for Papanau. The former Allegheny High star lived up to his "rep". And last, but far from least, comes Captain "Chooey" Doyle. "Chooey" arose from a sick bed to take his place at the pivot, and in doing so and by his all around work showed himself a real leader.

All in all it was a "lulu" of a game and we may well "toss high our ready caps and lift high our voices on the unoffending air" in praise of "Jake's" crew.

DUKES, 0—GENEVA, 9.

A large number of Duke partisans, including ye correspondent, betook themselves via special train to College, Pa., which is a suburb of Beaver Falls and the seat of Geneva College. Our avowed intention was to see the 'Varsity upset the dope and trample the Covenanters into whatever mud might be lying around loose. "Jake's" boys were in a fair way to do that very thing, even unto the extent of marching down the field to the three-yard mark immediately on receipt of the first kick-off. A toy at the time foiled; on the next play Dan Rooney grabbed a forward over the goal line for a bu-yutiful touchdown. But the quick-witted linesman—we forget the number by which he is popularly known—saw that, unless something was done promptly, the home huskies would be walloped to a goodly fare-the-well. Accordingly, he racked his brain for a few minutes, while Dan sat on the oval, and finally came to the conclusion that "Walt" Houston was off-side. Running up to another so-called official, probably the referee—though we hate to descend to flattery by use of the term in referring to the person—he made his complaint, and the alleged discrepancy was made known to the players. The information came as a distinct surprise to "Walt" and his team-mates who, not being clairvoyants, could scarcely be expected to conjure up a mental image of an act that existed solely in the mind of the aforesaid linesman. The ball was taken back and Dukes penalized. A miracle prevented bloodshed.

The Gold and White scored in the second period on a triple pass. In the fourth quarter the Beaver Falls team had the ball on the Duke two-yard line. As signals were being called a Geneva substitute ran onto the field. He must have had a good start for his momentum carried him to a point close behind the referee before he checked himself. Meanwhile the play got into motion and the ball was down. The poor, bewildered "sub", feeling, no doubt, a good deal like Odysseus in his wanderings,

meandered about the corner of the field trying to look like part of the picture. Finally, heeding some good advice from the sidelines, he galloped from the gridiron. Naturally enough, the dutiful officials were so absorbed in the game proper—or improper—that they failed entirely to behold this little human interest drama. They were incredulous as to its reality even when Captain "Chooey" Doyle produced the culprit, leading him quaking back onto the field as "Exhibit A"; in fact they became so deucedly tender-hearted that they allowed the poor chap to report as per his original intention and saved him the ignominy of being the cause of a penalty of his team, by allowing play to be resumed as though nothing had happened. It must be beautiful to have such consideration for the feelings of others! Anyway the Red and Blue held for downs, regaining the ball on their own one-yard line. Dan Rooney dropped back to punt, the ball was snapped, but the kick was blocked, falling behind the goal-line for a safety. That ended the scoring.

It's hard to pick the individual stars in a game like this. Everybody was a hero. However we must mention "Moon Klinzing. The "big boy" was laid out no less than four times during the fracas, but did he quit? Well, not so Geneva could notice it. Caffrey was his real, end-skirting self till carried from the field, and Dan Rooney made some lengthy gains and hard tackles. "Pat" McGrath was at his best on the defense, as was Cramer. Horne and "Sammy" Weiss at last had a chance to display their back-field wares and did so with considerable effect and much gusto. Cingolani was at the receiving end of a thirty-five-yard pass; Tenney held out his experienced opponent with little trouble. Houston showed great ability to break through and nail his man behind the line. Lee Schneider and McNamara were in great form at the tackles, though the former sprained an ankle and was compelled to retire in favor of Papanau who, as in the Marietta contest, proved an able substitute. Lemon, the 214-pound lineman had a great day. He smashed the Covenanters' line attacks with amazing frequency. Captain Doyle was here, there and everywhere. He was half the spirit of the team. Take it from us, gentle (?) reader, "Chooey" is there, boy, "Chooey" is there.

As to Geneva, one man was four-fifths of their whole works, and his name wasn't mentioned in any of the glowing press dispatches either. That lad is Bolding, the colored boy, who played half-back for them most of the game. Believe us that

chap is one sweet football player and "don't let 'em tell ya different." Harr did some neat and effective work at end.

That's all there is about the game, but listen—a bank was robbed in Beaver Falls at about six-thirty that evening. No insinuations, but we wonder where the officials of that game were when the "crib was cracked."

P. G. SULLIVAN, B. A., '25.



Alumni.

EVER since the Association of the Holy Childhood was established in the United States, it has been directed by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. FATHER ZIELENBACH and FATHER WILMS, both now enjoying their eternal reward, we hope; FATHER KNAEBEL spreading the light of the Gospel amongst the African heathens of Southern Nigeria, and FATHER FARRELL, recently appointed to the pastorate of the Blessed Sacrament Church, Philadelphia, labored with conspicuous zeal and sound judgment to bring home to our children the opportunities they can enjoy of evangelizing pagan lands by contributing the mite of one cent a month from their spending money. So widespread has become the interest in this praise-worthy undertaking that upwards of 600,000 souls are annually rescued from the sway of the demon and brought under the benign influence of holy mother Church. During the past year the remarkable record of forwarding to the Parisian headquarters of the Association the unprecedented sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, amounting in French currency to one and a half million francs, was eagerly due to the initiative and strenuous efforts by FATHER ROSSENBACH, FATHER FARRELL'S capable assistant.

The new director-in-chief, REV. WILLIAM F. STADELMAN, who now replaces FATHER FARRELL, brings with him a record for varied experience and unflagging energy. He was born on the North Side, graduated from D. U., in '92, studied his theology in Paris, and was ordained in Philadelphia by the late Archbishop Ryan. For twelve years he was engaged in missionary work in Virginia, and more recently devoted himself to the colored population of Pittsburgh, as pastor of St. Benedict's Church in Overhill Street. Amidst the multiple duties that claimed his attention since his ordination, he found time to wield a facile

pen, writing pamphlets, monographs, essays and stories. *The Glories of the Holy Ghost* is his most notable work; it was blessed by His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., and was most favorably commended by the Most Reverend Archbishop Canevin.

AFTER a two years' service as prefect and teacher, REV. MICHAEL J. BRANNIGAN, C. S. Sp., left for the Eternal City in 1919, to pursue courses in theology under the direction of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost Seminary in the Via Santa Chiara. During his stay in D. U., he impressed the students with his scholarship, tact, zeal and genial humor. In Rome his scholarship and energy enabled him to compete successfully for the Baccalaureate, Licentiate and Doctorate. Even during the holidays he was not idle; he found time and opportunity to instruct the little Italians in the villa where he stayed, in the rudiments of their religion. When the strenuous work of the lecture hall and the defense of his thesis, with its accompanying quizzes in the whole range of theology, was brought to a triumphant issue, he was accorded a well-earned rest in his native County Westmeath, Ireland. "With all his blushing honors thick upon him," he received a cordial welcome in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Ferndale, Conn. We hope that his professional duties in the chair of Philosophy will not be so exacting as to prevent him from enlivening, as in the past, the pages of the MONTHLY with his humorous verse.

REV. GEORGE J. BULLION, until lately assistant pastor of Holy Rosary Church, called at his *Alma Mater* in the afternoon of October 10th, to say farewell. On the 15th he embarked on the *Presidente Wilson*, of the Italian line, for Naples on his way to Rome. The voyage will afford him a well-earned rest, and will give him an opportunity of a short stay at the Azores and Gibraltar. His present purpose is to take up a three-years' course in Canon Law and Dogmatic Theology. With a fresh young mind, abundant energy, a serviceable knowledge of Italian, and an excellent course of ecclesiastical studies pursued with distinction in St. Vincent Seminary, rounded out with the practical experience of parochial duties, he will be admirably qualified to profit of the opportunities that Rome alone can offer. The average student plods along from day to day towards the goal of his ambition, the Doctorate, without being able to take a comprehensive view of the lectures he attends and their interrelations; but the priest, with his course completed, mind trained and experience ripened by the consideration and solution of practical cases frequently recurring or occasionally cropping up, will profit

immeasurably more by the lectures delivered by the master-minds of the Roman universities.

From time to time we expect to be favored with communications from him that will interest our readers.

WE tender to the REV. W. J. McMULLEN, '91, S. T. L., pastor of St. Paul's Cathedral our heartiest congratulations on his appointment as Vicar General of the Pittsburgh diocese. Father McMullen is a mine of ecclesiastical lore. A course of eight years in the Universities of Innspruck and Rome has eminently qualified him for the dignity he now graces.

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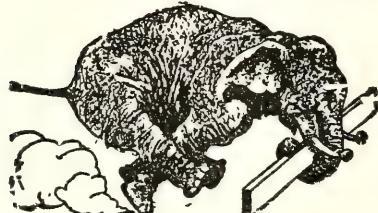
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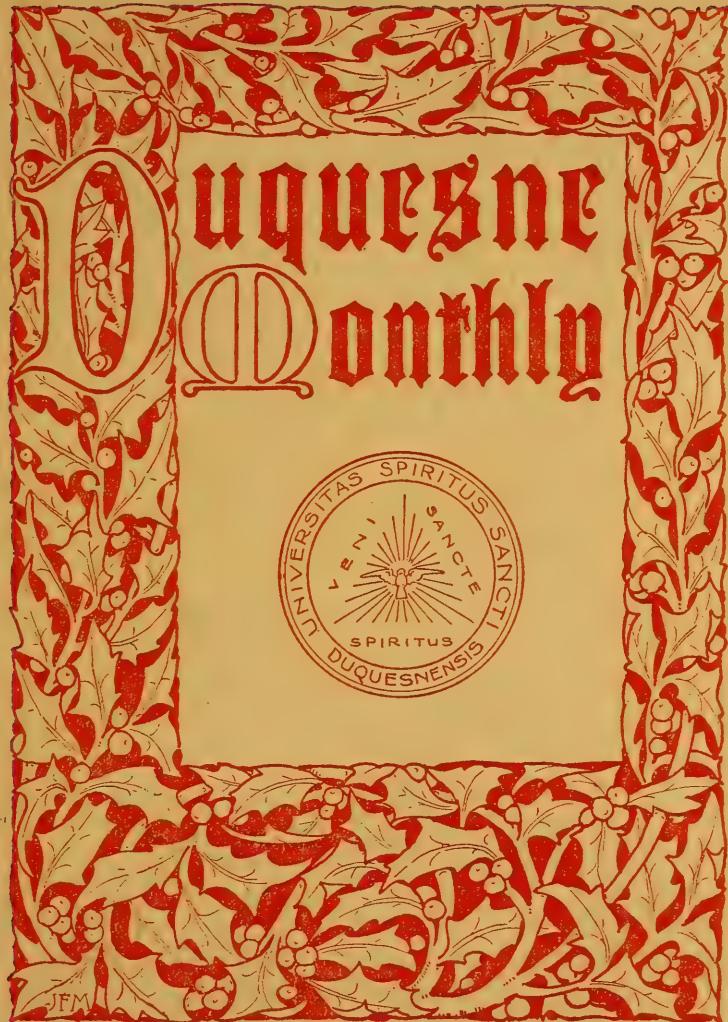
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DECEMBER, 1921

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Duquesne Monthly

DECEMBER, 1921



CONTENTS

A Star	MICHAEL F. COLEMAN .	71
Chancellor's Day	M. A. CUSICK	72
Hoping Against Hope	JOHN McKEOWN	75
The Profit-Sharing Plan	WILLIAM E. BOGGS	79
Night	M. A. CUSICK	81
Address to Bishop Boyle	M. A. CUSICK	82
School-Day Reminiscences	T. E. KILGALLEN	83
Persecution of the Irish Priesthood	THOMAS P. WHALEN	86
Winter's Contrasts	EDWARD G. BERGIN	88
A Precious Letter	JOHN L. IMHOF	89
Editorial: —		
No "Stern" Stuff"	91
Marshal Foch	JOHN L. IMHOF	92
Gift Exchange	93
Chronicle	93
Athletics	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	97 ^q
Exchanges	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	100

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A Star.

THE murky night upon the earth is pressed,
Cold winter cheerless in a cheerless town;
One lone star twinkles on its soulless breast,
In silvery radiance it is shining down.

The darkness never so much blackness threw
Its mourning trappings over hill and dale;
O, night star glittering, were it not for you,
This earth would seem annihilation's vale;

This hour, unfading on the arching slope
Of what to me is heaven, lo, your light,
Like taper flickering, brings a ray of hope
Through darkness shining in effulgence bright.

* * * * *

The cloud of sin hung heavy on our race,
Crime's harvest ripened on its fertile earth,
As shepherds shivering watched round Bethlehem place,
And saw the Star that marked the Savior's birth.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.

Chancellor's Day.

AN EVENT to go down in the history of the current year, an event that marks the beginning of a University holiday in the future, an event that shall be perpetuated, year after year, as long as Duquesne University shall last, took place on Thursday, October 27; it was the first official visit of our new Chancellor, Right Rev. Hugh Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

Classes were as usual until eleven o'clock, when His Lordship, accompanied by his Diocesan Council, arrived. His smiling presence soon radiated through the building. The Rev. President presented the professors and other members of the clergy, and at 11:45 the Right Rev. Chancellor was escorted to the University Auditorium. As he entered the door, a thunderous applause rang out from the assembled student body, the orchestra struck up a lively tune; and it was only after a long time that quiet reigned again. Appropriate and stirring music, skillfully arranged by Professor C. B. Weis, featured the entire proceedings. Seldom did the auditorium contain such an enthusiastic audience; seldom did its walls reverberate with such applause. It was an auspicious greeting, an auspicious entrance into his new charge and office by the beloved Bishop and Chancellor.

Reverend M. A. Hehir, President, next addressed the new official of the University as follows:

"Right Rev. Bishop: Before a member of the student body addresses you, I wish to extend to you a cordial welcome in the name of the faculty, to Duquesne University. The faculty on the stage at present, is but a small part of the entire teaching corps. Here, in this building we have only the High School department and High School professors. There are before you Rt. Rev. Bishop and Monsignori, eight hundred boys, and the accommodation is made possible by the fact that all are ready to make sacrifices.

The spirit that animates the students might best be realized from a few incidents or facts that we have every day. First, there is no "hazing", no initiation, into any of the various classes or societies. Again, there was a great threatening cause of confusion, owing to a shortage of lockers, when school opened, the members of the higher classes waived their claims in favor of their younger and less experienced fellow students. A final incident I may mention is this: About a week ago an alumnus Religious priest, Rev. T. J. McDermott, C. P., came here and addressed the students in the interests of the Chinese

missions. On that day the majority of the boys sacrificed the "treats" price of their luncheon, in order to contribute more generously to the cause of the missions.

Besides the students here present our Law School numbers one hundred and ten; our School of Accounts and Finance eleven hundred and eighteen. We have, in addition, extension classes for nearly three hundred Sisters of the diocese.

All the Bishops of Pittsburgh have taken a lively interest in our school since its foundation. It was the saintly Bishop Dominic who introduced the Holy Ghost Fathers to Pittsburgh in 1878. His solicitude was continued by Bishop Tuigg. Bishop Phelan dedicated this very building in 1885, and began also the Scholarship Fund. It is not necessary to say what your illustrious predecessor, during the seventeen years of his episcopate, has done. I know, Right Rev. Bishop, that we can rely on you for guidance, encouragement and help in the great work for higher education.

Welcoming you again, we unite in prayers and wishes for a successful harvest in your work, and for you, our Chancellor and Bishop of this great diocese."

At the conclusion of the Reverend President's address, Father Williams took his place at the piano, and the Junior choir, directed by Rev. John Malloy, sang our *Alma Mater* song. It was at once refreshing, enchanting and inspiring, and evoked at its conclusion, a thunderous applause. The president of the student senate, Michael A. Cusick, read a most appropriate address to the Bishop, who responded tersely, as is his wont, eloquently laying stress on the duties of loyalty and application. His words were eagerly listened to, and their deep meaning and far-reaching application were grasped by all. The Right Rev. Chancellor of the University spoke as follows:

"Right Reverend Monsignori, Reverend Fathers, Members of the Faculty and Students, I thank you all for the splendid reception you have given to the Bishop of Pittsburgh, and, since it is scarcely possible to separate the office from the man, for the splendid reception you have given to me. One would be very hard-hearted indeed not to be moved, one would be a laggard not to be spurred on, by this evidence of your support.

You, young men, are in a peculiarly favored position to-day. All nations, and particularly all democracies, afford wonderful opportunities in their youth, but as they grow older the difficulty of passing from one state to another increases. There were

better chances for your fathers than for you, better chances for your grandfathers than for your fathers, to improve their social standing. Every society, as it grows older, tends to be stratified. Each class has a tendency to remain in its own class.

Most of us here come from what we may call the common people. And you have the chances here to fit yourselves for the opportunities offered you. But, far be it from me as Bishop to say that this opportunity is for social and material advancement. It is not to develop in you a tendency to grasp after wealth, as is usual to-day, but a tendency to give yourselves in service to man and, through man, to God. Learn to make yourselves one with the people from whom you come, and leave your school so qualified in mind and heart that poor men and poor women may be the beneficiaries, not the victims. We are too often liable to forget the fact that the human race is a unity. I recommend to you the things that make for spiritual life.

I have been glad to hear from Father Hehir of your good spirit: that is as it should be. Again, the best thing that shall come from your college life is the capacity to work; for the all-important thing is not *what* you study, but *that* you study; then your characters will be benefited. Do hard, substantial work. As an official of the University, I want you to have the success of your school at heart; and I, in turn, shall remember and have at heart the interests of Duquesne University. Finally, reminding you of your promise to back up whatever work the diocese will undertake, I shall hold you to that."

At the conclusion of this address Rev. M. A. Hehir, reminding the Right Rev. Bishop that the students had applied themselves to very serious, incessant study during the past two months, that they were the very best boys in the diocese of Pittsburgh, appealed for a half-holiday, which was granted by the Chancellor with a grace that won the admiration of all. Cheers and wild applause from eight hundred voices greeted and bade farewell to Bishop Boyle as he left the auditorium. Luncheon was served to the Bishop and the Reverend Clergy in the University dining hall: and the humor and happiness everywhere evinced, pronounced our first "Chancellor's Day" a decided success.

M. A. CUSICK, '22.





Hoping Against Hope.

THE South is the land of romance and chivalry, a land, too, teeming with stories of love and pathos, all of which deal with incidents of the dreadful days of '61.

Should you ever make the journey to Savannah, Georgia, by water, you will doubtless see whilst steaming up the river, an old woman on the Georgia shore. In daytime she will wave her handkerchief, and at night, a lantern, at the passing steamer. Her story, lovely in its pathos, is as follows:

It was late in the summer of '64, the cotton plantation of Colonel Sutherland, and all the neighboring plantations, too, were destroyed; half of the negroes had gone, and those left behind were only so many more hungry mouths to feed. The cattle had been driven away; not a horse was left except young Mose Frank's 'Kit'. Frank's father, the colonel, had been killed in the early days of the war; and the care of the plantation fell upon the shoulders of "old Missus" and "young Frank."

The radiant Georgia sun was lazily sinking below the horizon, uselessly lighting up the bare cotton-fields now, throwing its farewell rays down over a row of negro cabins, setting them ghastly and sorrowful against the clear sky, as a young couple walked lingeringly over the deserted fields. The boy, tall and dark, with black, flashing eyes, walked with bowed head, whilst the girl, fair and bright, talked earnestly at his side.

"But, Frank, our cause is lost; Lee is weakening, and it is rumored that Sherman will march to the sea."

"Well, I have been longing to go; but you know how my mother feels about it," was the lad's reply.

"Why, Frank, remember you are but a boy of nineteen summers. But, how dreadful it is all! Father says that if Sherman comes, both our places, there being only a brook between them, will go at the same time. But, again, to pleasanter things let our minds roam on."

"All right. Just think, Virginia," intercepted Frank, "in a few years we can be married."

"Yes, Frank, indeed; but who knows what evil hours await us, hours or days to break in upon our happiness?"

"These hours," said the optimistic youth, "will pass too; we shall own both estates; and thus the intentions of our brave fathers shall have been fulfilled."

As the two lovers approached Virginia's patrimony—her father's mansion, with its tall Corinthian columns and wide, arched doorway, a "snatch" of a song from the slave quarters, floating on the evening breeze, caught their ears:

"And they'll sing no more
By the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door."

Was it a reminiscence dark or a sad foreboding? They knew not; but, as they parted that night, their hearts were heavy.

The days that followed were days of gloom; the Southern forces were wilting before superior numbers. In the midst of a manly despair, Frank one day rode his little mare, Kit, to town, in quest of news from the front. Many a time before he had made the journey; Kit had beaten that road with her prancing hoofs; and the villagers welcomed both rider and horse with shouts of glee. But to-day, things were different; Frank rode to the public square unnoticed, almost unknown. There was apparently, some more than ordinary commotion; and, having made fast his faithful mount, Virginia's suitor elbowed his way through the throng.

In the midst stood a stout, daring figure of a man, clad in the grey and scarlet, the mark of a soldier of the South; near him was his trusty steed, jaded and mud-spattered, its sides torn and bleeding from the jabs of eager spurs.

"Sherman," he gasped, "is over the border; he is on his—way to the—sea. Bury your—valuables, and—flee. Georgia is doomed! My life—for the Stars and—." Then he fell backward against his shivering horse, his coat showing a red blot on the background of grey.

* * * *

"Home, or no home," he whispered to "Kit", leaping astride her and riding from the town, "I am going to get my chance now."

Up the long alley of overhanging, entwining trees, he rode to the home of his sweetheart. He would consult her father at once. A stable-groom met him near the entrance exclaiming: "Good law, Marse Frank! Whea yo' all been? Yo's all con-flemed up. Don' yo' all want young Missie?"

"Not now; where is her father, Mr. Callahan?" Frank was promptly escorted to the library, where he found the man whom he desired to see.

"Well, my boy," was the short salutation. "Sir, have you heard the news?"

"Alas, yes," was again the abrupt answer. "What is on your active mind besides?"

"Sir," said Frank, "I must help. True, I am only nineteen; but, I'm old enough to be of some use. Won't you advise me?"

The aged man saw in this youth another, who, years before, had ridden to win glory on the fields of battle.

"I can't keep him back," he thought; "I must let him go." "Frank, go, I will help you. I have even now a plan which might aid you to get through the Federal lines. I know the captain of a blockade-runner in Savannah. It is easy to get there; I will see to it that you get safely aboard the "Isceola"; she is the most active blockader to-day."

"Excellent," said Frank, overjoyed, "I'll leave this very night. But, where's Virginia?" Then, rushing to the rear he shouted:

"I say, Uncle Mose, find Virginia for me."

Presently, the maiden appeared, her eyes were red and swollen; her luxurious hair falling dishevelled over her shoulders.

"Frank!"

"Good-bye, Virgie. I am going at last."

"Ah, I know you'll never return."

"I will come back. And—and, you will wait for me."

"Yes, I'll watch and wait for your return."

* * * * *

With this she gave way to tears. And Frank, leaving her in the hands of Aunt Chole made his escape.

He met Mr. Callahan on the porch, received the required letter, some lengthy instructions, bade farewell to his dead father's friend, and was off for home to face the last and most difficult act of his leave-taking, namely, the farewell to his mother.

Frank found the house in great confusion. The "darkies" stood around wailing and crying: "po' ole Missus". The boy caught his breath, his heart seemed to stop beating and very soon he was before his mother's door.

Since the Colonel's death his wife had been slowly failing. And the news of the coming of Sherman proved to be fatal.

The son was admitted to the room. He found his mother anxiously waiting for him; and as he sat down beside her bed, the tears swelling up in his eyes, dropped upon the snow-white coverlet. Here in these few moments he thought what she had meant to him. He had been a wild, reckless boy, never stopping long to think of his mother's love.

She was speaking. "Frank this is the end, I will soon join your father, and be happy. Though I dread leaving you, my boy."

"Mother, I'll fight till I avenge this wrong!" And kissing her tenderly, he arose to go.

The woman tried to rise, crying: "No, my son, don't, but as he moved to the door she sunk in the pillows, and with the departing light of day her soul flew to its Creator.

The boy lost no time in preparing to leave. He ordered "Cooter", his colored servant and life-long playmate, to prepare his horse for the journey. And packing the saddle bags with a few belongings he was ready to leave.

After giving old "Nasaw" instructions for the care of those left on the plantation, and breaking through the congregation of wailing and lamenting "blacks", he was off down the pike at a brisk trot.

The trip to Savannah was made in two days with no events of importance on the way.

The morning after arriving in the city, Frank went to the place designated by Mr. Callahan, and in a very short time was given a place in the service of the South, his South, the land of his mother and father. That same day, after a sad and long-drawn-out farewell to his beloved pet, "Kit", he was put on board the "Osceola" and set to work earnestly to make as much trouble as possible for the Union.

The following night, as a pall of darkness lay over the river, and the shipping lay quietly "hauled-to" on the tide, the "Osceola", her rakish masts crowded with sails, stole out to sea and turned her bow in the direction of a port of supplies. The water raced by the black and greasy hull as the wind drove her on, carrying her crew to their doom.

The third night out, the watch reported a storm in the offing, and soon the light craft was in the midst of a boiling and angry sea. She was built light to make better speed, and was unable to withstand the blows of the unmerciful waves. Thus, after a few short hours of pitching and tossing on the heaving

bosom of the mighty Atlantic she sunk beneath its waters. With her went Frank Sutherland, beloved by his cause, and still more by a girl in the war-wrecked land of Georgia.

Meanwhile, times grew worse in the South, and there came a day when the twin plantations were in a state of great turmoil. Early in the morning a squad of cavalry had passed foraging for food, and the land was continually being harrassed by guerillas. This was the signal to vacate; so taking his daughter and two old servants, Mr. Callahan made ready and departed from his home. They reached Savannah and managed to obtain a small house on the banks of the river, a mile or so from the city. Here the family lived during the remaining days of the war. And at length, when the Blue and the Gray ceased to line up against each other, and the war eagles had flown back to their cages, there was great excitement and expectation in the little cottage that stood by the muddy river, as it wearily rolled by on its way to the sea.

Expectation grew to wonder, wonder grew to fear, and fear grew to realization for all except one.

Every day now, a young girl could be seen standing by the cottage door gazing down the river; and if a ship happened to go by, would wave to it and endeavor to see on its deck a familiar figure.

Thus, time went by, and each year more ships came to Savannah. Sails gave way to power, and side-wheelers gave way to the great steam turbines; still they were waved to by the young girl, then the middle-aged woman, and finally, by the old lady.

So now as the great ships come in from their journey they are first greeted by one who will watch and wait, until the end of her days.

JOHN McKEOWN, H. S., '22.



The Profit-Sharing Plan.

ONE of the great questions of the day, and one which presents itself every year, is that of Capital and Labor. The social unrest in this era is due to the strained relations existing between the workingman and his employer. It has been more or less of a game between these two contestants, to see which could first take advantage of the other. Their mad

rush for the strangle-hold was taken by both as a matter of course; and time after time, these difficulties arise causing unnecessary trouble and confusion. Much of the dissatisfaction among the working classes of the mills and factories throughout the country would be eliminated by the adoption of the profit-sharing plan. By this is meant that all work that is done, besides calling for a regular salary, receives an additional sum on a graded basis, corresponding to the actual amount performed by each man. Then, instead of the industrial profits dropping entirely into the coffers of capitalists, some should be set aside for those who are the main factors in producing this great wealth.

Capital has to a certain degree treated the workingman as a slave or an automaton, using him merely to amass wealth for the various corporations controlled by the rich. Capital is absolutely too forgetful of the human side of the labor question at the present time. Justice and sympathy for the workingman have dried up in the hearts of employers, so that they no longer dicker as man to man, but on the contrary, more like man to an inferior being or beast. This is where capitalists make a very grave mistake. The workingman will not permit others to treat him as a member of an inferior class that the country must put up with. Employers very often do not consider the needs, comforts, and feelings of their workers, and what naturally follows is the absence of mutual good-will. The result of this state of affairs is obvious. Capital does not obtain the maximum efficiency from the workingman, because his work is done with an injured feeling, the feeling that he has been cheated of what rightfully is his due. The profit-sharing plan would surely eliminate all such evils and restore good-will among employes.

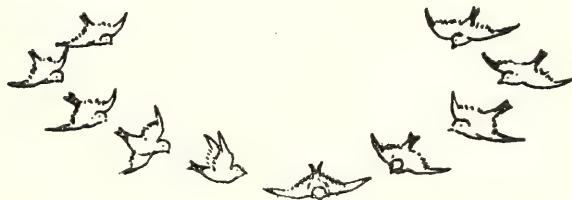
This plan would especially appeal to the workingman, because he sees in it a chance to increase his funds, and better the conditions of life for himself and family. Naturally it follows that he shows more interest and pride in his work, and the finished product of his labor is better than that previously manufactured.

Another point in favor of the profit-sharing plan is the increased production and efficiency which would undoubtedly follow its adoption in the various plants throughout the country. The incentive for the workingman to do his utmost is always present in the extra money which he receives for his labor. The profit-sharing plan would demonstrate its worth at the end of a

year, by increasing the incomes of the various business concerns that considered it worthy of a trial. Some persons will hold that the benefits are wholly derived by the workingman, but the profits for the capitalists will very likely be greater than before. Greater harmony and good-will would also prevail among the employes; and this in itself is a great accomplishment.

Capital, therefore, should try to settle the question that causes so much wrangling by drafting into service the profit-sharing plan, which has already been successfully adopted by several large business organizations of our country, one of which is the Ford Automobile Plant.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.



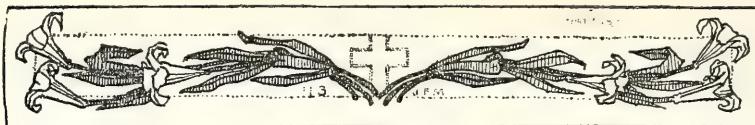
Night.

THE pale of eve creeps down upon the sky,
Grey earthly phantoms silhouette its fleece,
As from the hill an eagle's fiendish cry
Takes stand against Aurora's shining peace.

The sapphire fields of day throw off the clouds;
The golden sun withdraws in torrid rays;
Whilst pallid moon appears mid starry crowds,
And reigns benign in silence and in praise.

The newness of her sway pervades the air,
And promenades in starry fields of play;
Thus, stately quiet takes the place of care,
When shady night replaces light of day.

M. A. CUSICK, '22.



Address to Bishop Boyle.

Right Reverend Bishop:

On June 29th, 1921, the pent-up feelings of delight, admiration and reverence of the Catholics of our diocese, burst forth in a splendor and effulgent glory, the like of which Pittsburgh has seldom if ever seen. The wish and longing of every individual of that whole-hearted, whole-souled demonstration, was to see you, to hear you, to speak but a word with you. In that immense throng of human enthusiasm Duquesne University took her place, her professors and her pupils mixed their voices in the thunderous applause, their hearts in the sincere affection, their souls in the fervent prayers for you, the spiritual Shepherd of a spiritual flock. Theirs, too, was the longing to see you, to testify, individually, as it were, their reverence, admiration and delight. Their hopes at last are realized, their longings amply repaid; for, to-day, you are in our midst.

Life is a movement towards happiness, life is a tendency towards well-being, life is a striving continual towards perfection and success. This term of all human endeavor, this ideal of our early dreams, this vision of our youthful yearnings, will cost many a toil and moil, many a sob and sigh, many a suspense and anxiety; it is bought at the price of faith in our fellowmen, of an energy undying, a constancy of purpose unflagging, an optimism that rejoices and an enthusiasm that can never be crushed; because it means that a man must unself himself, must unsphere himself from the narrow confines of his own personality, and face undaunted a world that is ready to criticize, to undo, to tear down; he must soar aloft to the sublime heights of sacrifice, and surround himself with the radiant sunlight of efficiency, an accomplishment, in fact, objective, real, which the world, in spite of itself, must admit and admire.

In the short span of your priestly years, Rt. Rev. Bishop, you have filled many a position and around them all you have cast the radiance of indomitable energy and keen mind. Results prove that your every effort has been crowned with the diadem of success. As a reward, the Holy Father has chosen you to lead the army of the Catholics of Pittsburgh to a victory over the weapons of unbelief, and the snares of deceit, ignorance and falsehood.

Our *Alma Mater*, standing proudly over a city of material prosperity and wealth untold, is the light shining from the mountain top, to radiate the principles of truth and destroy alike the seeds of error. Her history is written in the tales of sacrifice willingly offered, of duty faithfully accomplished, of men solidly fitted for Pittsburgh's progress along intellectual and religious lines. She has nobly accomplished a noble task, owing to the support amiably lent by the Bishops of this flourishing See.

The burden of office, Rt. Rev. Bishop, the vast extent of an Apostolic diocese, the numerous duties that call for your immediate consideration and minute inspection, have not prevented you from accepting the post of Chancellor of Duquesne University. Under your fatherly guidance we break open the clasps of a new volume in our history. May its every page be marked with the impress of your genius, and bear the indelible stamp of your approval! May you ever be proud of her achievements, her students, her spirit and her devotedness to the Church's cause! Her sons, that smilingly greet you to-day, are the laymen and priests of the future, whose names will one day spell in letters of unfading light the advance of Catholicity in your diocese.

Tendering you, Right Rev. and beloved Bishop, a welcome to our *Alma Mater*, I can but wish that Duquesne University be under your Chancellorship of many, many years, a credit to our state, our city and our Church. *Vivat, Crescat, Floreat.*

M. A. CUSICK, '22.



School-Day Reminiscences.

DEEP enough in the country to enjoy all the benefits of a rural environment, and close enough to a large city to maintain the urban contact, stands the old monastery of St. Brendan. It was there, long ago, that my youthful forehead first wrinkled over Euclid, and my barbarous tongue first mispronounced the woes of Orgetorix.

The institution is composed of a cluster of two-storied buildings that stand on the summit of a gentle declivity. The original masons—monks, I suppose—gave the buildings a solidness that

promises to keep them intact for many generations. The place is not old, as monasteries go; but climbing vines have covered the walls to some extent, and so give them an appearance of age and permanence. I have never been able to feel any zeal for architecture, and am unable to accurately state whether the original builders leaned to the Corinthian, Gothic, Byzantine, or what not. I can only state that they used large bricks. For this I can vouch. They used large bricks.

We used to play a game with marbles, that required a smooth and level court for its successful performance. Through usage and the wear and tear of the elements, this court was in a constant state of disrepair, and we were wont to repair the damage by employing bricks taken from one of the buildings. The spot was in an out-of-the-way place, and our ravages for some time escaped notice. The unhappy structure was in a fair way to being wholly "de-bricked" when one day the Prior himself strolling leisurely past the vicinity was horrified to see me and one of my companions pry a brick loose from its foundation and bury it in the mud of our marble court. The Father Prior was a grave and pacific man—bent with the infirmities of age—but the laying of that brick galvanized him into a virility that was impressive. Fifty years dropped from his shoulders, and the breath of his youth poured through his lungs. He roared like a tipsy blacksmith. The transition was remarkable. From an old man, broken with the cares of life, he had become Ajax, defying the lightning, Jupiter hurling his bolts, and Thor, beating a war-drum; all rolled into me. At the time, I was puzzled, and not a little exasperated, that he should take on so over a few red bricks, but the years have brought me wisdom—in some things—and I can see now that those red bricks were as dear to him as the "redder drops that visited his sad heart," and our iconoclasm as much an incongruity as were we to use the living Caesar to stuff a hole to keep the wind away.

While on the matter of games, let me speak of one that appears to be indigenous to that particular school. I have never seen, heard, or read of it elsewhere. It was called "King-stick". A club, or branch of a tree, about three feet in length, heavy at one end and tapered at the other, was stuck sharply into the ground, at such an angle as to give a peculiar flirt to the heavy end. In its arc this heavy end was intended to crash against your opponent's stick, and hurl it to the ground. We spent a wealth of artistic talent in embellishing, and a deal of descriptive

talent in naming, those cudgels. We derived as much pleasure from preparing our clubs as we did in using them. There was really very little to the game, and yet, we played it by the hours. The motion of "embedding" that stick in the ground was very much as a pick describes in digging a ditch and the same muscles were developed. Canny, canny monks. Who could tell but what some day the Higher Education might fail to function?

Looking back through the years, I see those old walls, old games, old companions, old customs, through rose-colored glasses that lend a tender and whimsical touch to everything that comes within their focus. By some subtle alchemy, the discords are gone, and a perfect symphony lulls me into smiling retrospection. Even the home-sick boy that stifled his sobbing in the pillow, is now almost as much an object of joy as he is of pity. The tragic day when I laid across the knee of Father Tom, and suffered harsh indignities is now only a matter of smiling reminiscence. This Father Tom was a character. An old man, slender, tall, straight as a sapling; silent and grave and heavily bearded. He was called the "Disciplinarian", and for months the man and the name of his office were equally mysterious to me. I feared him mightily. The swish of his skirts, coming down the long halls was enough to send me scurrying to other places. He used to stand in the doorway as we returned indoors from our recreation and would inspect our shoes for dirt and mud. I dreaded walking past that awful presence. Those four or five steps were over cut glass and red hot coals. Sometimes a deep, guttural something would issue from his lips, and although I never had the slightest inkling of what was said, some sixth sense would guide me back to the scraping metal. I never knew him to perform any other duty but this. I never heard of him performing any other duty but this. I can't imagine him performing any other duty but this. I suppose he must have been like other men. He must have gone through the usual routine processes of life. I suppose he ate, drank and slept. But I will not attest. For me, he is "The Keeper of the Gate", "The Peerer at Shoes". I will admit that he once stepped out of his role to wield a hair-brush but through the rest of eternity he stands by the doorway, peering at feet, and grumbling a cavernous something that can only mean, "Go back and clean those shoes!"

T. E. KILGALLEN, Law School.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Persecution of the Irish Priesthood.

WHEN England does an act which she feels may outrage the sentiment of the plain people of the world, she strives hard to show that such an act has been done for the maintenance of law and order. She does not merely slay her victims, she also strives to blacken their characters: any injustice she does is done under the guise of justice. Thus, when she captured that innocent beautiful French Virgin—the Martyr-maid of Orleans—she first charged her with witch-craft. It was a specious charge. There was no escape for the virgin Saint: England had her burned at the stake. But her martyrdom was the deathknell of English rule in France. England then protested that this burning of the purest of patriot girls was right and just. The plain people ever refused to believe that plea, and now the Maid of Orleans is venerated at the altars of the Catholic Church.

Weather, time nor space changes the leopard's spots. What England did in France she has repeated persistently in Ireland. There has been but one persecutor of the Catholic Church in Ireland. That persecutor has been and is England. It was an English government that burned our churches and razed to the ground our beautiful monastic institutions. It was an English government that offered five pounds sterling for a wolf's head, and the same price for that of an Irish priest. It was the soldiers of England who tossed our little Catholic children on the points of their bayonets, exclaiming with brutal, grim but befitting humour, "nits will be vermin." That is enough. We need not enlarge on the dark tragedy. The story of the English prosecution of the Catholic Church in Ireland could be written with tears.

However, there are those who say that such things belong to the dark past. They admit that these were such hideous crimes: they are facts, but these astute propagandists deny that the England of to-day could do such things. That is just where they are wrong. No vain anger; no uplifting of protesting hands to heaven; no suave and specious words can disprove the fact that during the last year the priests of Ireland have been living under the very dart of death. The British government launched last year a bitter persecution of the Irish priesthood. Three of them it got murdered; several of them it attempted to murder, while many still linger in prison and internment camps.

When the invading armies of Central Europe rushed over Belgium, captured and held it for four years, and Cardinal Mercier wrote that passionate, pleading, consoling Pastoral which

has become a classic in the literature of patriotism, no German officers came to murder him, under cloak of the darkness of night. The Bishop of Killaloe pleaded the rights of his country with its century-old wrongs; British officers attempted to murder him, and all but succeeded. Disguised and painted they came at the witching hour of night, and drawing revolvers rushed into his room. A miracle had called him away on the previous evening. Thus, Ireland was spared a patriot Bishop, and England did not succeed in having one other stain on her already dark escutcheon.

There was then the murder of Father Griffin. This priest was the beloved curate of a Galway parish. His career in Maynooth had, according to his superiors, been one of stainless progress in holiness and wisdom. The poor of Galway—and their number is many in what was a flourishing port before the curse of English rule came upon the country—loved this fine young priest. He was their idol, their darling. Yet the officers of the British army lured him from his home and shot him dead. When he left his house on that dark, stormy evening, he thought he was going on a great mission of charity,—to minister to some dying person. That was the treacherous plan by which England's officers lured him from his home. They then dragged him to a bleak, black bog and murdered him.

One could multiply instances of this persecution. I have spoken of two prominent cases. It is true that priests are murdered in other countries, but they are not murdered with the connivance, nay, even at the instigation of those who pretend to govern the country. The Irish people love their priests, and I think the young men of Ireland have already meted out justice to certain of the actual murderers of Father Griffin. What about those who connived, nay, perhaps instigated these murders? The criminals who perpetrated the crimes are not nearly so guilty as the British government who recruited them, and organized them in a special murder gang to assassinate Irish Catholic clerics and prominent members of public bodies. This statement I repeat, conscious of its seriousness. The British cabinet, of which Premier Lloyd George is the head, has persecuted the Irish priesthood: has entered their presbyteries and dragged them from the altars to prison: has connived at the expert, cool, calculating assassins, who sought to murder those of them whose love of religion and country went hand in hand. That has been the achievement of England in an era when religious liberty is being shouted from the housetops, and the freedom of little nations is blazoned abroad.

THOMAS P. WHELAN.

Marshal Foch.

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, Pittsburgh had the opportunity to honor one of the greatest heroes of the World War. A man who is aged in years, small, thin-faced and gray-haired, This eminent person was the world-wide known hero—MARSHAL FOCH. As he, the honored guest of Pittsburgh on that day in his field marshal's uniform of blue with a red cap braided with gold, smiled, the populace noted with eager eyes his peaceful and calm look characteristic of a father, and not like that of a stern and surly warrior.

The Allied Nations put their confidence in him in those never-to-be-forgotten days of 1917 and 1918, when he was chosen Generalissimo of the combined forces opposed to the monarchies of Central Europe. Just picture again the loyal trust which those nations laid at his feet when the restless world craved for peace. Everybody had him in mind, in sight, all the time. The sorrowful mother thought constantly of him and prayed devoutly for him, so that he would safely lead her dear son through the perils of the war.

The unsolved problems were handed to him who soon became the idol of, not only France, but of all the Allies. They had heard of his triumphant leadership in the past, and they knew well that he was competent to guide the United Powers.

Vast armies and brave soldiers followed unhesitatingly the well thought-out commands of him upon whom the eyes of the world were focused. He directed the allied armies to combat with a strong hope which was stirring in his heart. His one ambition was that the war should be a war against war. This is why he exhorted the men to fight a good fight. He understood clearly the real meaning of the word—WAR and its results. This great desire gave him the needed skill and cunning that aided him in surpassing the approaching enemy. He desired to make mankind something better than cannon fodder, and the world a better place in which to live and labor and love.

This man's cause and deeds are known to every American. This flourishing land shall not forget this grand hero who had the faith in Him above, which overcomes all fear; and the good works, without which faith is nothing. We can't detract any of the praise bestowed upon him, or the hearty welcomes given to him in the cities he visits.

To the great and picturesque leader of the World War—
MARSHAL FOCH, All Hail!

JOHN L. IMHOF, A. B., '23.



Winter's Contrasts.

WINTER in the city means a time of colds and coughs, of wet and muddy streets; but it keeps its grandeur and beauty for the country. Winter is the country's beauty time.

A walk through the leafless woods in winter, at morn after a snowfall, is a treat that makes a person rejoice in that his home is not among the piles of bricks and stones that we call cities, but out in the country of God, where everything combines to make life happy and contented. Picture yourself, on the contrary, plodding your way through the city's streets on a morning after a heavy snow-storm. The sensation is far from being agreeable, the sight far from being pleasant. Blackened snow is around you, the side-walks are slippery and cumbersome; and all combine to make traffic and travelling unsafe and pleasureless. The snow on the country hillside is pure in its sparkling whiteness, and gives the earth an appearance of cozy comfort under its woolen quilt. The trees bow down under the weight of their white mantle, whilst the lips of some of the smaller ones bury themselves beneath it. The tracks of the beasts and birds of the forests are clearly visible now: and these, for a person versed in woodland lore, are veritable text-books of knowledge. We can trace them to their nests and lairs, and learn of the wonderful constructions of these animal dwelling-places; we can tell to a nicety how they live, what they feed on, and even what they have fetched home from their midnight hunt. The little woodland streams babbling to the stones on their way, laugh at the little obstruction, or closely nestle to the downy banks. Huge icicles hang from the rocks under which they steal on; and above, giant hemlocks tower, as guardians of a priceless treasure from a storm's rage: their black trunks, standing out in bold relief to the whiteness of the valley, paint a mind picture that can never be effaced.

EDWARD G. BERGIN, 2nd Scientific.

A Precious Letter.

“THIS afternoon the last earthly services for Harry Holmes will be held,” were the words of nearly every individual in the small peaceful village of Lohr. Harry Holmes was the first Lohr boy to answer the call to arms in the World War. It was scarcely a month after hostilities had been declared when he departed for a training camp in the Sunny South. Nine months later he set sail for the distant fields of war-stricken France, and there, in his first engagement, he paid the supreme sacrifice. Back home, young and old loved him. It was the affection and love of the villagers for their soldier citizen that had caused all this stir in his home town from the time they learned his body was to be brought back.

The time for the services came. The streets were crowded. Every person was anxious to give a final glance at the flag-covered casket which contained the remains of a dear and faithful friend, a hero reared in their very midst. But there was one who considered the event as sacred; to whom it caused untold grief and sorrow, one, who during the terrible war, prayed devoutly daily for him that he would again return safe. This was Mary Blair. Through her tear-stained eyes she saw that last great tribute paid to him. She witnessed it all; the parade; the blessing at the little church; the sermon delivered so eloquently by the village pastor; and, lastly, how they lowered him into his cold grave which she could now bedeck with sweet flowers and over which she could pray.

After it was all over she avoided all conversation and hurried to her home. She went directly to her library and took a pack of letters from a drawer. From this bundle she mechanically drew a weather-stained, crumpled letter, bearing the stamp of an overseas censor. It was dated March 26, 1918.

“Mary dear—Do you know the date? It is our anniversary. Just twelve months ago this afternoon you and I were hiking over the purple hills near the winding stream. You, in that exquisite blue soft thing you called your ‘jumper’. You had your viol with you that beautiful day. Oh! I can still hear each note as it struck the chilly air. And you, your eyes—all contrasted in a strange manner with the attractive brown, scattered here and there on the hillside and the dry red oak leaves still clinging to the tall trees. You were full of life, vigor and a picture of health, full of enthusiasm and vitality. You were always like this. We hunted for various things on our hands and knees. Forgive me, dear, for my reminiscences. Am I hurting you? I can’t forget it. I want you to re-live every minute

of that wonderful afternoon as I do each day. You can't understand how much memories mean to me in this deadening routine of monotony and horror. You hear a great deal about the cheerful philosophy of the soldier in the trenches. Well, it's the recollection of moments of love, sport, inspiration and achievement that makes that calmness of temper possible.

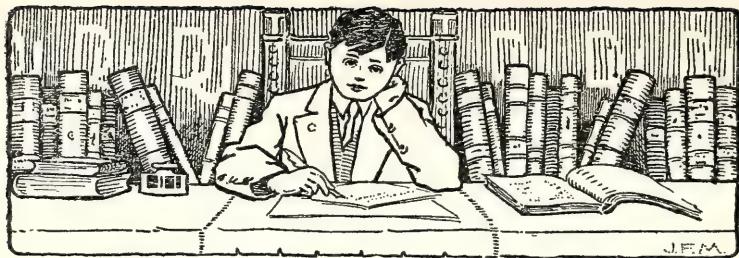
"I recall it all. Each deed. The tea, after our long most pleasurable walk, in your cozy library. Just think, dear, this afternoon, in the dugout, Mary, I'm going to have tea out of an old rusty tin can with a jolly American chap from Duluth. If the rats haven't beaten us to it, we'll supplement the beverages with a box of home-made anise cakes, an Ohio aunt of Smith's sent him. It's a shame—a bit cruel—sickening—dear, isn't it, to allow so wide a contrast to creep into your imagination? It's that sense of humor of the Yankee lad. You heard of it, I suppose.

"This is a long letter, indeed. Why should it not be so? It's a letter commemorating an event I'll never forget, Mary, and you know it is March 26. I can't write any more, dear. I simply can't. I was fortunate enough already, for to-day, it has been rather quiet.

"Home, my parents and—you, do more to keep me sane in this mad, chaotic, dreadful whirl than anything else in the world. Some day, Mary, it will all be over—let us pray—and then ——" Harry.

With a low prolonged expression of sorrow and pain, Mary finished the precious letter, replaced it in the envelope. Then she sat by the fire grate. For an indeterminable length of time she sat there, dazed, unbelieving, almost helpless. Then something within her seemed to snap and shake her entire self. With a low, indistinguishable moan she placed her head in the soft white cushion on the arm chair.

She mumbled: "He is gone, in his last resting place they put him to-day. Oh! how can I bear it? I never neglected him, even to the slightest degree; but the return of that which was left of him renewed my love and desire to see him face to face. As long as I live I shall keep this and the other letters he wrote me. I surely won't forget him then. Ah! God give him eternal rest. I'll pray constantly for him. That's all I can do." With these words she left the library to forget the past.



S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

No "Stern*er* Stuff."

A YOUNG man, in the early twenties with the roses of youth blooming freshly upon his cheek, a man, on whom Nature has bestowed her gifts most lavishly, visited the University during the past month. He is an alumnus of Duquesne and a credit to his *Alma Mater*. But a few years since, and he wended his way to school, studied conscientiously, and was ever decorously gay. He was graduated from the College Department with honors, and immediately set face towards the sublime heights of the Priesthood. But, the "deep things of God" kept haunting and calling, till one day he made known to his friends the resolution that was born and nurtured beneath the red lamp of the Sanctuary: he would bid farewell to the world, with its unsteady glaring light; he would follow that other undimmed one, peacefully burning in the ardor of perfect love; he would bury himself to the world, forsake it, forget it forever.

When next we saw him he was clad in the garb of a Passionist, and living that life of immolation. Soon, there came from distant heathen China, a call for a volunteer, for a soldier, to fight in the small army of God. The call no sooner fell upon his listening ear than he answered to his God: "*Ecce adsum.*" Now, a home shall be desolate and lonely, and bitter the tears that must flow; friends of a lifetime must part. Part forever? He will return, will he not? Let Duquesne's son answer you: "I'll never return; I'll burn the bridges behind me." Worthy saying of a noble son! And as the MONTHLY bids him God-speed it says: Than this, surely there is no "sterner stuff."

Gift Exchange.

THE persons who do not fall under the spell and charm of Christmas are few; and whatever the event might mean to various individuals, bearing on the philosophy of life its immediate significance to young and old is that it is a time for exchanging gifts. This practice, abstraction made from the circumstance of time, is a custom as old as the human race and judged by its persistency might be said to be an outgrowth of human nature.

Although a gift is a "*datio irredibilis*"—"a giving that is not returnable," it has gradually assumed a character, foreign to its origin, and contradictory to its meaning. Most persons give, that they might receive.

The exchanging of gifts at this season of the year is of Christian origin. We give because we love: love is but a mutual giving. Since it is impossible to give oneself physically, just as we are, to a person whom we love, we give something of ourselves, representing ourselves, expressive of ourselves, something that would fit in, as it were, to the ideals of the person to whom given. Moreover, that person must receive it as acceptable to him.

On the first Christmas Day, God, the Lover of man, gave something of Himself, His own Word, to fit into our nature, and to be acceptable to us. To recall this event Christmas gifts are bestowed.



The D. U. Auditorium curtains, cramped by the long vacation rest, parted painfully upon the first performance of the new scholastic year. As usual the stage was aptly set by the artful hand of Rev. Father John Malloy; the music replete with pep and pleasure, as executed by the Student Orchestra under the adept director, Professor Weis.

The Senior and Junior Collegians offered the initial programme wherein Marecki gave us hearty welcome back to the books. Laffey and Pawlowski entertained with recitations and

banjo selections respectively. Boggs and Caye convinced the judges of the debate that "the non-partisan ballot should be abolished." Here's a handshake for the Seniors, Schroth and Cusick, who did not go down without an oral grapple. In the finale we saw "The Villain", James O'Connor, outwitted by Herman Heilman, Ernest Wassell, John Pawlowski, John J. Laffey. Herein O'Connor verified what Imhof had said earlier in the evening about "The Power of Habit" by his seven-come-eleven snap of the fingers when he stood sorely in need of speech.

On the Sunday evening of October 30th, Bezila, in "The Thirteenth Domino" received some rough treatment at the hands of the Kappa Psi Society, composed of the following Fourth High notables: W. J. Stebler, T. J. Kaveny, J. A. Horrell, F. X. Foley, F. R. Mullen, F. J. O'Neill, F. P. Snyder, E. C. Kelly, V. A. O'Donnell, C. B. Lamb, W. J. Shaughnessy, Maurice Klaser, W. D. Savage, E. V. Boyle and J. T. Neuner. This college life sketch awful in mystery, ridiculous in comedy, at one time awed, at another time amused the enthusiastic class supporters. Rev. Fathers Williams, Dodwell and Malloy were as usual, right there with songs of cheer either in solo or ensemble. Neuner, Boyle's understudy, declaimed with success while McCaffrey followed with an obliging solo and the Fall of D'Asbas. In the debate, W. J. Shaughnessy, V. A. O'Donnell and F. X. Foley of Fourth High A brought home the bacon by showing Fourth High B's supporters: Charles Wyeth, Joseph Maxwell and H. X. O'Brien, that "The United States Government Should Grant a Liberal Bonus to Ex-Soldiers."

N. B.—Programmes printed by J. Foley and Company.

November 6. Some theatrical treat served by the Sophs!

M E N U.

Well-seasoned soup à la Student Orchestra. Opening course: A steaming platter of tragedy, entitled "Midnight on the Williamsburg Bridge" dished out by Conley, O'Connor and Quinn, with the stage set by Father Malloy's artistic touch.

Second Course: Some home-brewed hash from Hoffmann's own "beanery". Title: "A Peep at a Sophomore Rehearsal". Ingredients: Christian J. Hoffmann, Thomas Conley, John Garrity, Vincent Kuklewski, William Maxwell, Joseph Nee, Charles V. O'Connor, Lawrence Quinn, Joseph Rozenas, Norbert Schranen, Vincent B. Smith. Time of cooking: about 20 minutes; effect upon the system: sides aching from laughter.

Side dishes: Monologues by Quinn.

Appetizers: Selections by Orchestra.

Dessert: "Sliced Debate". When the contestants in the first part proved that "the dual debate should be introduced into Duquesne", they reversed their arguments in favor or disfavor of the resolution. The negatives were stronger in both instances, Sullivan and Dwyer, Freshmen, were victors in the first debate; O'Connor and Hoffmann, Sophomore, conquering in the second.

Toothpicks: Exit march by all.

"Hail, horrors, hail!" quoth one with a fearful, fretful, frowning face, on the blue Monday morning of November 7th.

Exams He woke from a dream, fair, fond, fancy, so finely fed in futility. He dreamed the exams were over: he had obtained first place in every subject; was hailed by the President as the greatest intellectual event of centuries. He heard, he thought, the student body say "Rise". But, alas, it was mother calling; then the words of Milton fell irrepressibly from his lips. Wonderful invention, are examinations. The studious are sparing no pains to show the result of study; and those for whom "studious" is but the caricature of an adjective of quality, are at least making some effort, and are worrying as to their fate; and these are symptoms of a sure conversion.

The results of the first term examinations held in the College and High School departments of the University were announced in the auditorium on Tuesday afternoon,

Exam Results November 15th.

Four hundred and ten honor certificates were awarded, the largest number ever distributed. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) H. J. Heilman, E. J. Caye, V. B. Smith, R. J. Slusarski, E. J. Wiza, L. T. McKee and H. S. Fitzsimmons; (Commercial) J. J. O'Brien, F. F. Gabriel, E. P. Gallagher, R. E. Patterson, F. A. Viney; (Science) H. J. Myers, F. J. Emig, M. J. Reisdorf, A. J. Lazorczak; (Academic) F. R. Harrison, J. M. Maxwell, J. A. Johnston, L. Mikolajewski, E. K. Brogan, J. Cleary, T. F. Henninger, W. D. Gleba, J. C. O'Donnell, W. J. Seibold, E. Luba, I. V. Nelis and S. E. Witteig.

W. J. Seibold obtained the highest percentage, ninety-seven and a half.

Dear readers: Parents and friends of the students—this

insert is for you: all for you. Herewith is the honor roll of the University. Eighty-five per cent. or more

To Parents places your boy's name on it. Is his name there? Congratulate him, promise him something; show that you appreciate his success. If it is not, don't scold him; tell him you expect it there; that you feel bad because it isn't. Ask him if he is willing to concede that he is not as good a boy, as bright a student, as the one who is on the list. Get him interested, keep him interested: again promise a reward for success. Dear readers keep this list and compare it with the February 1922 list. Watch it grow!

The following obtained from 85 to 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the examinations: Junior class, E. J. Caye, W. E. Boggs, J. L. Imhof; (Sophomore) V. B. Smith, J. M. Rozenas.

Honor Roll N. J. Schramm, L. J. Quinn, J. J. Garrity, V. B. Kuklewski, B. J. Kelly; (Freshmen)

R. S. Slusarski, P. G. Sullivan, A. A. Radasevich, R. A. Wilhelm, R. M. Murphy; (Pre-Medicine) J. J. Burke, E. J. Wiza, L. T. McKee; (Pre-Law) H. S. Fitzsimmons, G. A. McNelis; (Third Commercial) P. F. Gabriel, W. L. Hassett, J. J. Thoner, A. Greer a-wald, W. M. Maughn, G. Miller, F. J. Pummer; (Second Commercial) R. Patterson, W. J. Mobrey, L. Nee, F. J. Witt, B. Koz-lowski, L. J. Wieseckel, R. F. Daily, J. P. Hoffmann, J. J. Hess, J. A. Walenchok, A. W. Murray, J. O'Toole, A. J. Bauman, B. J. McCarthy; (Third Science) F. J. Emig, L. H. Kornman; (Second Science) M. J. Reisdorf; (Fourth High A) F. R. Harrison; (Third High A) T. J. Quigley; (Third High B) L. Mikolajewski, B. Igiel, (Second High A) E. K. Brogan, J. D. McDohald, J. W. Laufer, A. D. McDermott, A. A. Laurent, L. J. Bradley, C. B. Foley, J. M. Sullivan, E. R. Heyl, R. L. Snyder, P. F. O'Shea, J. J. Colligan, F. M. Loebig, M. Mooney, E. B. Ross; (Second High B) J. I. Cleary, E. J. Ward; (Second High C) T. F. Henninger, W. D. Gleba, L. G. Minewiser; (First High A) E. E. Carney, R. J. Callaghan, J. C. O'Donnell, E. T. Guckert, J. P. Thornton, B. C. Rose, V. Casteel, L. M. Sweeney; (First High B) W. J. Seibold; M. J. Carrick, J. P. Desmond, J. T. Flaherty, J. Mach, J. Staffor-d, W. L. Thompson, J. P. McGuire, G. B. Sinsz, H. F. Moore, J. E. Tierney, J. F. Zitelli, E. J. Shanahan, (First High C) I. V. Nol's, S. E. Witteig, E. J. Georganas, P. Nee; (First High D) L. B. Sherman, E. Luba, T. L. Riley, F. B. Karabinos, J. J. Meiser, E. V. Gallagher, J. W. Grant, R. La France, S. Lubarski, P. Kleyle, B. F. Woods, N. Vanire, M. Dravecky, C. J. Rice.

Whilst reading through this cosmopolitan list of names, and picturing to yourself the work of determining averages, you might be tempted to ask: "Who does all Fr. McDermott this computation?" I am here to answer questions: moreover, the party concerned would never tell you, so listen: Rev. Henry McDermott. Alive? Very much so. He doesn't tell his age, his years are not as numbered as the hairs of his head. Yes, there is no mistake. It's the same man, working in his own inimitable way; the very same who plays handball at noon now (just as he did more than thirty years ago): the self same that signed your excuse from exercise with the "H. J. McD." signature. All that is Father McDermott's work. He is an institution here.

At five o'clock, on Wednesday evening, November 9th, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of Duquesne University, received a long distance message from Cleveland, to the effect that Marshal Ferdinand Foch would be present at the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, on Thursday, at 10:30, to receive the honorary degree of LL. D. The morning papers were immediately notified; through them word was sent to the various departments of the University, and at the appointed hour the greater part of the Faculty and student body assembled at Memorial Hall to honor the savior of France and of Europe. Promptly at 10:30, the Generalissimo arrived with his attaches, and amid the flourish of trumpets and loud cheers took his place on the stage. On his right hand sat Rev. M. A. Hehir, and next to him Rt. Rev. Hugh Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, and Chancellor of the University.

After the opening prayer, during which the Marshal stood with bowed and uncovered head, the President of Duquesne University addressed him in French, recalling that the University about to honor him, was named after another great French soldier, Marquis Duquesne. "On the Generalissimo of the Allied armies, on a military genius, such as the world had never seen before, on the savior of nations, on a man eminently learned in the science of war, and especially in the practical science of the Catholic religion, the University of Duquesne has the honor and profound pleasure to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws, with all the titles and privileges attached thereto."

The diploma was then tendered to the noble soldier by the Right Rev. Chancellor of the University. Engraved on the parchment and in a manner in which Father John Malloy is

a past master, were the words “ . . . *Ferinandum Foch, legionum foedere sociatarum ducem* ”.

With winning grace the Generalissimo received the degree, cordially expressed his thanks, stood rigid to attention whilst the “Marseillaise” was played, reverently blessed himself at the closing prayer, and withdrew amidst deafening applause.

The Reverend M. A. Hehir, President, represented the University at the Mayor’s luncheon, as at the evening banquet in William Penn Hotel, in honor of the former Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies.

THE AFTERMATH

DEAR FATHER HEHIR :—

I am proud of you !

Your scholarly and dignified part in yesterday’s proceedings in Memorial Hall, not only impressed General Foch, but every one present.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES FRANCIS BURKE,
Chairman Joint Committee in Charge.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 15, 1921.

REV. M. A. HEHIR,

Duquesne University,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Rev. Hehir :—

I wish to thank you for the work which you performed, both as a member of the Educational Committee and as the head of Duquesne University, in welcoming and entertaining our distinguished guest, Marshal Foch. Indeed, it was a pleasure for me, as well as a source of gratification to Marshal Foch and the members of his party, to have conferred upon him a degree from a university of his faith.

Thanking you again in the name of the Legion, and for my own part, and assuring you that I will be pleased to reciprocate at the earliest possible moment, I remain

Cordially yours,

JOSEPH H. THOMPSON,
State Commander, American Legion.

P. S.—The Marshal informed me while in Philadelphia, Tuesday last, that Pittsburgh was the best place of all.

J. H. T.

The Feast of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, and Patron of our beloved President, was fittingly observed at the University, on November 11th. True, Armistice Day has deprived us of some local enthusiasm, as the President's Day, for upwards of twenty years, was a day of untold rejoicing for the student body. The day having been declared a holiday in the State, the celebration was limited to those living at the University. For us, St. Martin is visualized in a man of prayer and study, a man whom work has not weakened. His step "may lack its fleetness;" but he is there, strong and sturdy as the gnarled oak, with cares increasing and work unremitting, closely following on the footsteps of his sainted Patron. Very Reverend Father Phelan, Provincial of the Holy Ghost Order in America, and erstwhile Professor of the College at Wylie Avenue and on the Bluff, together with many other friends of Father Hehir, graced the occasion with their presence.

The annual memorial high Mass of requiem for deceased students, teachers and benefactors, was offered up at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning in the University Memorial Mass chapel. Rev. J. B. Keating was celebrant; Rev. J. F. Corcoran, deacon; Rev. J. D. Hannan, subdeacon, and Rev. C. J. Deasy, master of ceremonies. Rev. A. D. Gavin, C. S. Sp., delivered the sermon. Judging from the feeling and pathos admirably expressed in their singing, the students realized to the full, the Church's touching solicitude for her departed dead.

ATHLETICS

' VARSITY FOOTBALL.

MUFFLED drums and M. Chopin's well-known March are the order of the month. Lady Luck has given the Dukes the "go-by". The potency of the horseshoe, the four-leaved clover, the rabbit's foot, is nil. The backfield is laid up; the line is crippled, and the 'Varsity ship-of-state is temporarily on the rocks. The record compiled by the cohorts of Stahl since our last issue is a tale of disaster embracing a total of two defeats and an equal number of cancellations. The Dukes went down fighting at Buffalo, losing to Canisius by a 14-0 count. We rather fancied that this fracas would result in a victory, coming as it did, after the Marietta and Geneva set-to, in which the

Red and Blue displayed tip-top form, but Dame Fortune slipped Art Rooney a sprained shoulder, Cramer a bad ankle, and Caffrey a lame knee. Likewise the benevolent (?) old lady presented sundry and various bumps to the line. Hence the 14-0. Dan Rooney played his usual nifty game, as did "Chooey" Doyle and "Moon" Klinzing, but even "Jake" Stahl can't guide a casualty list to victory. "Jake" opines that if his bunch loses to Thiel on Turkey Day, he'll apply for a job at the Mercy Hospital, and pick a team from the accident ward, where the material isn't so badly bunged up.

Our second reverse has to do with Grove City, the less said concerning which the better. The squad was in the same condition as in the Bison fray, only more so. Someone tried out the tensile strength of Sammy Weiss' shoulder-blade with disastrous results to Sammy who now spends his time kidding the nurses. Horne also bore the marks of combat. Other men were in varying stages of decomposition. The painful seance ended at 44-0. So much for the dark and dismal past. Let us look to a more glorious future.

Coach Stahl has given his proteges a much-needed rest the last couple of weeks. They have had ample time in which to recuperate. At present they are being pointed for the Thiel contest on Thanksgiving. The Bluff gridders are anxious to chalk up a win in this event for more reasons than one. To begin with it is their ardent desire to break into that desirable column on the right side of the "won-and-lost" ledger, a feat which they have failed to accomplish to date. Furthermore a "*veni-vidi-vici*" act would be doubly delectable in view of the fact that the Greenvillians triumphed last year in a sketch in which the referee played the part of decidedly blind justice—at least it was blind something. Finally, a conquest is desirable on general principles. Let us hope we will have the privilege of chronicling a successful encounter in our next month's effort.

UNIVERSITY HIGH FOOTBALL.

The Preps improved for awhile, even unto the extent of holding Crafton High and Westinghouse Tech to nothing—all scores, but ran into a streak of 'Varsity luck, and are still without the services of Good, Tracy, "Lefty" Shearer and Sferra. Minus these luminaries and Johnny Doyle, who missed the train, they headed Mingo Junctionward and launched a naval campaign against the High School of that "burg". Old J. Pluvius, with a versatile overhead attack, reigned supreme. The bewhiskered

deity issued samples of his entire repertoire except hail, and the Ohioans raised something akin to that with the Dukelets. The final count was 61-0 for the honorable opponents. It was quite a relapse. The diminutive Duffy uncorked something like ninety-nine per cent. of whatever brilliancy the Bluffites managed to show. This affair will never be pointed to as one of the bright spots in the history of the University High.

But seriously, it looks as though the H. S. laddie-bucks are slowly but surely coming to the realization of the fact that there are one or two points about the pastime called football with which they are not altogether familiar and that there are also one or two departments of that sport of which they are not past masters. This is encouraging to say the least.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY several improvements have become notably apparent. Lubig, the husky tackle, inspired no doubt by a pair of bobbed-haired ukulele soloists on the side-lines, came to life in the Crafton game, started down the field on the kick-off, nailed the ambitious youth who carried the oval, and has been moving ever since on the momentum thus generated. Haverty, due to a similar influence, came out of a daze the same afternoon and picked off several man-sized gains through the line and around the ends. Not satisfied with this he intercepted a pass and manufactured numerous foot-prints before being downed with considerable violence by the agitated opposition. Verily, 'twould seem as though the "co-ed" system if introduced at Duquesne would work wonders with the grey-clad High School buckos. A most artistic riot brought the Crafton festivities to the end of a perfect day. "A good time was had by all."

The Westinghouse Tech melee was quite spirited. In fact it was no end of rough. The ceremonies were punctuated by pathetic little processions to the side-lines, each parade marking the near-demise of a Duke warrior. Tech, having no substitutes, had no near-demises. How they avoided 'em was a miracle. Curran was the recipient of a dinged eye, "Lefty" Shearer acquired a badly cracked shoulder, and Tracy accumulated a couple of broken fingers. Anyway it was a classy contest and the squad played well. And now for a few days let them *R. I. P.*

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

The last time mention was made of the Junior team in these pages we predicted a successful season for the youngsters. That prediction, all things considered, has come true. They have played eight games to date and have come out on the long end of

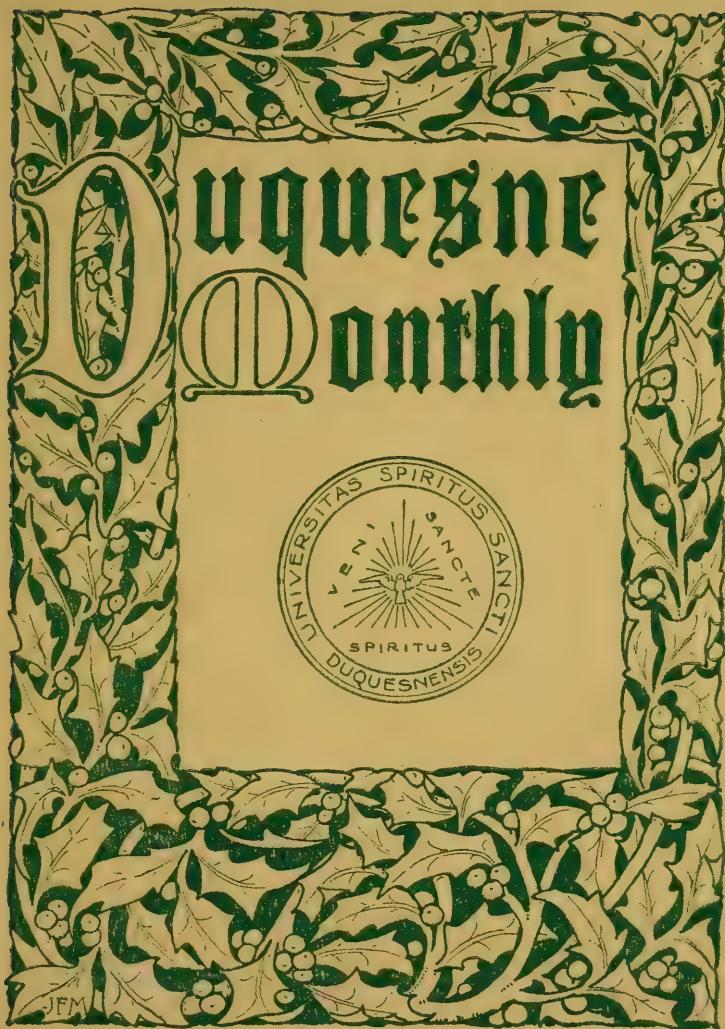
the scoring in five of these games. The games lost, with one exception, were heart-breakers, for the Juniors outplayed their opponents in nearly all departments of the game. The exception was the game with St. Thomas' High School. In that game the Juniors did not play up to their usual game and were beaten by a team they had beaten last season. We do not wish to belittle the work of the St. Thomas boys, for they were in to win that game and they certainly outplayed our boys. Still, had the Juniors played a better brand of football there might have been a different story to tell.

Easily the most interesting game was that with St. Peter's boys. In this game the Juniors played brainy football all the way through and the manner in which Clary, Fusia and Haberl crashed through the opposing line was a beautiful thing to see. With the Schenley scrubs, our youngsters were beaten by the weather more than by the opponents, for it rained all during the game and the field was a sea of mud. They would not keep their feet under them, though they had the ball in Schenley's territory three quarters of the game. The star of this game was Captain McCarthy, for he was a bearcat at tackling, throwing the Schenley lads for a loss of forty-five yards on the first three downs. Besides, he slid away for forty yards the first time he carried the ball.

Klaser at center, Ferons at tackle, and the old reliables, Boyle and Loughren at the ends, have played the best amongst the linemen, and we have at last found the right combination for the backfield in Winters, Clary, Fusia and Haberl. These three, with able help from the healthy line have been the stars of every game played thus far. Games and scores follow :—

Juniors,	14—Emanons,	0.
"	13—Sheridan Scholastics,	7.
"	33—St. John's,	0.
"	0—St. Rosalia's,	14.
"	14—Ormsby Minims,	0.
"	0—St. Thomas H. S.,	28.
"	0—Schenley H. S. 2nds,	6.
"	14—St. Peter's,	0.

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JANUARY, 1922

No. 4

Duquesne Monthly

JANUARY, 1922



CONTENTS

Yesteryear	.	MICHAEL F. COLEMAN	. 103
School-Day Reminiscences	.	THOMAS KILGALLEN	. 104
Pennsylvania Road Building	.	FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR	. 107
A Small Man?	.	VINCENT SMITH	. 109
Sunset	.	WILLIAM E. BOGGS	. 112
Ambition	.	JOHN A. RILEY	. 113
The Importance of China	.	EDWARD F. KELLY	. 114
Appreciation of Joyce Kilmer	.	WILLIAM E. BOGGS	. 115
Niagara By Night	.	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	. 116
Editorial :—			
Season's Greetings	.		. 118
More Joy	.		. 119
The True American	.	H. J. HEILMANN	. 119
Vacations	.	GERALD SCHROTH	. 120
Chronicle	.		. 121
Athletics	.		. 123
Alumni	.		. 127
Exchanges	.	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	. 129
Duquesnicula	.		. 131

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Yesteryear.

WITH a faded crown you are creeping down
From your throne and the New Year intruding;
With a fond farewell, we will sound your knell,
And prepare for the future deluding.

In a mocking shout men will ring you out,
Not regarding the joy you have brought them,
They'll acclaim the end of a faithful friend,
And the lessons you gratefully taught them.

Yet, to me more dear is the yesteryear,
With its love, and its friends, and its striving,
Than the future day, with its promise gay
But all pleasure and memories depriving.

I will shed a tear for the yellow sear
Of a leaf from my soul's fond recalling;
I will love the thorn that my brow has worn,
But the green wreath is ever appalling;

As the ivies crawl round the crumbling wall,
And the vine is as faithful in clinging
To its mother-tree; and the foam to sea,
When its stormy dirge it is singing,

I will stay, old year, 'mid my hope and fear :
And when Lethe's land you are stalking,
You will well conceal, for you can't reveal
The few secrets we had in our walking.

You are hastening on; you are going—aye, gone !
With the years that have flown we inter you
As I say farewell, this alone I'll tell :
To the newly enthroned I prefer you.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.

School-Day Reminiscences.

[CONTINUED]

I said that Father Tom was a character. Why, bless you, all those old preceptors of mine were characters. Each one was as unique as Gibralter, as different as the Sphinx, as worthy of remark as the Toj Mahal.

They were solid. No paper went into *their* composition. You couldn't pass your hand through *those* personalities. Each one had a "substantialness" about him that was to be respected. They owned soul-stuff, whose warp and woof you knew to be wool in everything they did and everything they said. They were my Pantheon. I left school before their feet had turned to clay, and to this day they occupy a shrine in my heart that no other can ever enter. I have never gone back to probable disillusionment, and so, they still sit in the High Places.

Consider Brother Clement. First of all, consider his name—Clement. Now, what kind of a man do we rightfully assume would adopt any such appellation as that? Would it not be some humble, meek and flower-like character, some weak-eyed and retiring scholar who delights in poetry and church hymns? And what kind of a man was Brother Clement? Why, a Negro cook,—a squatly, massive, Negro cook, with a face as black as black can be, arms like a Vulcan, and a voice like a huckster. He lorded it over the monastery kitchen in a truly regal way. His sceptre was supreme; his rule, unquestioned. I would tremble for the dignity of a pope, were he but to sniff depreciatingly at the savor of a stew. Brother Clement had been a slave and had seen service in the Civil War. He "got religion"—as he said—in early manhood and joined the Order somewhere in Georgia. He still had the consciousness of the superiority of the white race, and outside of his kitchen, was docile and meek to a degree. I met him one day on one of the walking paths, and, bowing low, he stepped aside to let me pass. The next day I attempted to carry this new-found superiority into the kitchen, but was incontinently routed, horse, foot, and impediments. There was no East, and there was no West, nor border, nor creed, nor birth to Brother Clement, down there amongst the pots and pans. All who entered there, left authority and rank behind, and entered as vassals to that black-faced baker of pies. To Caesar the things that are Caesars. I have seen those Vulcan-like arms, brushing fellow-monks aside like reeds, and that huckstering voice, with its thunderous reproofs, creating a very bedlam of disturbance, as he rushed across his domain to rescue a burnt cake. One day I stood rooted in fear, as a goat in a field under a thunder-clap, or

a mouse in a reverberating boiler, impotent to stir—when a sudden two rows of grinning white teeth appeared and a twinkling eye was deliberately closed in a wink at me. Just an instant, and then the uproar continued unabated. I have loved him ever since. Aroint, you black man. All your bluster and noise, your sound and fury, were but the trappings of mimicry, and the real Clement was the Clement that humbled himself to a lesser man that day on the walk behind the church. Sometimes in our study halls, faint strains of old-time melodies would come far-off thru the corridors, and the prefect in charge would rap sharply with his knuckles as we began to hum the refrain. I can close my eyes now, and seat myself again in my old place, and hear quite clearly the semi-Voodoo song of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot". That was his favorite, and although he was a complete and dismal failure as a songster, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" sounded more like what he was attempting than anything I ever heard him sing. He, like Father Tom, is dead now, and a stone slab marks where he lies on the side of the hill near the grove where the students walk.

What has come over the world in the last ten years? The looks that could transport me to African wilds, to the Siberian salt mines, to palaces under the sea. That day in Texas when my pilot emulated eagles—drunken eagles, nose-spinning, somersaulting eagles—what was that compared to the days when the March winds seized my kite and carried it into the heavens? And the threatres! Where in the name of Comus are gone the thrills of the mimic world? I have seen Bernhardt, Mantell, Hampden and Forbes-Robertson. I have appreciated them, too; but when my mind goes back to the Hamlets and the Brutuses of my schoolboy days, the modern stage is strangely profitless and rapid. The taste of the fruit has changed, the zest of the game is gone, the potency of the beverage has bubbled out of the bottle. That man is Robert Mantell, the eminent tragedian, not Shylock. This is the Pitt Theatre in the city of Pittsburgh, and not the streets of Venice. Not many in the house to-night. He's getting old, isn't he? That limp is very perceptible. Rather steep, two-twenty for a seat like this. Oh! it was different in the old days. We knew nothing of the higher criticism; but, gosh! what fun we had!

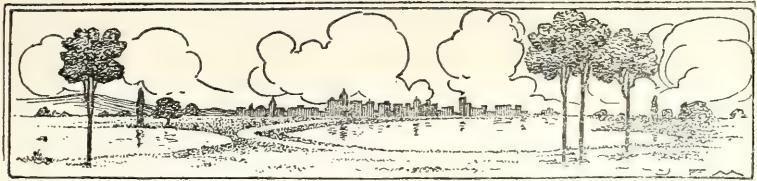
I trod the boards once. Yea, I spoke "the speech trippingly on my tongue," in the part of Lucius in Julius Caesar. How my coward knees did quake as I heard my cue—"and kill him in the

shell." And how the words come back to me! "The taper burneth in your closet, sir; searching the window for a flint I found this paper, thus sealed up, and I am sure it did not lie there when I went to bed." I had read in a book somewhere that an actor has no perception of the audience on account of the footlights. That book lied. Yet I spoke my lines right lustily, and reached my hand into my bosom for the papers that the conspirators had thrown into the window. They weren't there. They were gone. I had no papers! I sit back in my easy-chair now and puff a cloud of smoke ceilingwards in smiling recollection; but oh! what damned tortures went I through when my hand sought those papers and found them gone. I was petrified, turned to stone. Little beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead. My knees were very weak. I was tempted to rush out of the room, out of the building, out of the country, out of the continent, out of the whole cosmic system. From afar came the faint whisper: "Give him anything, Tommy; for the love of Mike, give him anything." Again I groped through my bosom and found a handkerchief. This I presented to the perturbed Brutus. He took it in his hand, looked at it in perplexity, and then, ye gods! mechanically applied it to his nose. A suppressed snicker went thru the audience. The meditative atmosphere of the temptation scene was well-nigh dissipated by this incident. Indeed, to use the parlance of "the profession," the meditation was a "bust", and for several weeks afterward it was inimical to health to blow one's nose in the presence of Brutus. This Brutus was a fellow of parts. Active, merry, nimble-witted, generous to a fault, and talented in speech and thought. He was an upper-class man, many years older than I, and I regarded him with intense admiration. He left school several months later, and it was eight years after that I heard of him. He had been convicted of selling cocaine to Negroes in the district, and had been sentenced to ten years in the Federal prison at Atlanta. He is there now. I think of him often. But these rose-colored glasses of mine are unable to vision a Brutus, with razored head, making brooms in a Dixie prison. They can only see a Brutus, embarrassed and confused, wiping his nose with the notes of Cassius,

[THE END].

THOMAS KILGALLEN,

Law School.



Pennsylvania Road Building.

ONCE each year, as a rule, the budget of the expenditures for this State is drawn up and accepted. There are many items, large and small, included in this list. One of the largest and most important parts is the money to be used for the construction and maintenance of the State's highways. Just two years ago a bond issue of several million dollars was agreed upon for this purpose. The most recent tax for road support is the gasoline tax, whereby the road commission receives one cent from every gallon of fuel sold. These methods of taxation and appropriation are now beginning to be appreciated; they add to general good-will and show actual results. The citizens are just now commencing to realize what the hitherto unrecognized highway department means. For this reason, the State of Pennsylvania, through its road commission, is now working and obtaining results, which, we shall endeavor to show, are profitable and enjoyable to the majority of its citizens.

Roads which are well engineered and built of such materials as will stand for a long time, are probably as much benefit to a state as any public convenience known. The reasons for this statement are many and obvious. Swift and easy transportation of foodstuffs and all materials is made possible by a good road. This point was brought home to most of us during the recent railroad tieup, during which the "ship by truck" idea was tried and proved practical to a large extent. A dealer can afford to deliver his produce cheaper if he can send it over a good road. Why? Because he saves time, labor, and wear on his machinery. The individual doing business and traveling by automobile is so greatly benefited by good highways that he can easily figure his advantages in dollars and cents. Then, too, another benefit is the increase in value of properties situated along these superb roads. Another pleasing feature is that of public pride. Therefore, after thoroughly considering these few facts—there are many more—it is easy to recognize the necessity of the State's undertaking and to appreciate the work and results of the State in trying to give its people good roads.

Within the last few years many new concrete and macadam roads have been built, and built in sections where a few years ago it seemed impossible to imagine a good road. The engineers and statisticians are detailed to look at the old road which is to be rebuilt. The engineer considers how much time and labor the job will require and the statistician looks at the necessity for the road. As a rule, if both make favorable reports, the work is begun immediately; but, if not, then the people of the section must "agitate" for it. When the highway department decides to build a road, the fact is made known, and bids for its construction are received by the department from the various contractors. The company to which the contract is given is generally the most reasonable and reliable. The contract is drawn and the time for completion fixed. In some cases a provision is made, that if the road is not finished and open on a set date, the contractor pays a daily fine until it is open. For repairing and small jobs the State has its own machinery and men. After he gets the job, the contractor may sublet or not, as he chooses. But at any rate, he must build the road and build it as the department of highways commands. State inspectors, usually four or five in number, check up and see that specifications are obeyed. The inspector watches the sub-graders, and, if he is not satisfied with the grade or drainage, he insists on and receives satisfaction by his own directions. Then there is an inspector to see that the right quality and quantity of materials are mixed and laid properly. The work is all done by the contractor under State supervision. To realize what a tremendous and costly proposition road building is, it will be necessary to quote some figures. In building a reinforced concrete road the following amount of material is used every *three hundred feet*—one hundred and fifty tons of crushed stone, one hundred tons of sand, and one thousand sacks of cement. The cost of construction at present rate runs approximately forty thousand dollars per mile. The rate of accomplishment is from two hundred to four hundred feet of road per day—the variation being accounted for by such variable conditions as supply and stability of machinery.

FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR, '23.



A Small Man?

PHYSICALLY, Judge Lemuel Pilgwin was a small man with a large head. Neighbors, more keenly than kindly observant, said that his growth had been stunted by over-doses of family pride, and that his head had expanded under the oppressive heat of conceit. Be that as it may, there is no doubt but that the Judge considered himself quite a pattern for the gentlemen of distinguished families in Virginia; that, by nature, he thought first of himself; next of his name; and all things else, afterwards.

During the several generations that the Pilgwins had resided in Virginia, they had produced gentlemen, reckoned as prominent among the staid conservatives, even outside their own counties. Lemuel, himself, affected a mien of past glory in the very manner of his life. The superficial appeared essential to his curiously warped mind. A necessity, consequently, he thought, was "some mountain-land," to which he might make a visit of inspection; or, where he might "quarter" himself on a tenant for a week's shooting, when the punctilio of his life so allowed.

During the latter part of a beautiful October month, the court called a recess; then the Judge, with his Negro servant, Oscar, ran up to the Blue Ridge for one of the requisite surveys of his property. They passed the first night in the capacious log-house of one of Lemuel's tenants; and on the following morning set forth for the "deer cabin." The place had not been visited since the winter previous; moreover, the Judge would test the condition of the wild lands, and note its abundance of game. When within a short mile of their objective, Oscar came to a sudden stop, and fearful of consequences, accused himself:

"Lawd a' massa, suh, ah done fo'got dat key."

"What's that?" snapped the Judge, recovering from his self-centered thought.

"Ah done fo'got de key, suh," said Oscar.

"Well, well," questioned the Judge hastily, "who would have believed such stupidity possible? Hurry, get it; I'll wait at the cabin."

Wrapped up in the downy mantle of himself, the Judge proceeded on a journey that told on his judicial constitution. He finally arrived, and, with a sigh of pleasant expectation, seated himself at the doorstep, with his back to the heavy portal. But a sensation of falling soon told him that the door had not been locked. His sudden change of position, with the weight of his body on his tender elbows, convinced him for once, that he had *misjudged*.

Oscar arrived two hours later, and found his master in the interior of the dim cabin, seated on a chair before the empty fireplace, his head resting wearily in his hands. The Negro, seeing the scene, judged it inopportune for cheerful remarks. Having made his presence known, he glanced around the room until his eye rested on a bunk by the wall; his glance ordinarily soft, turned to a stare, as he perceived a human figure out-stretched there. Cautiously he touched the head with his finger-tips, drawing them back with a shudder of disgusted horror, as he felt the sensation from a cold, repellent skin, of a man that had been dead for several days. He looked at the shaggy face, stared questioningly at the saddened Judge, apparently grasped the terrible situation, shook his tousled head sorrowfully, and departed from the cabin.

* * * * *

The Judge had telegraphed the time of the arrival of the train which would bear back the body of his son; and there was a knot of curious and sympathetic folk present at the railroad station. Varying opinions had been gossiped during the day, as to how Lemuel's conceit and family pride would be affected. Estranged from his family, the son had died unattended in his father's mountain cabin.

It was a matter of notoriety in the town, that, on the preceding spring, Lemuel's only son, Martin, had brought discredit on the Pilgwin name, had sought reconciliation, been ungraciously received by his proud parent, and, so mercilessly castigated by him, that all hope of forgiveness had vanished. Lemuel, it was whispered, had been invited or commanded to "go to"; whereas Martin had vowed that he would thereafter refrain from no kind of evil doing, if thereby he could bring dishonor and disrepute on the name of Lemuel Pilgwin. It was rumored, too, that the Judge would have been entirely unperturbed at that meeting, had he not suspected that Hannah, the cook, was an attentive listener—a suspicion easily and evidently justifiable,—and, if he had not

feared that Martin might really do something that would brand the family name with infamy.

Lemuel Pilgwin was plainly dispirited by his son's death. Little sorrow, however, was evinced; some malicious tongues even said, that he was buoyed up in his sorrow by the thought that the deceased could now commit no more depredations on the family repute. Winter dragged wearily along, and the peculiar old Judge really seemed as far from regaining his cheerful spirit as the night he stepped from the train.

* * * * *

In the second week of March, the case of Marlo Bates was called before Pilgwin's court. Marlo was accused of having robbed the Express Company of fifty thousand dollars in United States notes that had been previously consigned to the Second National Bank of Lynchburg. The bold robbery had set the town astir at the time, but was soon forgotten. The occasion of the trial, however, awoke the interest of the people again. Accordingly, a large gathering attended the trial session.

The weight of evidence seemed to be against the accused. He had been a resident of the district for upwards of a year; was familiar with the life and movements within it; his record was that of an unscrupulous man. Poverty had denied the gratification of his luxurious tastes; not long after the robbery, he had appeared in another state, with plenty of money to spend. The clues left, or found, fitted him as well as any man.

The influence of the great head and brooding visage of Judge Pilgwin pervaded the court room. All eyes were turned on him. The prosecuting attorney finished his case confidently; the lawyer for the defense closed his weak plea; the judge rose to address the jury.

From beneath his immaculate robe, he produced a large pocket of bills, and gently placed them on his desk. His face was drawn, and his voice sharper than usual, as he spoke:

"I, and not Marlo Bates, robbed the Express Company of this money; here is the evidence."

VINCENT SMITH, '24.

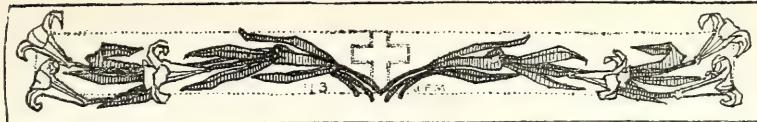


A Sunset.

THE span of day was nearly spent
As Nature's steps were slumber bent;
The setting sun in radiance bright
Just kissed the hill-tops fond good-night,
When Heav'n ordained a joy to save,—
To paint a scene which poets crave:
The sky is clad in pinkish hue
And steadfast holds the winds that flew;
The mountains broad, of lengthy reach
Are thickly set with litesome beech,
And offer rest to clouds on high,
That tiring, stop, as they pass by.
These cotton flow'rs of Heaven's field
Bloom graceful now in splendor sealed,
Transparent from the sun's bright rays
Like bubbling foam in ocean's haze,
In quick succession on they glide,
Just come, then pass, like time and tide.
They float in boundless space so far
We wonder, really, where they are,
While skies once blue to dusk now turn,
Their colors fail a name to earn,
And vision-like they fade away,
As Sunset ends another day.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.





Ambition.

AMBITION! What a wealth of possibilities the word contains! Like a challenge, it rings forth along the pathway of life, and by it men rise or fall.

Without ambition, men are like rudderless ships sailing the sea of life, devoid of purpose. Possessed of this attribute, however, they are equipped to put forth on the waters of life and reach whatever ports they seek.

Ambition is a spur that urges men on to the heights of accomplishment, and likewise, ambition it is, that sometimes sends men down to ruin. Nurtured in the heart of an honest man, it becomes a key by which can be unlocked the treasure-houses of life; whereas, taking root in the mind of a dishonest man, and fed on the perverted sense that might constitutes right, it becomes the nucleus for immeasurable evil. The history of the world will bear testimony to that fact.

Ambition has been, however, notwithstanding its potential possibilities for good and evil, the saving grace of mankind. Through ambition, men have felt in all the ages the urge to do and dare, and out of it has come all that civilization holds to-day.

When men lose ambition their minds become stagnant, and life assumes, for them, a drab and dreary aspect. Fired by ambition, on the other hand, they sail along the stream of life, happily, possessed of a purpose, and seeing in the distance, towering above the sometimes tiresome routine of daily effort, their goal.

Ambition, operating through greed, hatred and a lust for power, has veritably rocked the very foundations of the world; but ambition, again, born of the desire that righteousness prevail, has been a boon, time and again, for humanity, and the steady influence against a weak and tottering order of things.

Ambition, therefore, is the primary requisite for accomplishment, and its cultivation on a healthy basis should be the concern of all who aspire to achieve the worth while. Without it, success looms, but hazily in the distance, while possessed of this wonderful asset, we are armed to "carry on" against any obstacles; and success, with her house of happiness, beckons to us with open arms.

JOHN A. RILEY, H. S., '22.

The Importance of China.

IN POPULATION, China is the leading country in the world; and were it not for its low intellectuality, might be the leading nation in many respects. If we are to judge by the standard of history, the Chinese must have been a more highly educated people centuries ago than they are to-day. The work of their religious compiler, Confucius, bespeaks an intellectuality far above the ordinary: and gunpowder, which has revolutionized the world, is a Chinese invention of the fourteenth century.

The Chinese are a race of latent, undeveloped talent, a people of wonderful potentiality. Transplanted into the more favorable soil of American schools, they become scholars of no mean ability. They are artisans of note, as is testified by their temples, palaces and pogodas. These are not built by untrained mechanics. Statues of their deities are popular; and their tea and coffee houses are, for the most part, built in the best Chinese style.

The country and people are handicapped in two ways. The first great obstacle to advancement is paganism, which cannot give to the mind what it needs for development, composure and peace. Their religion is a real mania, and mania is not conducive either to healthy minds or bodies. The second drawback to China is the abuse of opium; and its very use weakens the system and deadens the nerves. The constitution thus invites sickness, nay breeds it. Lack of cleanliness is a natural consequence. Moreover, leprosy, a rare disease in other countries, is quite common in China.

A more democratic form of government would possibly lift China out of its rut. If the people voted, made laws or governed, they would respect themselves more. If they could support their schools and charitable institutions they would be more independent, and hence, a healthier people mentally. It must be borne in mind, too, that China has not long left the conditions of barbarism behind. Till recently, the rack and other inhuman forms of torture were in vogue. People were tortured to death for the simplest reasons. The people mutilated, disfigured and tatooed themselves in efforts to placate their gods.

The mineral resources of China are, perhaps the greatest in the world, but these are not developed; and the process of extensive development affords wonderful possibilities. Is it any wonder that the Far East question is a burning one in the Washington Disarmament Conference?

EDWARD F. KELLY, '25.

Appreciation of Joyce Kilmer.

(On His Birthday).

THREE are very few people to-day, even among the educated class, who appreciate true poetic genius. The majority of men consider poetry a novel way of expressing thoughts or ideas, but so far as trying to see the beauty and ease of expression, well—that is beyond their sphere of life. It is only after we ourselves have attempted to imitate the style and rhythm of seemingly simple verse that we fully realize the talent of the poet. The average poet affords us a literary production that is very pleasing to the ear, and which apparently requires little effort to read. Whether he paints a word-picture of Nature's beauty, or portrays creatures in various roles, or employs his unique style to treat other subjects, he must, at some time or other, mention the Author of Nature. Numerous poets are accustomed to hint at the Creator when they should be extolling His praises. Not so with that of the soldier-poet of the famous old "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," who was also a convert to the Catholic Faith, and, thereafter, its ardent champion. Joyce Kilmer's poems breathe realism in every line; some are humorous, some strangely poetic, others ordinary in treatment, but a very large number of them have that religious atmosphere, permeated with piety and love of God. He sees God's glory etched in the changing sky, molded in the dark earth, and reflected in the expansive waters. His study of Nature, human and corporeal, drew him closer to Him Who was their source. In the tiny grain of dust he sees a poem; he seems to feel, as it were, the very life in the flowers pushing upward from the soil:

"A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;"

Kilmer sees God's omnipotence, His goodness, His greatness in everything created. He seemed to feel alone what God really is; how mighty the Creator, and how minute are His creatures. The soldier-poet brings us to the noisy city with its vain pleasures; its vices and crimes flaunted in God's face. But the true man in his trials should remember that his pain is but a millionth of God's gift:

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.
(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)
My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).
Lord, Thou did'st suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen."

Joyce Kilmer expressed true feeling, his feeling in all of his lines, so that his poems become living things. He was filled with the love of God, and so permitted his overflowing love of the Creator to take form in many poems of a religious nature. Religion is undoubtedly the poet's noblest inspiration.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.

Niagara By Night.

ONE of the most unique, yet beautiful sights I have ever seen is that of Niagara Falls at night. If some fairy or witch were to whisk you away at midnight, and set you down at the extreme edge of Prospect Point you would imagine that you had been an inhabitant of Greece, that you had died, and that now your poor soul was traveling through the mystical labyrinths of the Elysian Fields. For, you would hear a tremendous, far-off sounding, hissing and booming noise that you never had imagined, even in your wildest dreams. Dense vapors, faintly glowing, would rise up around you, and roll away in fleecy clouds. Millions of gallons of water would roll at your feet, only to disappear at marvelous speed over the brink of the rocks. Endless, unceasing, inevitable as the day of doom, the green volume swirls and struggles, its sides ripped and torn, and quivering with pain from the jagged rocks, the crests, foam-flecked, and all about a seething, plunging, boiling mass, containing the essence of natural beauty and grandeur, is swept along in nature's all powerful grasp, and flung headlong into the face of the yawning depths below. All that is left is the hissing noise, the dull roar and the all-pervading mist, that rises as a ghostly tribute to the fallen greatness of the waves. It is the rude touch of this cold souvenir that would awaken you from your dream.

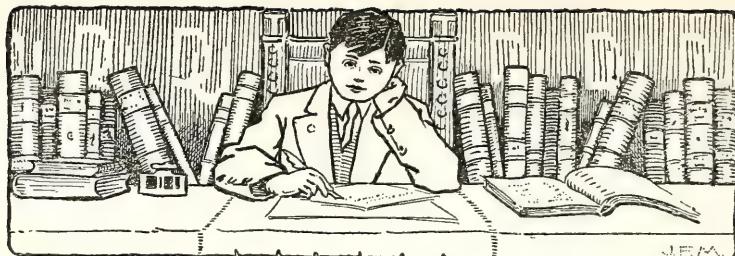
The bright lights, generated and created by the very wonder which they illuminate, throw a white radiance out over the beauty spots of the Falls. By their light is visible the boiling river above, the falls themselves, and the rapids and mists below. The water reflects their beams by casting off a certain phosphorescent gleam. But, whereas one loses the minute inspection of the Falls, by making a night trip, he gets a better general idea of Nature's wonder. For the lights, at least on the American side, outline the course of the water. An island separates the Falls, one side being known as the American, and the other, as the Canadian Falls. The latter are the more beautiful, as they sweep around in a wide majestic curve; and the water fall is not so precipitate and energetic as that of the American.

As one stands at Prospect Point and contemplates the enormous amount of water coming down the Niagara river he wonders whence it comes. Not alone this, but the speed at which it flows and the terrific energy expended well nigh over powers. Yet, the explanation is simple if one would only recall his geography. Above the Falls is the Niagara river, which, in turn, provides an outlet for the waters of Lake Ontario. The territory around the Falls being lower than that of the lake, the water comes down with ever-increasing velocity, until it passes the Falls, where its onward rush is effectively stopped, and the river goes back to normal. Yet this wonderful phenomenon remains and, most probably, will continue for a long time.

It is the grandest and most wonderful of all Nature's wonders on the American continent. Its awe-inspiring power, lasting energy and creative possibilities typify the New World as no other single thing could. And as I stood on the Point, taking my farewell view of the rising mists, gleaming in the powerful beams of electricity, with that incessant roar of falling waters in my ear, my mind went back to the hours of yesterday, when the native American, dressed in his gleaming feathers, stood facing the sun, his pipe of peace in his hand and peace in his heart, for the gifts of the great Manitou, his spirit free and unhampered, his destiny his own; until, finally the picture was completed, and unconsciously the title suggested itself, "Nature and Nature's Own."

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.





S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Season's Greetings.

THE great feasts of Christmas rejoicing are upon us; one bringing us home to the fireside of our youth, the other carrying us swiftly along to the bed of old age; one recalling the central point of our religious belief, the other holding out to us the white arms of hope; and both actualizing a message of love.

For a brief span our desks shall be empty, our class-rooms silent and our books closed. Everything shall cede to the rejoicing notes of Christmas. Then, the year of our once fond dreams will vanish; the sun shall set on it never to rise on it again. It shall go on to eternity bearing its tale of our deeds, its tale of promises fulfilled or resolutions broken. But, since it gave us pleasure, health and opportunity, let our hands be raised in prayerful benediction as it sinks into its silent tomb of oblivion.

The New Year, with its promise gay of life and success, stretches out her clear horizons of possibilities. Let us make her our new friend. Our new resolutions are in order; shall we make them seriously and strive earnestly to keep them?

To the Reverend President, Faculty and student body; to its own faithful coöoperators; to the dear alumni, all of whom are loyal to Duquesne; to the subscribers, who are eager to follow the course of events at the University; to its numerous and friendly Exchanges, the MONTHLY pledges its loyalty and extends its cordial greeting and sincere wish for A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

More Joy.

APPARENTLY, we have reached the achme of pleasure-making. The country, with its light literature, fun-making theatres, health-making sports, is a country whose life's keynote is pleasure. Yet, it would seem as if all the forces of Nature have been yoked together, and have made our life one of terribly high pressure. This has made of us, or is making of us, a nervous people. It is affecting the whole race, the mind and will: it is actually robbing us of joy. Forces more powerful, are at work—nay, the very things we counted as joy producing—are interfering with normal family life. Where the sacred fire of family union is not burning, joys are not radiating, but the atmosphere is cold and inhospitable.

Our youth must be taught that the secret of life is a healthy mind, and it is also the secret of joy. Pessimism, melancholy must be checked. Educators should pay close attention to the boy who does not smile, who looks sad, who keeps away from games, who lives aloof, who is wrapped up too much in himself, who is brooding over trifles. The School, College and University should specialize in this by product of education. Let us have MORE JOY.



The True American.

FROM the days of the Revolution to the present our ears are dinned with the sounds of "true American." We have heard of his deeds in the service of his country, his beneficiary; of his willingness to undergo all hardships for her; yea, to suffer the supreme hardship, death, that his land might live. These are traits, characteristic notes of a real American. When our daily press recounts the deeds of valor of loyal citizens, it seldom, if ever, gives prominence to the feats of Catholics. Why, the exception, or distinction? Are Catholics not as good and as loyal as the adherents to other religious denominations? The answer to this question must be in the affirmative; and I venture the remark that the Catholic is the truest and best citizen.

We have ample proof of this. From the many examples of men of high standing in the community, I choose the name of Cardinal Gibbons. Can we point to a more loyal citizen than he? His life, his work, his interests, his patriotism answer the question, as only it can be answered. Admiral Benson of the

U. S. Navy, holds a post of trust that commands the attention of all: he, too, is a Catholic. Again the soldiers of the late war, the veterans of other wars, numbered Catholics in a majority proportionately.

Ever and always, in the cause of justice and freedom, the Catholic man, because of a *conscientious conviction*, has rushed to the aid of America. The loyalty of Catholics may never be questioned; for love of country flows directly from the great commandment of love. We have rights to life, recognition and honor from the mouth-pieces of our country; and we should insist on them.

H. J. HEILMANN, '22.



Vacations.

SHOULD vacations be? The popular, student answer is in the affirmative. The opposition party is in a hopeless minority.

Every student, at one stage or other of his education, becomes inspired with the hope of success. If that hope persists, he enters a class more or less select, the class of knowledge-thirsty scholars. He, too, will be the one to affirm and show that vacations at certain times, and under certain conditions, are an actual hindrance to success.

The days in which the student is exempt from class-work, are days of recreative frivolity; days, in which the mind, after a high tension, flies back to that care-free disposition, akin to laziness, to that disposition, with which every student is well acquainted, and which requires days sometimes to shuffle off. He reasons, and with verisimilitude, that when a free day occurs in mid-week, the week is practically lost. If it occurs on Thursday, it not unfrequently happens that young men do not hear the Friday morning bell. Human nature is frail, and its frailty finds an opportunity to manifest itself, on such occasions. Saturdays and Sundays are invariably followed by their "blue Mondays."

Though the solution is theoretical, it were much better to have class without intermissions, from the first to the last day of a semester. There is sufficient recreation in every school to supply the body's and mind's demands.

The student who shall have been fortunate enough to secure work during the Christmas recess, will return with a firm conviction that class is the ideal life for the young. He is tired of his *rest*, and tired of his *work*, and appreciates, without saying so, vacations that are brief and rare.

GERALD SCHROTH, '22.

CHRONICLE

Sunday, November 20th; Programme arranged by Third High A. I. Overture, Students' Orchestra. II. Coronet and Saxophone Solos, E. Bridge and J. O'Brien. Concerts III. "Incognito at Harvard", a playlet with a serio-comic plot, was directed by Reverend Father Malloy. His apt choice of the different characters in the difficult roles displayed theatrical taste and ability. Hence it was that success crowned the efforts of "mitey" Quigley, Foley and Johnson, supported by J. Murray, Rihn, Heim, W. Murray, Mulcahy, Wilhelm, Kilkeary and the dark star O'Donnell.

Despite weather, that was any but favorable, the "crowd came thick and fast," expecting to spend an evening replete with gentle enjoyment. The Third A did not disappoint its audience. We witnessed no battle in logic. Father "Mack" rose on the occasion and held forth the promise that the coming programme, which he had arranged for the Second High A, would make amends for the omission. His promise fructified.

December 4th. The debate, with Dembenski and Reardon (Juniors) affirming; Heilmann, Pawlowski (Seniors) denying that "The U. S. Should Grant the Philippines Independence", came to a draw.

Aside from the various musical numbers, so well rendered by the student orchestra, there were talented artists to execute "Au Revoir" and "O Morsarvia" on cello and string quartette. All members of the class supported Rev. Father Williams and O'Shea in the choruses of two modern melodies.

Sammy Weiss, after laying to rest his imaginary "quid" beneath the nearest foot-light, made it clear to all of us that he had missed his vocation by not entering some vaudeville circuit. When he had finished "spilling secrets," Snyder, McHugh, Hurley, Keefer, Berg, Paradine, Kane, O'Shea, Bell, Loebig, Brogan in a one-act farce, "Not in the Regular Army", and Heyl, Lauer Morgan, Kiefer in a vaudeville skit, "It Happened on the Street", impersonated almost every possible character, nationality and position on the market.

There was nothing very dramatic about the programme, but

in places it brought to the surface many a hearty laugh, and what the sunshine is to the rose that same laughter is to life.

Sunday, December 11th. Nine numbers comprised the programme presented by Fourth B. Features thereof, were violin selections played by young Grunhart of the First High, and the singing of two simple but beautiful ballads by J. Reilly. Congratulations, Joe. You've more control over the high ones than Walt Johnson, so, come again, and bring your voice along! The Faculty-three, Reverend Fathers Williams, Dodwell and Malloy, were there with extracts from the Operas.

Between the acts, Clougherty and Fleckinstein in dialogue, amused the rainy-night-attendance. Clougherty, be it noted, was Hebrew and "High Bidder", while Fleckinstein was straight. Leonard, O'Connell, Cameron, Wyeth, and C. O'Brien appeared, respectively, as the Nut, the Kid, English, Sheriff and the Man in "Swimmin' Pools". Possibly the author knew, but our brains were swimmin' to know where exactly the plot came in at the end of this *well-worded pantomime*.

Finally came "Deception", wherein shone R. Murray as Dennis Duffy, and J. M. Maxwell as Miss Carrie Merriman. It might be opportune to remark that not a little stamina (crust) is requisite for a young man to rob a hair mattress, that he may rig up something to hide the large sound-detectors on the sides of the male species head; to don the modern well-shrunken skirt with the fade-away neck; and last, but not "littlest", to squeeze a No. 7 foot into an elevated pinch-my-corn No. 4 shoe; to speak when you know right well that it is to resemble the tolling of a large dumb-bell, and the echo to be a nice loud "ha-ha-ha" from your fellow males on the floor below. So Max, here's a hand-shake for you and Heim. Other roles in the "Deception" were played by Gallagher, H. X. O'Brien, Clougherty.

The weight of the five selected judges bore down the scale of victory in favor of the negative debating team: Reilly, Good, Cameron, against McCaffrey, Boyle and Savage, which team contended, that President Harding's Proposed Association of Nations would tend to the Solution of International Questions.





FOOTBALL.

THE football curtain was rung down with a loud and disastrous crash. The tragedy occurred at Greenville, the home lot of Thiel College on Thanksgiving. The Up-staters triumphed 26-0. There was something radically wrong. Thiel never saw the day when she was four touchdowns better than the Dukes. According to the dope, the condition of the Red and Blue warriors was far from perfect. We fear that the training rules were not strictly adhered to. That may be the explanation. On the other hand, there were several stars on the injured list, and no one can deny that there was a dearth of substitute material. The playing field was in horrible condition Turkey Day, and this handicapped the Stahlmen, who depend much on speed, to a great extent. Dan Rooney and "Mooney" Klinzing, as usual, starred for the Bluffites. And that's all there is to it.

The season was far from a success, at least from the stand-point of games won. After an auspicious beginning, the squad, handicapped by the buffets of fortune, went from bad to worse. Coach Stahl worked hard, but the difficulties were insurmountable. No sooner was a man developed to top form, than he was hurt. First it was Art Rooney, then Caffrey and Cramer. Sammy Weiss got his a week later. And so it went until Dwyer, the Freshman flash, broke an ankle before the last contest. Verily, the Fates were against us.

But it's all over now. Nothing to do but brace up and look 1922 in the face. And after all, the team's showing was not without bright spots. Captain Doyle, Klinzing and Dan Rooney were three of them. These lads displayed real grid ability, played through every game, and, best of all, didn't crack any joints. Houston and McNamara deserve particular mention as hard-tackling, fearless linemen. Lee Schneider and Papapanau go in the same category. Tenney and Cingolani did some excellent work at the terminals. Horne, Mosko, Olzewski and

Packard fitted in well, when called upon, and give promise of development next year. Lemmon should hold down a regular berth by the fall. McGrath and Shanahan, despite their sappling builds, showed some real plunging. With a bit more weight and experience, Lester will be a first-class tackle.

Before closing the book of '21, we must extend due credit to Father McGuigan, "Jake" Stahl and Manager Strobel. This triumvirate has worked indefatigably for the welfare of Duquesne. Success may not have been this year, but watch that 'Varsity in '22.

'VARSITY BASKETBALL.

Now that the grid sport is on the shelf, and the rain is freezing in the moss-hung whiskers of J. Pluvius, the alleged keeper of the floodgates of Heaven, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the cage—no, friend reader, basketball, not monkey. From advance reports, the 'Varsity will be quite a bang-up organization. Mr. Klinzing of enviable reputation will captain the squad. Besides the "Moon" we will have with us Broderick, Harrison, Beck and Dean of last year's championship five, "Ollie" Kendricks, late of Pitt Freshmen, Lester, the "Scottsdale demon," Caffrey of football fame, "Chuck" Cherdini, the versatile Freshman athlete, and a host of others whose names have not been turned in to date. Coach Martin is again in our midst as mentor. Under his capable tutelage the collegians should go through a stainless season.

Nothing definite is known yet as to the 'Varsity personnel. To a man up a tree, it looks as though there would be a battle royal for the forward assignments amongst Klinzing, Harrison, Kendricks and Dean. Lester and "Chuck" will fight it out for the tip-off job, while Beck, Broderick and Caffrey will likely alternate at guards.

We hate to predict, but we can't go wrong this time. The team is "there." If they don't knock off the Tri-State title there will be something "floey" much nearer than the proverbial Denmark. We fear but one thing—over-confidence. With the material on hand it'll be a crime if the Dukes lose a single game. But "for the luva Mike," may Heaven deliver 'em from that "self-satisfied feeling." It has thrown a wrench in the works more than once in the past, and it'll do the same thing again if it gets a chance. Let the men go in there and play to win in the first quarter. No loafing. We have the team, the schedule, and the coach; let's make the most of 'em!

UNIVERSITY HIGH FOOTBALL.

The Preps may have compiled worse records in the dim days of antiquity, but we doubt it. Two ties and six defeats out of eight starts. Rather a mess! The last bit of ghastliness occurred at Connellsville, 42-0. Considerable rain and mud were on hand—and on everything else. The Dukelets almost scored in the initial period, but went to pieces in closing frames. Haverty, Tracy, Lubig and Fleck did pretty well. The rest of the team nearly drowned.

The less said about the season, the better. Let the decidedly dead rest. Practically the same team will be back next year and with the weight that they should take on, and the added experience, we can hope for better results. The hardest player on the squad was Good. The Hazelwood back was in every play. Captain Charley Curran put up a sparkling center game, and his passing was consistently accurate. Lubig, Tracy and Doyle were undoubtedly the classiest lads on the line, both offensively and defensively. Vaia, Snyder and Duffy were light for the wings, but did some snappy work in spite of this handicap. "Lefty" Shearer showed undeniable ability at right terminal until he acquired a cracked shoulder. Barrett, Butler and Solomon plugged the gaps left by injuries in the forward defense nicely. Haverty and Fleck teamed well in the backfield. The former shows promise of real talent, and with a little more experience should develop into a real "triple-threat" man. Fleck has shown himself as game as they come. "Hank" is there. With another ten pounds there'd be no keeping him from the All-Scholastic. And lastly we mention "Spike" Shearer. The elongated Cantonite is a hurricane. He not only hits the line; he walks over it. Nuf ced. There'll be an honest-to-gosh University High in '22.

UNIVERSITY HIGH BASKETBALL.

Coach Martin is reticent about the Prep basketeers. He predicts a good team, but offers no information as to its make-up. "Huck" Finn, Caesar Wilinski, Savage, Good, "Strings" Monaghan and Duffy are among the candidates. It looks like an aggregation of ability, and should hang up a record.

DUKUMS BASKETBALL.

The Dukums got off to an early and flying start at the floor game. To date they have placed five games on the right side of the book, and sustained but one defeat. The squad is made up

Captain McKee, Wilhelm, McCarthy, Donnadio, Mulcahy and J. Doyle. Coach Walsh predicts a banner year.

THE DUKUMS.

The Dukums, after an absence from competition of two years, are back on the gridiron, under the expert tutelage of Mr. Walsh, the debonair and versatile prefect. The littlest Dukes have arrived with a reverberating crash, and are chalking up a list of successes that bids fair to outshine the records of their older brethren. To date their goal-line remains inviolate. They have perfected an impenetrable defense and are most efficient at advancing the pig-skin. Captain Duffy, at quarterback, is proving a capable leader. He gives promise of developing into a stellar performer in a year or so. Maughn and McCarthy have become end-skirters de luxe. Ober is a tower of strength on the line. This solidly-built kid has discouraged more than one youthful full-back who has been so indiscreet as to attempt to scatter the Dukum forwards. Another chap on the outfit is Mr. Clair. When "Chink" feels that his arduous duties as "Prep" mascot may be safely allowed to "ride" for awhile, he takes a day off and stars at end for Mr. Walsh's hopefuls. It speaks well for the coach, to have whipped together as powerful an aggregation in such a short time. Here's wishing our youngest gridders all the good fortune they deserve—which is considerable.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, '25.

In Memoriam.

We commend to the prayers of our readers the repose of the soul of FLORENCE J. MANSMANN, who departed this life on Friday, October 21.

On the same day, after a long illness, another *alumnus*, JOHN LYDON, was called, let us hope, to his eternal reward.

We regret to have to record the death of GEORGE WALSH ('91) of Rochester, Pa., after a long and painful illness. We assure our bereaved family of our fervent prayers for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

Alumni.

NOTE OF APOLOGY: The editor of this column has supplied "copy" very faithfully, but, lack of space and the miscalculations of a general manager, are responsible for the omission of these items in our previous numbers. They are somewhat belated, but, we hope the parties involved will excuse the error.

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN describes himself as inexpressibly happy in the Holy Ghost Novitiate at Ferndale, Conn.

Early in October he was delighted to assist at the ordination of five young ecclesiastics to the priesthood—future missionaries and professors of the Order.

OUR three prefects of 1919, 1920, 1921—MESSRS. S. A. SCHIFFGENS, J. T. QUINLAN and J. P. STANTON—after rendering yeoman service in the class-room, recreation grounds and dormitories, have returned to the Holy Ghost Seminary at Ferndale, Conn., to continue their studies for the priesthood. They bear with them the good wishes of the students who hope to see them back after their ordination. Mr. Schiffgens was most helpful to Father Mehler in the Commercial department and to students beginning German. Mr. Quinlan excelled in mathematics and physics. Mr. Stanton interested his class with rare success in the acquisition of correct English and kindred branches. Their experience as teachers will make them all the keener students of theology. Their well-merited A. B. diplomas testify to sound knowledge patiently and industriously acquired.

FROM far-off Pawhuska, Oklahoma, came GEORGE P. O'LEARY to pay us a visit on October 6th. In his high school days George's dash and brilliant playing featured every game of the distinguished Minim team in baseball and football. After his graduation from the Commercial department in 1907, he entered the service of the California National Oil Well Co., with which he remained, until his country's call lured him away to don a lieutenant's uniform in a regiment of engineers. The battlefields of France still bear testimony to his skill and energy. On the conclusion of the war he settled in Oklahoma and founded the Osage Motor Co., of which he is the first president. During his visit he was all eagerness to see again the class-rooms in which he studied, the campus on which he triumphed, the handball courts, in which he distinguished himself, and the chapel in which he so often received the sacraments and offered up his devotions. Time has not lessened his love for the old school, nor lessened his interest in its success.

WE are always pleased when we hear that our past students have answered the call to a higher life in a religious society. On October 11, RAYMOND FOERSTER, H. S., 1920, was invested with the holy habit of the Passionist Order in St. Paul's Monastery, S. S. He will be known in religion as Confrater Julius.

The echoes of wedding bells still ring in our ears. On October 9th, HUBERT VILSACK, H. S., '18, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Miss Genevieve Connolly, formerly of Swissvale, more recently of Homewood, by the Rev. D. J. Malady in Holy Rosary Church. A short time previously, MICHAEL WOLAK, Law, '21, led to the altar of St. Wendelin's Church Miss Gertrude Fuchs. If Mr. Wolak is as happy in his wedded life as he was successful in our annual plays and in the scrimmage line on the gridiron, he will be the envy of all benedicts for many years to come. PAUL J. GNAU, H. S., '14, a successful attorney in Canton, Ohio, was married on October 11th to Dorothy Colp, in St. John's Church. Father E. A. Malloy, a former class-mate, celebrated the nuptial Mass, and the pastor, Rev. M. J. Flanigan, performed the ceremony. To the triple wedded couples we offer our congratulations, and convey our sincere good wishes for a full measure of conjugal bliss. Mr. Vilsack will soon be at home in his residence on the McPherson Boulevard, and Mr. Wolak at 1710 Carson Street, South Side.

FLORENZO FLORO paid us a brief visit on October 1st. Six days after the United States entered the World War, he enlisted in the 18th Regiment and figured in all the engagements until, at Chateau Thierry, he had the misfortune to stop four machine-gun bullets. He has recuperated sufficiently to take a course in mechanical engineering in Carnegie Institute of Technology.

His brother, ORESTO, joined the 24th Engineers and escaped unscathed from the dangers of shot and shell, but he was severely gassed in the Argonne. Time, rest and youth are on his side, and he expects soon to be a different man—in fact, his own dear self again.

A number of the Fathers and students were happy to assist at the interesting lecture delivered at the Carnegie Music Hall, on November 17th, by GREGORY ZATKOVICH, '07, who, as was mentioned in these pages before, was President of the Directorate and Governor of Podkarpatska, Rusinia.

To replace Father Bullion in the Holy Rosary parish, the

Right Rev. Bishop and his Council have selected REV. JEROME D. HANNAN, D. D. Since his ordination last Easter, Father Hannan, as pastor economic, has served the Slavish congregation in McKeesport faithfully and well. So pleased were his people with him and so edified by his sermons in their native tongue, that they petitioned the Right Rev. Bishop to have him stay amongst them. In his new sphere of duties, he will prove, we are confident, a worthy successor to Father Bullion, an efficient associate to the reverend pastor, and a devoted clergyman to the Catholics of Homewood.

THE erudite, genial and popular REV. DAVID SHANAHAN, LL. D., as a result of the concursus recently, held and of his remarkable record in developing the Holy Name parish in Duquesne, erecting a noble church and a spacious convent, organizing and equipping a progressive school, building a handsome rectory—all during the twenty years of his administration—and liquidating all the debts incurred, has been appointed permanent rector of the exceptionally large St. Mary Magdalen's parish, Homestead. Here his genius for development will find scope for its exercise though his predecessors have made this parish the pride of the diocese.



Exchanges

IN OPENING the Exchange department for nineteen twenty-one it is our desire to state that we not consider it within our province to be hypercritical. The fundamental idea of the college periodical is to develop the student along literary lines to as high a point as it lies within his ability to attain. We do not believe that the interests of this objective are furthered by adverse criticism. The budding author, poet, or essayist will be shown his defects quite as expertly, and will be corrected at infinitely greater length by his instructors, than could possibly be done in these columns. On the other hand, a sentence of encouragement, a word of praise from an outside source, is a stimulant to the youthful writer. It demonstrates to him the fact that his efforts are appreciated and instills in him the desire

to continue his work. Hence, when we feel inclined to indulge in the mild sort of sarcasm which we rather fancy, we will be charitable, for we fully realize that, while it is a decidedly simple matter to detect the faults of others, it is found to be altogether different when one attempts to avoid these weaknesses oneself. In other words, if we can't "boost", we won't "knock".

Going over this month's Exchanges, the *Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly* catches our eye. A clever, "peppy" booklet, truly refreshing. We congratulate the young ladies of the *Villa* upon their dash, their originality, their wit. And with all these lighter virtues there is evidence of real thought in the editorial department. "The Gossip Shoppe" is indeed delightful, a most excellent and interesting combination of Chronicle and Alumni notes. "Booth Tarkington" is handled with the enthusiasm of an admirer of the "gentleman from Indiana," yet with the reserve and insight of the true critic. It is good to be reminded of our old friend, William Sylvanus Baxter. Might we not commend to the personal of the fair essayist Mr. Tarkington's "Magnificent Ambersons". It is certainly his master-piece.

Next at hand is *The Exponent* of Dayton University. The leading article is an eulogy of Cardinal Gibbons. It is extremely well written and brimful of facts concerning that eminent prelate's life. The *Exponent* is attractively gotten up. A story or two might be introduced to advantage. Fiction lends color to any magazine.

We note with pleasure that the Ursuline Academy has taken its place in the field of scholastic publications. *St. Ursula's Journal* made its debut on October twenty-first. It is a bright and cheery little paper. The short stories, though of necessity brief, show talent and imagination. The verse is worthy of particular praise. The cartoons show undoubted promise. *St. Ursula's Journal* will succeed.

Our first encounter with *The Young Eagle* was a delightful experience. The Santa Clara girls produce a really excellent journal. Its very appearance bespeaks the artistic feminine touch. The initial essay, "A Knight of the Order of Friars Preachers", contains genuine literary merit. "Our Dominican Heritage" and "Mr. George Gavan Duffy" are worthy examples of a direct expository style. In the department of verse, a tribute "To the Freshies" catches our poetic fancy, perhaps because—but never mind. "Afterglow" fairly breathes the autumn spirit.

A young lady with the imagination of its authoress should be able to supply the dearth of short-story material apparent in the November issue. We look for more from her facile pen ere the year is out.

With deep appreciation we acknowledge the receipt of "St. John's Record", "The Victorian", "The Alvernia", "The Mountaineer", "The Boston College Stylus", "The Holy Cross Purple", "'Varsity Breeze", "'Varsity News", "The Ignatian", "The Setonian", "The Bay Leaf", "The Solanian", "The De Paul Minerval", "The Morning Star", "The Fordham Monthly", "The Vindex", "St. Vincent's College Journal", "Lakeside Punch", "The Viatorian", "The Trinity College Record", "The Championette", "The Ariston", "The Dial", and "The Abbey Student".

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, '25.



Duquesnicula.

IN THE future these columns will contain incidents taken from the lives of well-known students of "The Institution". We trust that these "men" will not be offended, but will gratefully accept the opportunity to "see themsel's as others see 'em," and appreciate our condescending to flatter them by mentioning their names.

We didn't mean to be **persor al**, last issue, when we spoke of the "blush in the face of SPRING."

Schroth: "I invariably speak as I think."

Cusick: "Yes, but much oftener."

Joseph F. McDonough, erstwhile student, should some day be a wonderful musician; he knows the *measure* of every *bar* in Pittsburgh.

Prof.: "Murray, have you got these convergents near infinity yet?"

Murray: "No, but they've got me near insanity."

English Prof.: "Which is correct, Cameron, a herd of camels, or a drove of camels?"

Cameron: "A pack of Camels."

Prof. of Mathematics (removing hat): "I will now show you a concrete example."

Wyeth: "There is an awful rumbling in my stomach, just like a cart running over cobble stones."

Cameron: "It must be that *truck* you ate.

At a recent football game a man fainted on the campus. Simpson explained that Maughn told him a chocolate bar cost fifteen cents, and he keeled over.

Henry (to Dad): "Daddy, what makes those red spots on your nose?"

Dad: "Glasses, my son."

Henry: "Giasses of what?"

Concerning college football teams,
It often comes to pass,
The man who's half-back in the field
Is way back in his class.

The other day Father Williams saw one of his pupils sitting down on the cold pavement talking to a banana peel.

Guthrie and Cameron were hotly discussing the merits of a story in the MONTHLY. Finally, Cameron, who has often contributed, what he is pleased to term, stories for the MONTHLY said:

"No, Guthrie, you can't appreciate it, you never wrote a story yourself."

"No," retorted Guthrie, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen."

Wise Junior: "Hylomorphism is a matter of form."

"Fats" Leonard: "Hey, Eddie, there's a hair in my apple-pie."

Eddie: "That's queer, these apples are Baldwins."

A man lay down beside a sewer
And by that sewer he died
So at the coroner's inquest
They called it sewer side.

Prof. to a belated pupil: "You're early of late, you used to be behind before, and now, you're first at last."

A distressed parent called on the President the other day, and complained of the length of the regular course: "My boy can

never take all that in," said he, "he wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it?"

"Yes," was the reply; "it all depends what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash."

There was a man in a car the other day, and under the influence (as they used to say). A lady moved away frowning: "Don't mind me," said the man, 'tis wine, not women, I'm after."

A SCHOLARSHIP STUDENT'S PLIGHT.

With Xmas nigh, I took my pen,

To write the Pastor dear

A little note as how I'd like

To good old homestead steer:

"Oh, Pastor, now you can't refuse

To let me take the trip.

A boarder's health meets with abuse,

His brains begin to slip.

Of course, I know that you will say:

"The train fare's very high."

"But never mind, no fare I'll pay;

Myself a pass I'll buy.

My mother's sick; my Dad's no work;

Kid brother caught the Grippe.

My duty, Pastor, sure I'd shirk

Should I not make the trip."

Now listen close, and do not breathe;

His words for you I'll write,

Oh, Xmas trees and holly wreaths!

My vac's diseased by blight.

"My dear young man: some crust you've got

To ask me for a vac.;

Why you'd hardly half get started

When you'd be coming back!

Besides, your fare would cost twelve beans

And lots of travel too.

I guess you know what money means

To parents and to you.

Your family dear, you've seen before.
 You'll see them June again.
 For you there'll pleasure be much more;
 They'll have no illness then.

Now rest your mind and stay right where
 All students ought to be.
 With you, in Duquesne far from care,
 The vacation will agree."

So there you are; I work like—
 I study, plug and fight;
 But when I ask for two weeks—. Well,
 Behold a student's plight!

A. STEEL PEN, '23.

Professor Brainbox: "What causes the painful sensation experienced when a man falls four stories and sprains his wish-bone?"

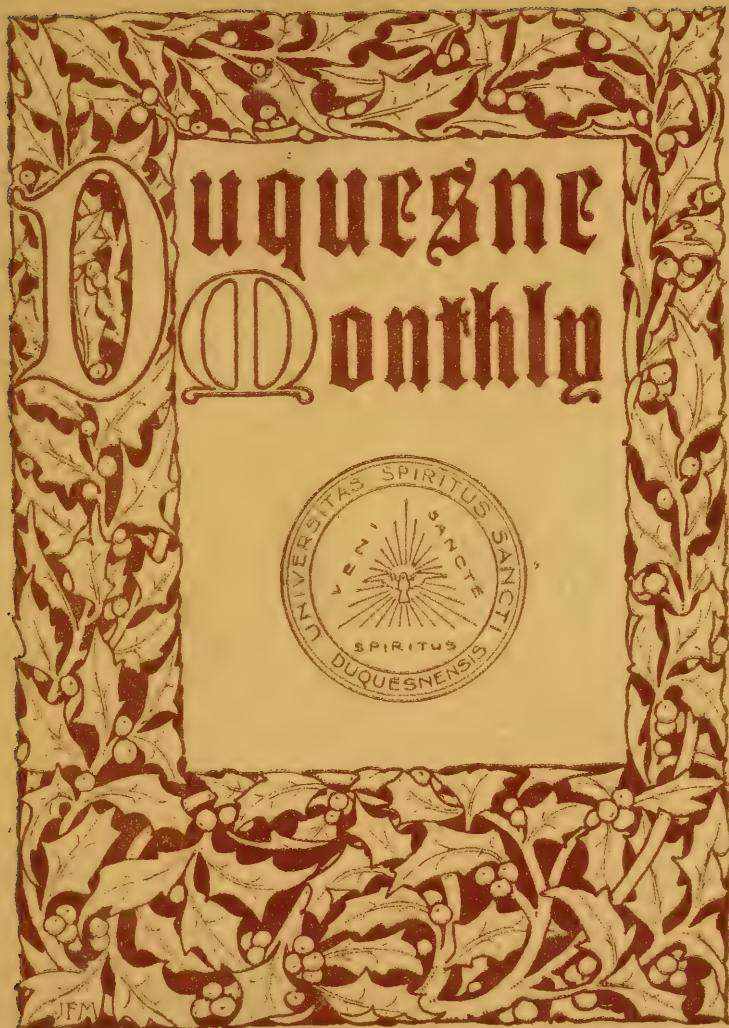
- A. Loose-nob: "The fall from four stories."
- B. Brainless: "The quick descent."
- C. Double: "Hitting the hard pavement below."
- Professor: "You are all wrong. Can no one tell me?"
- D. Dope (after deep thought): "I reckon, it's the sudden stop."

Sailor to Waiter: "What's this?"
 Waiter: "Vegetable soup."
 "Sailor: "Just think, I have been sailing on this for ten years, and didn't know what it was."



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CONTENTS

Stars	WILLIAM E. BOGGS	135
William Collins	THOMAS P. WHELAN	136
Page from Diary of Ye Ed.		142
A Mission Crusader		144
Snowflakes	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	145
The Daze of Ancient Rome	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	146
 Editorial:—		
Political Losses	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	150
Evil of the Newspaper	WILLIAM E. BOGGS	151
Blessings	JOHN L. IMHOF	151
The Power of Propaganda	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	152
Exchanges	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	154
Athletics	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	157
Duquesnicula	JOSEPH CAMERON	159
Alumni		161

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FEBRUARY, 1922

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Stars.

I SAW the beauty of a sky,
As visions grand long lingered by;
When countless stars, the lamps of night,
Enriched the firmament with light.

A gleaming host of crystals fair
Attacked the stillness of the air;
Deep wonder filled my lonely hour;
And blessed, thrice o'er, God's endless power.

Between the banks of murky black,
They stand in wait till day comes back.
Their queen then moves in royal state
And leads to heaven's guarded gate.

Each human life, like stars that shine,
Stands sentinel for things divine:
So, keep your soul along the way
That leads to life's eternal day.

W. E. BOGGS, '23.

William Collins.

RECENT Centenaries have been so many and of such importance that there has been a marked tendency to give scant consideration to those of the minor lights in the literary firmament. We have been so busied with such names as those of Dante and Keats that we all but forget such a royal child of genius as William Collins. He was the first lyrist of his century, yet his has been a hard and cruel fate. Neglect and oblivion have been his in life and death. The clouds which in life darkened his thorny path to the vast living-room of death seemed to presage the unjust manner in which criticism has dealt with his work. He is still a poet banned from the temple—a nursling of the muses to whom Parnassus is denied. His has been a unique artistic achievement, and yet he has never worn the crown proper to that high order in which a few poetical masterpieces should have won him a secure and enduring place.

Collins was one of “the inheritors of unfulfilled renown;” only his inheritance has been denied him. He was born at Chichester about 1720. His father was a prosperous hatter who gave his son the educational benefits which Oxford—that mother of poets—so well provided. During the course at the university Collins was noted for his genius and indolence. After securing a degree he suddenly left; for what reason we do not definitely know. He now directed his steps to London, and found her as did so many others of kindred genius a stony-hearted stepmother. He had already published some occasional verses. He was now a literary adventurer—a man of many parts, of genuine public feeling, but of a most irresolute and wayward will. Thomson, who cherished him as a true friend, has thus sketched him in the Castle of Indolence.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place
There was a man of special grave remark :
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involved, not dark;
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

Among his friends was also the open-handed good-natured Johnson. The great literary dictator loved him, helped him and wrote a brief but very valuable sketch of his life. This sketch is little more than a preface, but is penetrating, sincere, just, and with keenness of insight reveals the personality of Collins :

Johnson states that on one occasion "he was admitted to the poet, who had been immured by a bailiff that was prowling in the streets." The imprisoned man was on this occasion set free on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's Poetics which he engaged to write. Meanwhile his uncle, a lieutenant-colonel, died and left the needy poet two thousand pounds. It was more than the mere smile of fortune, but it came too late. His was ever a sensitive, nervous nature. His odes had been received with a total lack of understanding. The thin-skinned Collins destroyed every copy of the edition he would lay hands on. The incident is significant. The last ten years of his brief existence were clouded with insanity. Johnson records how on the last occasion when he met him at Eslington he had withdrawn from serious study and his sole companion was an English Testament. As the Great Cham out of curiosity took the volume in his hand Collins said: "I have but one book, but that is the best." The last years of his life were spent under the care of his sister, but they were years of sorrow and dreadful mental estrangement. The wonderful lyric poet, the gentle, pious man with the light, clear complexion, and the grey dreamy eyes, was wont to wander about Chichester Cathedral, filling its aisles and cloisters with his shrieks and moans. He died, and was buried at Chichester on the 12th of June, 1759.

Leaving the sad, brief outline of his life, and coming to his slender volume of poetry, we must acknowledge him as the supreme lyrist of his century. His achievement is small, unequal, but we cannot overestimate its merits both intrinsic and extrinsic. Collins was a poet of the transition: his Romanticism was of a purer type than that of his compeers Thomson and Gray. He was in fact born out of due season. The tragic failure of his odes indicates that the canons of the classic school were still the literary standards. There was a revolt, but still true poetical appreciation was lacking. Johnson sat on his throne and in his own imperious manner dictated the hard and fast precepts which all aspirants to the poetic purple should vigorously adhere to. The younger poets were unequal to their task. Their verse was still shackled by the fatal prescriptions of Pope. There were among them no fiery, whole-hearted revolutionists. They were but the heralds of the great artistic insurrection. We have ample evidence of the influence of Pope in the earlier work of Collins. His Eclogues with the exception of a few fine lines are wholly classical. They are supremely artificial but then the

Pastoral is of its very nature artificial. This does not save Collins, for his artificial world is cold and lifeless—polish there is, but it is the polish of cold, lifeless marble. Far other is the artificial world and classic elegance of Virgil. Nature has the external beauty of the park rather than the fields. The very flowers are odorous of the hot-house; while the versification is none other than the balanced heroic couplet which even the poetasters of the period had learned to use with much of the precision, ease and deft sententiousness of Pope himself. Consider this, and you will agree that it is wholly of its time.

And oft as Spring renewed the plain with flowers,
Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours.
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.

Yet compare those verses with such a line as this:
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew.
How far removed from the artificial glamour of classicism.

Far different are the odes. Here we have the authentic note of the new poetry. There is music, polish, clearness. There are also unequal lines and stanzas which stand out in startling contrast to the fine poetic grace of others. He has broken away from the classic form. He varies his metres. He introduces that ever-changing ebb and flow, that rise and fall, that varying suggestive movement in verse which has come to be called rhythm. Pope did not discard rhythm, but with him it was unchanging, uniform—an obvious, monotonous ever-recurrent kind of harmony.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow-horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay
Round a holy calm diffusing.
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

We have quoted at length: It is a typical passage. It exemplifies the changes introduced into the form of the new

poetry: there are very audible echoes of Milton; but the classical diction is still too evident. One cannot refrain from quoting in full the brief ode which is one of his two perfect poems.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blessed:
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay:
 And freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

That is Collins almost at his best. There is the purity of music and clarity of style which Swinburne so sincerely praised. Collins is known mainly by his ode on the Passions: That is one of the paradoxes of literature. There is a chill eighteenth century air about that poem and, that superficial, pseudo-scientific inclination to the abstract is the most serious blemish. One does not bring those swift, subtle, elemental powers that are innate in human-kind nearer to sense and corporeal vision by making them distant abstract personifications. The ode is redolent of powder and perfume—a poem of the boudoir.

The masterpiece of his lyric genius is however the ode to evening. It is at once a wonderful experiment and an artistic achievement full of the poetic fire, simple diction and natural candour that are so characteristic of the poems one would have in a nineteenth century anthology: One cannot call it a mere herald of true naturalism. It is essentially of the new movement, and wholly foreign to its time. It is as truly of the Romantic movement as are the odes of Keats, though not with all the glory, remote grandeur and infinite suggestion so peculiar to the essential loveliness of those wonderful creations. A few stanzas will show its fine artistic qualities.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs
 Thy springs, and dying gales.

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With Brede ethereal wove!
O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

When one reads that ode, no memories of classic artifice intrude to mar the pleasure. One is face to face with the lyric muse: Her tresses are bright with the dayfall. Her voice is pure and clear: She lays her fingers on the stops of some sweet-toned, magic instrument whose music enhances the rich beauty of her song: the melodies float down the twilight calm, steal into the darkening vale, while charmed with the rapturous numbers one listens in silence unconscious of the little creatures that wing their way at nightfall, of the golden stars, the fragrant hours, and wakeful elves. Collins was truly "a reed cut short and notched by the great god Pan, for the production of enchanting flute-melodies at intervals."

The ode has been considered a wonderful experiment and unique success, being the only instance in English literature of a perfect lyric without rhyme. Collins was a disciple of Milton and learned much at the feet of his master. His diction is in many instances obviously Miltonic. In a certain ode he represents himself as retiring from Waller's myrtled shades, and sighing in vain for a return of the glorious days of Milton. There is among the latter's "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations," a metrical version of the fifth ode of Horace. It is a very faithful and at the same time successfnl translation. The metre is similar to that of Collins' great poem. There are however certain distinct differences. The Rhythm is wholly different Many of Collins' lines never pause just at the end while with Milton this pause is

placed in every possible position so that there is a gentle overflow from one verse into another which leases only with the completion of the sense. It is a device peculiarly Miltonic and follows his own metrical dictum. Milton strives to reproduce the metre of the original. His verse is a kind of chant-verse—a tentative syllabic structure which derives from that of the original Latin. The great poet could wield even classical measures with dignity and precision. Collins moulded this particular metre on that of Milton's poem, and introduced changes, accentual and other, to make its movement more familiar to ears not attuned to the measures of the Latin authors.

We cannot bring this brief essay to a close without citing a very appropriate passage from Francis Thompson's famous essay on Shelley. "It is difficult to understand why a generation that worships Shelley should be reviving Gray, yet almost forget the name of Collins. The generality of readers, when they know him at all, usually know him by his ode on the Passions. In this, despite its beauty, there is still a soupcon of formation, a lingering trace of powder from the eighteenth century periwig, dimming the bright locks of poetry. Only the literary student reads that little masterpiece, the Ode to Evening, which sometimes heralds the Shelleian strain, while other passages are the sole things in the language comparable to the miniatures of Il Penseroso. Crashaw, Collins, Shelley—three rivelets of the one pebble: three jets from three bounds of the one Pegasus. Collins' Pity, "with eyes of dewy light," is near of kin to Shelley's Sleep, "the film-eyed," and "the shadowy tribes of mind" are the lineal progenitors of "Thought's crowned powers."

Weak and at strife with a world that knew him not, the victim of a cruel criticism and a wayward, irresolute will; a lyric poet who sang as purely and clearly as the birds of his native Sussex; his brief sad life came to a close in a little moment and the divine singer went the way of all flesh. His artistic achievement was small but great and enduring. He has long been denied the laurels, but his place among the glorious names that guild the chapters of a great literature is now definite and secure and perhaps he has joined the choir invisible and with that goodly group—the inheritors of unfulfilled renown—reposes in that heaven of song whose glories our dim imaginings can but feebly and vaguely picture.

THOMAS P. WHELAN.

A Page from the Diary of Ye Ed.

A ROSE in high spirits, it being the first day of the New Year, partook heartily of various toothsome viands, and would have embraced my eye-wrecking spouse, but I have not yet acquired one.

Record time to office, aboard one of Mr. Callery's electric chariots.

Was moved in honor of the occasion to draw up a series of most laudible resolutions for the coming *annular* cycle, to-wit.: I will not swear, drink, smoke, lose my temper, fight, etc., etc. Signed the document, and sat back at peace with the world.

Was most rudely shocked by the violent entrance of Robert W. McD. Murray, of some repute as a humorist, who would know why "Duquesnicula" was omitted the past two months. Pacified him, with much effort, but not until he had upset the ink-pot, in his ranting, damaging thereby the costly Oriental floor-covering. A cigar, to quiet my nerves—and his.

Come next two dignified scholars of the downtown school, demanding, in no uncertain tones, the reason for an alleged dearth of news from their departments. Venturing the remark that no notes had been turned in by their representatives on the staff, and intimating that perhaps it would be well for some of their classmates to subscribe to the MONTHLY, was hurled to the floor, direct upon the contents of the over-turned vessel aforementioned. Two fingers of brandy, to revive me, and four more to restore my self-respect.

Turned to the morning mail, finding therein complaints about type, size of sheets, number of pages, make-up of ads, and am muchly wroth. A former student would have us let him know when we publish our first original joke. Would drop him a line informing him that we lost our first original joke when he graduated—or was ejected,—but feared that the truth might sting, and lose us a subscriber.

A visit from Cameron and McGannon, men of artistic parts, who, would have us run "cuts" of their work; referred them to the keeper of the purse, they were forthwith propelled through an unopened glass portal. Am greatly distressed lest they be out of patience with me, and foreclose my debts.

Admitted to the SANCTUM a number of boys in knicker-bockers claiming to be of the First High Q, class, and seemingly rather agitated, because forsooth, we had printed but one of the efforts, they had submitted. Explained to them gently that we couldn't peruse those we failed to publish, and almost lost our

job for turning loose the one we did manage to wade through.

Another tirade, this from the meek Mike Cusick, who appeared much harassed on account of two trifling typographical errors in his eulogy of Father B—— in "Chronicle". These he did point out to me with many threatening gestures and numerous remarks about my sorry proof-reading, as follows: in the sentence about Father B——, "If we were to heed his wishes, our tribute to him would begin and end in his presence, with no one the wiser;" there was a mistake in dividing a word, so that it ran: "If we were to heed his wishes, our tribute to him would be *gin*, and end in his presence with no one the wiser." Later in the "Chronicle" there were a couple of wrong letters in a passage that should have been, "He was often praised well in the chapel during Father Hehir's Wednesday sermons," and it happened to come out, "He *has* often *raised* hell in the chapel during Father Hehir's Wednesday sermons." My conscience is clear. The type was not set by me.

An hour for luncheon, that was somewhat spoiled by the events of the morning, and back to the grind.

Received Messrs. Walsh, Mielnieski and Aikens, with a petition from the Faculty, that an epic poem, Dante's "Divine Comedy", and three fairy tales be published in the next issue. Consigned them mentally to eternal perdition, but, could not do so orally, because of their influence with the "powers". Contented myself with a request to collaborate and produce the epic, and saying that we could not reproduce works of length, nor cater to the professors' yearnings for the works of Grimm and Hans C. Andersen, as the fledglings in the First High, no longer believed in Santa Claus.

Came the afternoon mail, with its usual pages of abuse. Opened the last letter, and did faint upon perceiving the first line which read to this effect: "I have seen worse magazines than yours"—a compliment. To the hospital for medical attention, thence home, found time to finish the missive: "I have seen worse magazines than yours,—but, not much worse, and these are no longer published. If yours would only follow in their footsteps, the world would be a better place to exist in." And so, appetiteless, to bed.



A Mission Crusader.

THE Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann may well be taken as guide and model for the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. His life was a marvel of grace, his works, a wonder of missionary zeal, and the congregation which he has left to the Church of God is one of the most fruitful in results of the conversion of pagans at home and abroad.

A convert from Judaism, in which he was born in 1804, the servant of God passed through the crucible of suffering; and following closely on the footsteps of His Master, learned at the foot of the Cross the sweet lessons of Compassion and Mercy that inspired him to accomplish great things for God. He founded a congregation called the Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose sole purpose was the conversion of abandoned souls. By the authority of Rome he united it to the almost extinct Congregation of the Holy Ghost, gave to this latter the essential notes of a religious society, gave it its form and its end, its work and its new lease of life; became the first Superior General of the new Congregation, governed it, prudently, wisely and holily, and was called to the reward of the Just on the second day of February, 1852.

During the ten short years of his priestly life, his work was a work of an apostle, apostle of prayer, abnegation and missionary activity. He formed the novices who flocked to his society, for the far-distant fields of Africa, in fact, for any part of the globe where ministers of the Gospel could not be procured. His love was extensive as was his zeal. His men were ready, and he sent them. Every incoming mail brought him the news of some death or grievous illness; but, undaunted, he continued, supported by the unseen force of God. His works on the Spiritual Life, have met with the approval of the best ascetical writers and are placed beyond the pale of suspicion by meeting the approval of the Holy See. The depth of spirituality in his exposition of the first chapters of St. John's Gospel, in his thousands of letters to priests, bishops, nuns, seminarians and people in the world, challenge comparison in any language, and the rule of life he so admirably, yet quickly traced for his disciples, is a masterpiece of prudence and science of the things of God, brought within the grasp and ken of human beings. A mine of asceticism is still closed to the English-speaking world in that all Libermann's works are written in French; but the day will come, and is not far distant, when his voice shall be heard by waiting, weary hearts in every corner of the world.

Libermann's legacy to the Church is the robust, progressive,

intensely missionary Congregation of the Holy Ghost. Hampered by circumstances, it thrives on its very obstacles. Its priests and lay brothers have labored, lived and died in every quarter of the globe. For God and for souls they forsake parents, home, friends, all, carrying the tidings of the Gospel with them. Zeal speeds them on; they traverse every sea, they land on every shore. From the rising sun to the going down thereof, they carry the tidings of joy. Whether on the burning sands of Africa, or the virgin forests of America, one thought animates them—to plant the standard of the Cross, to water the whole earth with the salutary streams of the Precious Blood. To-day, the sons of Libermann, numbering about two thousand—the Holy Ghost Fathers—are evangelizing Africa, and the Southern States of our country. They are found, moreover, in Mauritius, Madagascar, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, England, Germany, Belgium, Holland, France and Ireland. Working ever within the end and sphere of their Congregation, their activities are varied, but all, directly or indirectly, aim at missionary life. Theirs is a veritable Missionary Crusade, preached long since, preached religiously, humbly and in no uncertain tones by their Father and Founder, the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann.

Snowflakes.

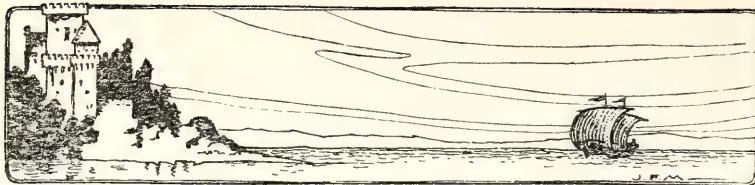
DOWN they come, in silken rustle,
Kissing frozen sod
Wavelets clear of feathery snowflakes,
Messengers of God.

Like a silv'ry cascade falling
From some rock's retreat,
So, the crispy, flighty snowdrops
Fall from heaven's feet.

Messages, I ween, they bring me,
Could I only find
Answer to the oft-put query
Of my restive mind.

Fanciful, I think that these are
Promises we make,
Each one true and white and spotless,
As the crystal flake.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.



The Daze of Ancient Rome.

(FOREWARD: This tale of early Roman days is a translation from the Latin of an old manuscript found in the archives of a Pompeian saloon by Professor Agamemnon Thucydides Stump, B. Y. O. L., during that noted archaeologist's recent sojourn in the excavated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, at the expense of the American Society for Psychic Research, for the purpose of locating, if possible, such spirits of the ancient Italians as might still remain in the ruins of the towns. Says the professor: "While searching about in a pre-Christian tavern one morning, my eye fell upon a dusty object in the darkest corner, which I, immediately decided was a bottle. 'Ha!' I cried, 'my efforts begin to show results; here is the first of the spirits of the Pompeians.' Closer inspection proved me incorrect. To my keen disappointment, I had unearthed nothing but a roll of parchment. I decided to make the best of it, however, and stuffed the scroll into the pocket of my capacious trousers for translation at my leisure. It has turned out to be a source of infinite pleasure to me and is most instructive. I believe it to be the work of the famous Roman poet, Sciatica, to whom is generally attributed the invention of the cream-puff, and who is said by many to have been the first man to capture goldfish by sprinkling *aqua regia* on their fins." The original script of this story may be found in the Metropolitan Museum of New York—but we doubt it.)

* * * * *

The brilliant June sun cast fiery darts into the muddy Tiber. The Eternal City gasped and choked and drank copiously in a vain effort to keep cool. Quartus Bacterius, the most successful bootlegger in Imperial Rome, toddled gracefully down the highly-polished steps of his palatial villa to the pavement of the busy Palatine Boulevard. Arrived safely at the bottom, he drew a diamond-studded whisk-broom from beneath the folds of his voluminous outer-garment and vigorously brushed a thick layer of dandruff from the shoulders of the costly purple-pink-and-yellow toga which he had recently filched from Julius Caesar, his best customer, while the latter was blissfully guzzling a bowl of

Java in the "Forum Cafeteria". The dandruff, swirling to the ground in eddying gusts, so closely resembled snow-flakes that several passers-by, thinking a cold wave had arrived at last, pulled their robes up around their ears and hurried home to don their winter underwear.

Having completed his toilette with fastidious care, Quartus meandered leisurely to the curb, and there took a position of nonchalant ease against an artistically-carved fire-plug. For a few moments he watched the chariots dash by on the broad thoroughfare. He smiled languidly when the wheel of one of the vehicles came off, hurling the driver to the street, where he was run over by a passing ice-wagon. Everything was serene. The gods were indeed benevolent to the noble Bacterian house. Did not he, the leader of the clan, alone possess the secret of how to make twelve-gauge "Dago red" in two days? Was he not the foremost home-brewer of the day, the only man alive who could supply the demands of the thirsty Quirites and the thrice-thirsty Patres Conscripti? Did he not knock down thirty or forty thousand talents every week in his thriving business? What more could mortal man desire?

Thus considered Quartus as he idly poked a little striped gutter-animal with his chamois' skinned sandals. Nothing but the protecting deities prevented from finding out that this pretty creature was of the deadly skunk species. As it was, he escaped unscathed. Here we perceive how the very Dwellers on High Olympus favored the man.

But one cloud marred the clear horizon of Quartus Bacterius. That fluffy nimbus was personified in his sodden son, Semper Plenus Bacterius, known affectionately to the bartenders of Rome as the "spongious humanus". Semper Plenus was so fond of his father's popular product that he even spoke with a liquid accent. Quartus bothered little about the boy's perpetual wobbliness; in fact, he even encouraged it to a certain extent, as long as Semper imbibed the paternal booze at two talents a pint. The arguments commenced when the youth came upon the aforementioned priceless formula while rummaging in the family safe in quest of the wherewithal for a "toot".

Being wise in his generation, Semper memorized the recipé before announcing his discovery to his sire. Thereafter perpetual blackmail reigned in the household of Bacterius. Unless Papa loosened up with the shekels, his absorbent offspring threatened to impart—for a consideration—certain valuable knowledge to Vendeo RedopticuS, another well-known revenue dodger.

At first Bacterius the elder had attempted to conserve his hard-earned finances by slipping the embryo "business man" a couple of type-written checks. The unsuspecting innocent spent six months at odd jobs around the Roman penitentiary for trying to pass these "scraps of paper". He profited by the experience. When he came home he demanded cash. He got it then and had been getting it ever since. His extravagances were the talk of Rome. In a single night he had been known to go through twenty thousand livres (sixty-seven cents in American money) while entertaining a party of gay young bloods at "Les Beaux Arts Café", a recently opened witch-hazel palace with Parisian waitresses and a price list that set an altitude record.

But this morning even the menace of Semper Plenus was temporarily lifted. That worthy lad had been badly boiled the night before, and was still in the painful throes of a twin-six hangover that was yet hitting on all twelve. Quartus had pulled him up two stories in the dumb-waiter some three hours before, thinking him a hundred and fifty pounds of ice. When the disgusted parent saw the cause of his exertion, he was tempted to let go of the rope and allow his son to descend to the basement *via* the gravity route. Calmer reflection convinced him that such a course of action might result in injury to the dumb-waiter. He hauled Semper from the compartment, dispatched a slave for a quart of smelling-salts, and proceeded to his bath—it was the Kalends of the month.

Sixty minutes later he returned, ten pounds lighter. The prodigal was not in sight. From behind the closed door of the filial suite, issued a series of bird-like trills that might be construed as the snores of a specimen of the *genus homo*.

"Ha!" cogitated Quartus, "he sleepeth it off. That means three days of peace, anyway."

And so we find the old boy on the avenue, watching the natural and artificial beauties of the passing show.

Before long a dizzy blonde minced into view. She wore cerise crepe de chene with blue ratiné gloves, a tin-foil hat, several strings of doubtful pearls and four sets of earnings. Behind her hobbled a rather down-and-out Pomeranian pup. At intervals of about ten feet the canine would halt and industriously massage the area immediately south of his left ear with his right hand foot. A moment later unfortunate pedestrians, within hopping distance of him, would feel the presence of a foreign organism about their person, lunge frantically at the afflicted

portion, and speed for the nearest hardware store to purchase a fly-swatter and a case of tar soap.

Quartus Bacterius was quite smitten—with the damsel, not the dog. Mentally he characterized her as a “darbaroon”, which in his quaint vocabulary signified the utmost in “map”, make-up, mode and manner. Being a man of action, he made a step to overtake her, having a hastily formed idea of taking in a dinner, a show, and more dinner. But Dame Fortune presented herself in the form of an unkindly banana skin, and Quartus did a nose-dive into a basket of future Leghorns, much to the disgust of the delivery boy in whose custody the eggs had been placed.

The famous bootlegger arose, blind with fury and the juice of the venerable fruit. By the time he had regained his power of vision, the lady was out of sight, and the messenger was ready with an itemized bill for the damage done. A husky member of the praetorian guard stood nearby. Quartus paid up, flashing a jaundiced scowl, and would have entered his gate had not a hand detained him. He turned and recognized the furtive features of Petrinus, a noted international stool-pigeon.

“By the tongue of Xanthippe, what wantest thou?” growled Bacterius.

“For two talents,” replied Petrinus with an oily smile, “I will tell thee something about thy son that will be of interest to thee.”

Quartus pushed the would-be informer away angrily.

“There is nothing about my son that is worth two talents,” he declared, and again turned toward the house.

But Petrinus was desperate; he needed the lettuce to get to Carthage, a town where he’d have “but one variety of d. t.’s.” to bother about.

“Suppose,” he persisted, “that I told thee I just saw him at the roadhouse of Bongius, splitting a case of the juice of suicide with thy rival, Redopticus.”

“Away with bull,” quoth Quartus. “Semper Plenus snoreth off a jag in his own chamber.”

“Thou think’st so! I wager thee ten talents he is not within the house at all.”

“Done,” cried Quartus.

The two ascended the marble steps and entered the mansion. Going directly to Semper’s door they listened intently. The buzz-saw still operated.

"Ha!" ejaculated the purveyor of headache oil, "slip unto me the ten; he is there."

"Nix! Nix! Thou speedest too much. I am from Missourius; I would *see* him ere I fork over."

Quartus quietly turned the knob and the two slipped into the room. The "spongus humanus" was nowhere in evidence. Instead, an Airedale reclined before the fireplace, emitting the rippling gurgles that had cost his master's father ten talents. In a frenzy of chagrin the elder Bacterius kicked the sleeping aid in the all-too-apparent slats. The dog yelped and seized Quartus in the antarctic regions. The amazed victim tripped over a brass cuspidor, landing on the business end of a warm poker.

For ten seconds the devil reigned supreme. At last, Petrinius managed to assist the fallen host to his feet, taking this opportunity to extract the latter's wallet from a gaping pocket; a satisfactory "tip" for services rendered!

A Negro slave, the valet of Semper Plenus, now appeared on the scene, drawn by the general confusion and the fear that Vesuvius was on the job again.

"Where in Rome is my son?" demanded the irate parent when he was again articulate.

"He am gone out, suh," replied the quaking slave, edging toward the door and preparing to dodge and dodge quick. "He done drink dat whole quaht ob smellin' salts, an' he whoops up an' beats it foah Bongius's.

The black shook his head sadly, but hastened the movement in time to give the right of way to a two-thousand-talent vase that crashed through the window and killed a mule on the opposite side of the boulevard. Petrinius, ever on the look-out for business, improved the golden moments by making a collection of such jewelry and trinkets as lay about the room, and took his leave staggering slightly under the burden.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.

[TO BE CONTINUED].





S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Political Losses.

PENNSYLVANIA stands alone in being a commonwealth which has lost three public officials, and all of them men of national importance, within the short space of a year. Messrs. Oliver, Knox and Penrose, the latter two, United States Senators, are all lost to country and state. It is a severe and saddening blow. Each has been a mighty factor in state and national politics. With the passing of Penrose, the country loses one of the biggest and most powerful of the so-called "bosses". It was he who practically forced the Chicago convention of 1920 to select Mr. Harding as Republican candidate for President. It is also said that it was he who was mainly responsible for Magee's election as Mayor of Pittsburgh. On the other hand, Knox was a statesman, and held in high regard in political questions and the current issues of the day. Oliver also attained high repute, especially in his native state.

With the passing of these old guardians, Pennsylvania is in danger of slipping from the restraint in which she has been held, and become politically a state similar in status to that of New York or Ohio, her two powerful neighbors. And, in no way casting reflection on the great leaders who have passed down the trail, this transition might be a helpful one. Real government comes from the consent of the governed. Men who otherwise heeded only the orders of those in power must now think for themselves. They are face to face with constructive government and must not fail their constituents.

We have lost old and experienced leaders. Let the new ones prove themselves.

CLEMENT STROBEL, '23.

Evil of the Newspaper.

THE primary object of our modern newspapers is to give the latest news, views, and particulars on topics of world-wide interest, and, incidentally, those pertaining to the welfare of the community where it is in circulation. Yet, our daily papers find it difficult to render their news columns sufficiently interesting by keeping within these limits. No, to-day we find the various newspapers vying with each other in "writing up" the most sensational and degrading acts of our modern civilization. The daily toll of crimes, as depicted by the newspapers is very large,—in fact if we were to believe the papers there would be more wicked in the world than there are good. So, the atrocious murder, the daring robbery, and the disgusting divorce scandals,—all have equal prominence in the headlines with the vital questions of the day. The result is that crime has steadily increased. People who would never think of committing the ghastly crimes described in the papers are encouraged to attempt these by the apparent ease with which the culprit accomplished the deed and escaped. In the same way, married people who, on account of a silly disagreement obtain a divorce, very often would not have done so, if the papers had not so advertised the prevalent evils and the trend of the times. If we are to be saved from some terrible catastrophe, the press must be reformed.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.



Blessings.

MAN receives many blessings from Almighty God, for which he makes little return.

How many persons ever stop to consider sleep as a blessing? It is a blessing little thought of, and never, unless one begins to suffer from insomnia.

Home is rarely thought of as a blessing; and yet, it is of all blessings, one of the greatest. Even though it is the poorest, it is a wonderful place; some place to go at the end of a day's work that we can call all our own; where we can rest and be free and do as we please; home, that place, where we are welcomed with loving smiles. How many ever think what a blessing home is until it is taken away?

Friends are a great blessing. Life is empty and little worth without friends. There is no loneliness like the loneliness of the

friendless. He who places gold and a life of luxury above friends is not wise. Cicero wrote: "They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendships from life, for we have received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful." Friends are the greatest possession of all. Many a sad and lonely man of wealth would be willing to part with gold for the friendships which the lower class hold cheap. God gives us a pearl of great price when he gives us a good friend or friends. It is, indeed, something worth while to be thankful for.

If we just look back at a day gone by, we behold countless blessings bestowed upon us by the Creator. But we do not draw our attention to them until we are deprived of them and when we desire to have them. So, let us thank God for the many blessings He has given us in the past, and let us try often in the future to meditate over the daily blessings which are so abundantly given to us.

JOHN L. IMHOF, B. A., '23.



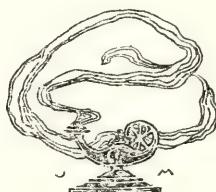
The Power of Propaganda.

THE rise of propaganda has been rapid and startling. Originally, under the name of advertising, its use was confined to business and trade. Men spread the quality of their goods and merchandise by displaying certain of its features. But the dawn of the twentieth century saw propaganda being used for a different purpose. The governments of Europe, and particularly Germany, launched themselves forward on the sea of propaganda and sailed into every port of the world. But this propaganda was broader in scope and deeper in intent than the original, honest propaganda. Besides, it was more subtle, for its very nature called for secrecy. This work had for its purpose the winning of sentiment and favor to the governments whose agents were directing the movement. This kind of work calls for a skill and ingenuity little short of marvelous. The methods of propaganda are essentially insidious. History is slightly distorted, grievous wrongs of the past are cautiously minimized, glaring errors are excused in some way or other, and thus countries that had waged incessant wars of the past come to an understanding or at least attempt it. Examples of such are: England with France; England with the United States; England with Ireland, and France with Russia.

From the above, it will be readily seen that Germany had an able rival when it came to "pulling the wool over others' eyes." We must admire the work, no matter how bitter the pill may be. It took infinite pains, unlimited sagacity and eternal vigilance to accomplish their purposes.

Let America send out her propaganda to the most distant parts of the world. Of all nations, she has a right to world-wide respect. Her honor stands untainted and unsullied. She has succored the poor and destitute, fed and sustained whole nations and drawn the sword only when justice and right demanded. Let the torch of American honor inflame the world, and war-breeding propaganda will fall, never to rise again.

CLEMENT STROBEL, '23.



Exchanges.

THE Christmas spirit, naturally enough, predominates in the last issue of college periodicals. We note with pleasure an increase in the percentage of short stories in our exchanges. The essay may be the back-bone of scholastic journalism, but fiction is most certainly a fruitful outlet for the youthful writer's originality and wit.

In the department of verse we find much that is worthy of praise. The most obvious defect is a lack of attention to metre. In a language so rich in synonyms as the English, it is a simple matter to arrange a line in a fashion to conform to musical standards without its losing its original grace of expression.

We suggest that our budding poets refer their efforts to an able critic before offering them for publication.

First at hand for December is *The Setonian*. Seton Hill's monthly is rapidly passing from its formative stage to that of a really interesting college journal; in fact, judging from its most recent issue, it has already attained that status. "Us Humans" reminds us of ourselves—perhaps we flatter ourselves. The authoress displays a keen understanding of the nature of *genus homo*, and of

those psychological reactions she professes to abhor. The exposition is clear and the wording excellent. We discover in "Are We Snobs" the fulfillment of a long-felt want on the part of those who enjoy the benefits of higher education: a forceful article against the opinions of those ill-informed persons who circulate misinformation about us. The cleverest bit of poetry is "Girls". It's precisely what we think. Perhaps the most unusual feature of *The Setonian* is the mode in which the locals and personals are handled; they are actually interesting—an unparalleled record in the history of the press. The magazine is well-balanced, and best of all, it has—as Johnson says of something else—"wit enough to keep it sweet."

The Fordham Monthly is up to its usual mark. It may sound vulgar and plebeian to say so, but we enjoyed "The Antidote" more than anything else in it. The article on Ibanez and Walsh proved both entertaining and instructive. "Strength of the Weak", though possessing a rather trite plot, is well written. At times, however, the wording is not altogether judicious. The sentiment and general make-up of "The Red Leaf" is commendable. "The Grate Fire" is a verse after our own heart; it recalls the style and feeling of Riley. From the secular standpoint, as well as the religious, "The Christmas Candle" is an example of genuine ability to derive a lesson from the events of the first Yuletide. In "The Kindling Fire" abides the holiday spirit, but what caught our notice most, was the professional touch to the tale. It read so smoothly.

The Mountaineer arrived from Emmitsburg with considerable good humor, several stories and a wish for a "Merry Christmas". "A Gift from the Unseen" is the professor of the most original plot among the bits of fiction. Its style is a trifle hurried and the end is almost disconcertingly abrupt. The dialect and dialogue of "The Ways of the Righteous" are surprisingly good. In "A Trip to Heaven", the word "succumb" is used in such a manner that the reader is plainly misinformed. Aside from this, the sketch is undeniably meritorious. "Bill's Christmas Present" is swift and virile. The author seems to have exceptional ability for painting vigorous word pictures. The essay on Mme. Curie, is undoubtedly the best in the December issue, both as an informant and an exposition. "If they only knew" is another defense of college life. The writer of the remarks on "The Queen's Fillet", shows a disposition to be more critical than even an exchange editor should be. If Canon Sheehan's book contains

as many flaws as are pointed out in this review, it is unworthy of the time and effort required for so lengthy an essay.

The old *Loyola Magazine* drifted in under a new title, *The Loyola Quarterly*. As a live, up-to-date magazine, it acknowledges few peers in collegiate circles. The articles are timely and truly beneficial to the readers, and the essays show thought. "Lo! The Poor Farmer", a page and a half of satirical humor, strikes us as the cleverest contribution of the current quarter. The remaining efforts in the department of wit, while laughable to an extent, seem a trifle over-drawn. The fun is boisterous, but lacks the dash and continual novelty that has made the estimable "Bugs" Baer famous. "The Dumbell" is a new ending to an old plot; it is altogether enjoyable. "Another Versailles" appeals to us as an intelligent analysis of the motives underlying the late lamented Disarmament Conference. "The Gastric Patrol" contains what is noticeably absent in most works of its sort, namely, information. The facts are presented in a manner that fails absolutely to leave the reader "up in the air." Evidently the author knew what he was writing about, would that others were in a similar state.

We have made our acquaintance with *The Pebble* of Little Rock College, and expect to like it. We fancy the optimistic note sounded in "Unemployment" and admire the writer's vocabulary and confident style. "The Traffic Cop", in verse resembles the traffic cop in life: it is well-knit, sarcastic, incredibly colloquial, but none the less, commanding attention. Minus a few "thens", "Electric Light 42 Years Old" would be more than ordinarily creditable. It is commendably vivid for a purely impersonal narrative. The sketch, "A Worthy Sacrifice", reaches its climax in a happy coincidence. It could have been bettered by a more stringent application of the principles of emphasis. The "Ex-man" expounds his theories on what his column should be, wherein its province lies, and how it ought to be taken. The style and matter were no end of all right, but really we think he might have "written up" a rival or two.

With deep appreciation we acknowledge the receipt of "The Abbey Student", "The Alvernia", "The Arrow", "The Bay Leaf", "Boston College Stylus", "The Champion" "The Championette", "Catholic University Symposium", "The Columbiad", "The Creighton Courier", "The Exponent", "Georgetown College Journal", "Holy Cross Purple", "The Ignatian", "Lake-side Punch", "Marquette University Journal", "The Redwood", "The St. Francis", "St. John's Record", "St. Mary's Collegian", "St. Ursula's Journal", "The Solanian", "Trinity College Record", "Varsity News", "The Victorian" and "The Vindex".



ANNOUNCEMENT.

If you are a well-wisher of Duquesne, the Athletic Association directs your attention to a few points!

You are expected to be present at all games in which the representative teams of the University participate.

Attend the annual dance, February sixteenth. It's a large source of income for 'Varsity!

Back up the teams outside! BUY PASS-BOOKS.

'VARSITY.

The Duke 'Varsity basketeers, though handicapped by the loss of five stars of last year, have compiled a classy record to date. The 'Varsity passers stepped off on the right foot by throwing a wrench into the Dennison works in the initial fracas on New Year's Eve in the Bluff gym. The result read 26-22 for the home tossers. Fortified by the return of "Moon" Klinzing, but sadly deficient in team play under the basket, they encountered the Heinz House five on the Northsiders' floor and were nosed out, 37-35. With Lester in the hospital and Klinzing in difficulties, the Red and Blue bumped into Lafayette at the Coffey Club. It was another Thermopylae, with the Hill-toppers in the heroic, but none the less painful, rôle of Spartans. The Eastonians triumphed by virtue of sheer weight. The game was closer than the 37-30 score would indicate. Upon several occasions the Smoky City lads forged ahead. "Chuck" Cherdini was on the short, but victorious, end of a David and Goliath act center. The flying Freshman jumped his elongated opponent consistently. Cingolani made a "rep" for himself by his clever floor work and artistic shooting. The Butler forward is coming ahead rapidly. Ollie Kendrick was himself—and that's plenty. He sunk a pair of neat ones and hung up a season's record of twelve out of fourteen from the foul line. Captain "Coy" Harrison and McNamara paired well at guard, though the latter

exhibited a tendency toward over-zealousness in the pursuit of the elusive pellet at times when the game was to play the man rather than the ball. As for Harrison, well "Coy" has developed into one of elite of the tri-state cagemen—and he ran true to form, which is in all cases sufficient.

So much for the contests. As to the team in general, it is speedy, intelligent, conscientious, and altogether promising. Coach Martin is running the men hard and seems to have turned out a well-conditioned aggregation. In contrast to last season, there is a wealth of substitute material. Besides the latest combination of Cingolani and Kendrick at forward, Cherdini at center, and Harrison and McNamara at guard, are Campbell, a south-paw wingman from Homestead, Joe Nee, a Sophomore guard, Lester, the Scottdale center, Bennett, a guard, and Houston, who held the defensixe post on the West Virginia All-Scholastic squad last year. Klinzing, in his single appearance, flashed his old ability. All opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, "Moon" is one sweet player, and 'twas an ill wind that lost him, even temporarily to the team. Circumstances, however, over which neither he nor the A. A. U. have any control, prevent him from gracing the Duke line-up for the time being at least.

In reviewing the showing of the last three games, we note that the defense has been weak. The main defect seems to be a lack of attention to the opposing center. It has been a common sight to behold a lengthy form, camping unguarded beneath the Duke basket. None the less, the team is progressing rapidly and should ring down the curtain on a successful season.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The Preps are "there" this winter. As we go print they've walked on Sharpsburg, 34-19, Heinz House Reserves, 32-31, and Schenley, 26-24. They gave away a pair to Crafton and Burgettstown, teams which might well have been tossed to the carnivorous goldfish by the celeritous Dukelets. Anyway the whole five set-tos handed us numerous thrills. The Heinz House affair went into an extra session and was won largely by the high-calibre foul-tossing of Johnny Witt. "Nig" Savage starred at Schenley. Casteel and Monaghan have been scintillating throughout the schedule. "Red" Egan displays the old-time ease that distinguished his play two years ago, and Captain "Huck" Finn still cavorts in his old station 'neath the home-basket.

We've yet to gaze upon the tip-off man who can lift himself higher than "Sticks" Monaghan. The "Lawrenceville lamp-post" picks 'em out of atmosphere and holes out in one. Egan and Savage have been running beautifully at forward. "Red" specializes in passing, while "Nig" rings 'em up. Finn is kidding his hoops along in "one-step" time—than which there is nothing faster—and is acquiring that cherished possession, how to lead his men. Casteel is the neatest bit of cage mechanism we've inspected in a long while. With "Vince" caressing the apple, we are forthwith imbued with that safe-and-sane feeling. Unfortunately, Johnny Witt is ineligible for inter-scholastic competition. His value may only be appreciated on those occasions when a club team is met. "Hank" Fleck, the little grid luminary, has been retarded by sickness, but is coming along swiftly. We predict some real stuff—athletically speaking—from him before March rolls around.

The U. High is facing a mighty tough line-up of cage contests in the next few weeks, and they'll have to hit it up if they're to get anywhere. The squad looks O. K. as it stands, but the in-and-out work must be cut out before anything can be accomplished. You can't combine basketball with "put-and-take", for the simple reason that the other fellows are interested in the "take" part of the programme only. Witness the results of the Crafton and Burgettstown disasters. And that's all *we* can say.

McCOOK CLUB.

Teams may win and teams may lose—
McCook's win on forever.

Forty-one victories, spread over two seasons and a half, with nary a defeat, is some story to tell. True? "bet your boots"! Eleven huskies from boarderland are responsible. They are Coyle, Cingolani, Witt, Maughn, Shearer brothers, Duff, Klaser, McCarthy, Emig and Brumbaugh. This team is in a class apart. Three guesses: who is their Coach?

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, '25.

Duquesnicula.

○ WING, no doubt, to the fast approaching period of senility in the life of the illustrious Captain William Murray, editor and publisher, his paper is falling far behind us in respect to the excellent quality of wit and brilliance, for which both our publications have long been known.

Knowing, however, the caprices of Time, we pause only long enough to brush away a tear of regret, and to announce that hereafter no more quotations from the above-mentioned press will appear in these columns.

Let her *R. I. P.*

In this issue we intend to turn the Light of Truth into the obscure corners of the lives of Messrs. Regis, Charles and Henry Xavier O'Brien, P. G. Sullivan, E. F. Kelly, Ancient O'Connor, Harry J. Finn, and others.

These gentlemen will please remember what we said in our last issue, and consider themselves duly flattered.

Don't take it too hard, boys, the worst is yet to come.

Into our editorial ears has been wafted the report that a certain someone lives only for the happy day in the light of whose bright sunshine he will read an original joke in "Duquesnicula".

We regret our inability to learn the nomenclature of this being, else we would be pleased to gratify his ambition by publishing his name.

And now that this is off our chest, we will proceed.

WARM PUPPY!

The light of learning ought to burn brightly in our institution, with so many oil-cans around.

AT THE 'VARSITY DANCE.'

Ticket Taker: "Your money, please."

Ancient: "My face is *my* fortune."

T. T.: "You're in debt. Get out!"

Miss (?) "Ed Kelly swears *awfully*, doesn't he?"

Gee-rard: "Yes. I could do much better."

Bob Murray, who worked in the Post Office during vacation, has returned from the old stamping grounds.

The "O'Brien triplets" of Fourth B, are just as amusing as ever. Little darlings: what would life be without them? (Heaven!)

Concerning Dr. Regis O'Brien:

A dizzy young student named "Red",
Has taken it into his head
That the way to gain fame,
And to make a great name,
Is to send everybody to bed.

Prof. (To lazy Freshman): "Copy this out fifty times, and bring it to me at three o'clock." Then, as an afterthought, he added: "The devil finds work for idle hands to do."

We had the unexpected happiness of seeing our old friend, Paul Sullivan, on his way to a formal dance a few weeks ago. We recall that Mr. Sullivan's exterior was very pleasing, even to the masculine eye, although, when clad in his tuxedo, we must admit that he appears a trifle stouter than usual.

We're for you, Gerard, but don't let the family get wise.

Now that England has freed the Irish prisoners, our list of new students is expected to grow rapidly.

English Prof.: "Why were the Middle Ages called the Dark Ages?"

Bright Young Thing: "Because there were so many knights."

1st Boarder: "What was that noise I heard up at your end of the dormitory last night?"

2nd Cuckoo: "That was me falling asleep."

Leonard (proudly): "Nobody can say that *I* have more money than brains."

Prefect: "Why?"

L.: "I'm down to my last penny!"

P.: "Well, you've got the cent, haven't you?"

H. X. O'Brien: "Yes, I loved a girl once, and she made a perfect fool of me."

Cameron: "Some girls *do* make a lasting impression, don't they?"

Prof.: "Smith, you used to be a 'shining light' in class 'till you began to go 'out' at night. Now, you needn't 'flare up,' because I'm warning you that you'll be 'turned down' in the finals."

Boarder: "There is a good deal to be learned from the busy bee."

Student: "Yes, I got a few *points* myself last summer."

Regis Guthrie (Fresh) has been seen in a certain locality quite often of late. We wonder why he goes. "Bett-y" won't tell.

Marinaro: "I read a great deal about the Great American Desert. What is that 'Great American Desert?'"

Boarder: "'The Great American Dessert' is prunes."

"Hoooo—hum!!! Au Revoir."

Mike and Ike, they Look—Different.

English Prof.: "The character of Horatio can be summed up in one word,—Intolerance."

Prof. (two weeks later in Orals): "McCaffrey, what one word will sum up the character of Horatio?"

James McCaffrey: "Intemperance."

Tony Vicari didn't try for any basketball team, but has now accumulated a winning five in his "17 collar quintet". "Pud" Welsh, very prominent around the waist, will have a chance to display his coaching wares. Positions in the trenches to be thusly distributed: Griffen, stationary center; Vitullo and Vicari, to foil the enemies' shots; Redinger, and another not too backward, to play forward, will hunt the inside of the ring.

All teams of weighty reputation, (250-pound class), Civil and Spanish War Veterans, are invited to play four-minute quarters, with quarter rests of fifteen, and half rests of thirty minutes.

JOSEPH CAMERON, '22.



Alumni.

AT THE annual meeting of the Duquesne University Club, the following were admitted to membership: F. M. Hoffman, '16; W. J. Turley, '20, and Messrs. Rieland, Ward, Gujsky and Watterson of the class of 1921. The Club held its annual outing at Idlewood.

At its regular December meeting, the members acted favorably upon several applications for admission submitted by members of the Senior class. In January, the Club held its first

monthly luncheon for members. Judging by the enthusiasm and appetite displayed by those who attended, this idea promises to develop into something big. The entertainment committee is now making preparations for another bowling party.

DR. MICHAEL A. HODGSON, '16, honor man in his graduating class in the Jefferson School of Medicine, Philadelphia, has opened an office for practice, at 2840 W. Liberty Avenue, Dormont. We wish him a liberal patronage.

LEO J. MCGLINCHHEY, Esq., Law, '19, recently announced the opening of his office at 524 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh. When in trouble, consult him.

JOHN M. BOISSOU has severed his relations with the P. R. R., and now represents the New York Life Insurance Co., at 901 Diamond Bank Building.

It gives us much pleasure to reprint the following paragraphs contained in *Banking in Los Angeles*, as they bring into relief the business ability of G. EDWARD CURRAN, formerly distinguished in the class-room, in the debating society, and on the stage :

"Mr. Curran went with the Government soon after leaving the Duquesne University. He was at the Phillipine Islands serving the United States Government for two and a half years, where he saw vast possibilities for foreign trade and foreign exchange. After he resigned his position, he took a business tour around the world, and for six months studied trade conditions in Asia and Europe, and saw vast trade opportunities for America. He was in the mercantile business in Pittsburgh for ten years, after which he came to the National City Bank in Chicago, and took charge of the foreign trade department, which position he resigned, to assume the same duties for the Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles.

"Mr. Curran is perfectly familiar with the intricate details of foreign exchange, exporting and importing business, and his services in this department should be highly valued by the patrons of the Commercial National Bank.

The pamphlet prints a picture of Mr. Curran. The years that have intervened since we saw him last have left no traces of their passage on his features.

WALTER F. PATTERSON, graduate of the commercial department of 1889, has been heard from. He is a general contractor

specializing in shaft-sinking, heavy block work, bridge masonry, and all kinds of concrete work. He has offices in Welch, W. Va., and Waverly, O. He was favorably impressed with Dr. Coakley's ('03) article in the January issue of *The Catholic World*, "Preaching the Gospel by Wireless." He has decided to install an outfit so that he may "listen in." He will get more than the worth of his money.

We notice with much satisfaction that LEO A. McMULLEN has been taken into partnership with John T. Comes, an architect of national reputation. Mr. Comes writes: "His services and loyalty in the cause of Catholic art and architecture for these many years have been a source of gratification to me, and I feel in duty bound to acknowledge this service in a practical way." Previously Mr. McMullen had been an assistant in Mr. Comes's office.

After graduating in our science class, CLEMENT J. LAND devoted himself for a time to architecture. He found a broader field for his talent and energy as a salesman, and subsequently as an organizer in their Chicago office, for the Miller Saw Trimmer Co. He found in our alumnus Paul C. Dunlevy, vice-president and treasurer, a sympathetic friend and wise counsellor, and he had little difficulty in disposing of numbers of the self-feeding printing presses, of which the company for which he worked, had the sole rights. Emboldened by his experience and success, and possessor of a handsome capital amassed in the course of business, Clement entered into an alliance with his uncle, and organized the Technical Publicity Company, with offices in the Apollo Building. He is now engaged in planning the advertising campaigns for some of our largest steel enterprises. If intelligence, energy, broad vision, fertile imagination, and refreshing aggressiveness count for achievement, Clement will command success in his new field of activites.

The Butler Oil Sales Co., producers and refiners of their own oil, has an able representative in its chief stockholder, RAYMOND W. LITZINGER. He finds a ready sale for "Pennsylvania Bruin Petroleum Products." His home is at 3047 Merwyn Avenue, Sheraden. He is the happy father of nine children; the boys he intends to send to Duquesne, when sufficiently advanced to enter the Academic department.

We note with unusual satisfaction that our alumnus,

MAYOR WILLIAM A. MAGEE, has thought fit to honor some of our Duquesne men with public office. The Vice-Dean of our Law School, JOHN E. LAUGHLIN, LL. D., '20, has been appointed Assistant City Solicitor; a like honor has been conferred on H. STEWART DUNN, Law, '15. FRED H. DENGLER, 2104 Eccles Street, graduate of the commercial department in '89, has been named City Assessor. Fred has filled some important offices since he bade adieu to the class-room; he was book-keeper in the auditing office of the Philadelphia Co. He was in the Sheriff's office for four years, and of late was associated with the law firm of Gray, Thompson and Rose. He is director of the Lyman Building and Loan Association, and is connected with several civic bodies. We congratulate these gentlemen on the confidence they have inspired in their various offices, and we are confident that they will grace the offices to which they have been nominated.

After an absence of nearly thirty years, H. J. SCHULTZ visited the old school early in January. He informs us that the world has used him handsomely in the meantime. He is a stockholder in the F. D. Schultz and Company, Candy Manufacturers, Erie, Pa. He enquired affectionately about his professors and classmates of former years.

After an absence of nearly twenty years from Pittsburgh, THOMAS MULLEN paid us a visit in January. Football enthusiasts will remember that Tom was our most popular gridiron star at a time when we could boast one of the leading aggregations in the country—a team that ranked with the Duquesne County and Athletic Club squad, composed of men that had made in previous years their mark in the elevens of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell and Chicago. Tom was a born player; at the age of sixteen, he qualified for 'Varsity football, and when his four years of brilliant records were completed, he sadly doffed his football accoutrements. The long interval since he has spent in familiarizing himself with the oil business and in organizing terminals and building equipments for the Texas and Atlantic Oil Companies. When he called here he was on his way to Denver, Col., to represent the Petroleum Iron Works Co., of Sharon, Pa. He may be located there for the next two or three years.

REV. JAMES A. RILEY, C. S. Sp., '01, for many years novice master at the Holy Ghost Seminary, Ferndale, Conn., has been appointed to the very responsible position of Superior of that important nursery of the Congregation. He replaces Rev. Byrne, C. S. Sp., S. T. D., called to Ireland to take charge of Blackrock College, one of the most successful colleges administered by the Holy Ghost Fathers. We wish Father Riley God's choicest blessings in the discharge of his onerous and meritorious duties.

J. GRIFFITH, '08, has been elected Service Director of Dennison, Ohio. He has entered on his duties, and is the first to hold that position, as Dennison attained city rank only on the first of January, this year.

MICHAEL J. McGURK, of Swissvale, who attended the high school classes here from 1909 to 1913, and completed the Freshman year of the College Course in 1914, entertained us with an interesting account of his active service in France during the war. He fought in the Argonne and at St. Mihiel; in the latter engagement he was gassed, and has since been recuperating from the evil effects superinduced. He has entered Carnegie Tech with the purpose of qualifying as an electrical engineer.

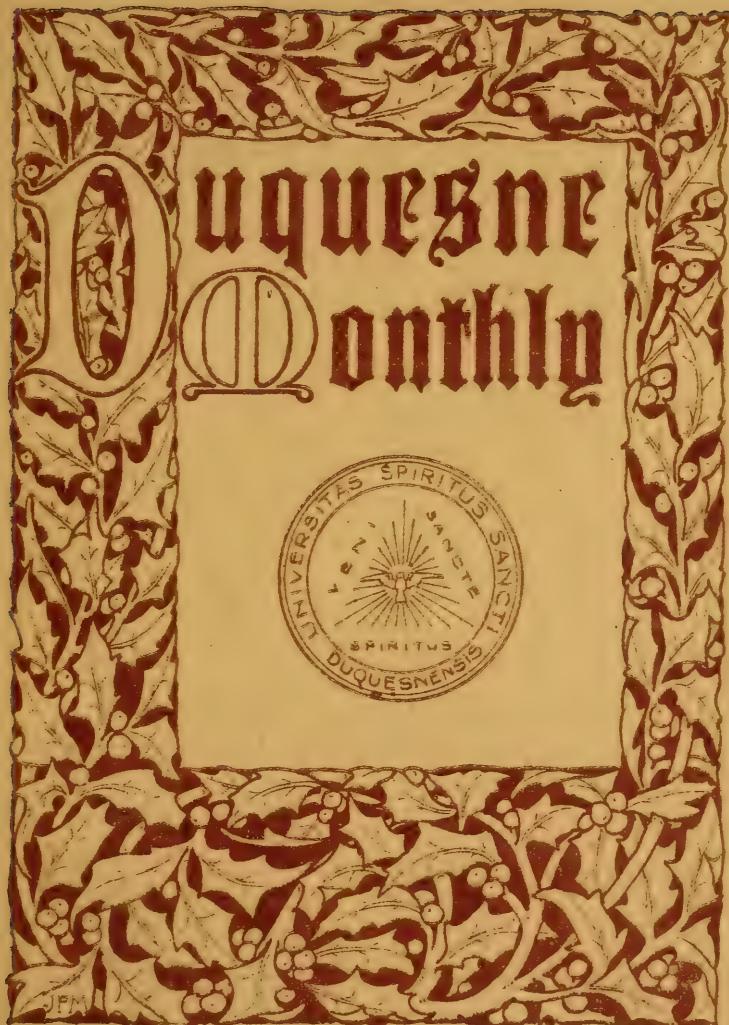
VINCENT RIELAND and REGIS WEHRHEIM, of last year's graduating class, are registered in the Major Course at St. Vincent Seminary and aspire to the doctorate in theology. We wish them success.

Obituary.

We mourn the death of LAWRENCE M. HEYL, one of our oldest and most popular alumni. His remains were laid to rest from Holy Rosary Church, December 12th. Father McDermott represented the University, and was Master of Ceremonies at the solemn high Mass of Requiem. *R. I. P.*

**E. A. ZEPFEL
Distributor of Oak Grove Butter**

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NO. 6



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M A R C H , 1 9 2 2



C O N T E N T S

Ireland	MICHAEL F. COLEMAN	167
A Restorer of Happiness	VINCENT SMITH	168
Why St. Thomas?	J. F. C.	170
Humm's Most Difficult Case	VINCENT SMITH	173
Characteristics of the Celtic Faith	179
The Daze of Ancient Rome	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	182
 Editorial: —		
Pope Pius XI	187
Loyalty	JOHN L. IMHOFF	187
Faults Reflected	188
Sign of the Time	189
Chronicle	190
Athletics	194

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIX.

MARCH, 1922

Number 6.

Ireland.

Up from the depths of your dark despair,
Up from your ocean of tears,
Up from the shackles that held you there,
In your prison cell for years.

Up from your dismal and sleepless bed,
Up from your haunting dreams,
Up from the graves of your nameless dead,
And see how your life's blood teems.

Up from regrets for a greater gain,
Up from your groaning and fears,
Up from the torture of sickly pain,
To where ruddy health appears.

Up from your stormy, cheerless night,
Up from your cold anguish too,
Up from the taint of contention's blight,
To where shines a star for you.

Up, do not rest, you must battle still,
With your heart, your Faith and your might,
For Patrick, Bridget and Columcille,
For freedom, for peace and right.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



A Restorer of Happiness.

THE recent death of Pope Benedict XV. has caused numerous writers to review his life and character. On the deaths of other men, it is commonly necessary to observe the charitable principle, that nothing but good be said of them; in this case, it is impossible to say anything but good. Benedict's gentleness, charity and sincerity have endeared him to all men. A noted American visitor to the Vatican once described his face as the most beautiful and impressive he had ever seen. That glowing countenance was merely an outward sign of the deep and sincere spiritual life behind it. All the Pope's acts showed his unconstrained and impartial love of mankind. Truly he deserved the broad influence in world affairs which was his during his last years.

He will probably in the future, be best remembered for his magnanimous efforts to reconcile the belligerent nations and to safeguard the welfare of their peoples during the great war. His assistance in hastening the arrival of peace in Ireland will find a place in histories to come. Although not so well known as it might be, his service in that regard is being recalled with gratitude by many Irishmen to-day.

It was in May, 1921, that Benedict addressed to Cardinal Logue, primate of all Ireland, a letter outlining the plan which was later followed in reaching an amicable settlement of Anglo-Irish difficulties. In his epistle he exhorted the opposing forces to cease from the "frenzy of strife," and to "consider whether the time has not arrived to abandon violence and treat for a mutual agreement." He suggested a meeting of the leaders, in which a spirit of determination to make a peace pleasing to both sides should prevail. Events of a few months later proved by the efficacy of just such a convention the wisdom of his words. One can readily believe that his mediation made easy the path to reconciliation, and that the means suggested by him made one path the common choice of both parties. Surely every Irishman, and, indeed, every lover of human peace and happiness, owes to the late Pope a debt of grateful veneration for the lives his intervention has spared, the misery his solicitude has forestalled, and the contentment his anxiety has made possible.

An eminent example of the Pope's beneficent war activities was his intercession in behalf of the wounded, and of all others incapable of military service, held captive in hostile lands. At his request the contending Powers agreed to exchange all citizens of enemy countries within their boundaries who were by age or condition unsuitable for active army duty. Many thousands of

inhabitants of districts overrun in the early months of the war were by this agreement enabled to reach their own countrymen and to exist in circumstances far happier than those of their former homes. How easy it is to picture the dazed peasant families leaving their devastated acres, their shoulders drooping, their features drawn in numbed agony! And how easy to see them bewildered by the heart-warming reception of their compatriots, the first flicker of returning hope brightening their despairing visages! Even then, in the apparent loss of all their happiness, they must have felt an affection for the loving little man in Rome who had successfully striven to alleviate their suffering and to mitigate their pain.

But to the wounded prisoners of war the action of Benedict brought far more instantaneous joy than to these poor derelicts of the storm. What solace must it not have been to the torn and captured victim of the battlefield to know that he would again see his home and would complete his convalescence within its loving walls! To those who would have lingered in prison hospitals, only to die of broken hearts, the promise of return to their homes, as soon as they gained sufficient strength, was the instigator of happy thoughts and consequent recuperation. Who that has not experienced it can conceive the over-flowing happiness of the wounded veteran and of his family on the day of his return?

Another evidence of Benedict's charity during the war was his establishment of an international bureau for the tracing of missing soldiers. At his own expense he maintained a central office at Rome, with its branches in Fribourg and Vienna, employing in all about two hundred persons. Through these offices separated soldiers were brought into communication with their families and were given physical and moral aid. Benedict himself read hundreds of the letters which poured in and gave advice in thousands of cases. Many a grieving mother and anxious son have been relieved of worry through the exertions of his staff.

Benedict XV. said that he observed three principles in whatever he did during the time of war. They were: "a real impartiality among the warring nations," "an earnest striving to be of the greatest service to all," and "sturdy effort to secure peace and good-will among nations." Certainly they are excellent guides for a loving father of men, and a guardian of their happiness. Benedict XV. was a man whom all the world can mourn. May there be more like him!

VINCENT SMITH, '24.

But, Why Saint Thomas?

THIS question has been asked not unfrequently of late years, asked by men of more than ordinary mental acumen, asked by Catholics who have heard of the saint of Aquinas, and asked by theologians whose duty it is to instruct in things pertaining to God.

One who has followed closely the history of the Church, who has studied the mentality and ideals of our great Popes, will find a ready answer to the questions. It would seem that after the eulogy of Pius X. on the Angelic Doctor, July, 1914, it would scarcely be possible to add any more jewels to the crown of St. Thomas' glory. Nevertheless, Pope Benedict XV., placing the seal on the utterances of his predecessors of seven centuries, has crowned them all. In the new Code of Canon Law—the norma and measure of everything pertaining to the Church's teaching and discipline—St. Thomas is chosen as the official teacher of the clergy. Professors are commended to impart the spirit, principles and teachings of Aquinas to all the students of philosophy and theology in religious and secular seminaries. Moreover, they are to hold his lessons in pious veneration. This advice, expressed in the official organ of the Universal Church, is given in Canon 589, and reiterated in Canon 1366.

These two Canons, so concisely expressing the official mind of the Church, sum up the utterances of the Popes of seven centuries, since the death of St. Thomas. As the years go on, these utterances become more forceful; and thus, in keeping with the needs of the age, we find Leo XIII. and Pius X. loud in their praises of the Angelic Doctor. Their praises represent so many recommendations, invitations, exhortations, formal commands, addressed at one time to the Church, at another to individuals; now, to certain regions; again to religious families.

Whatever doubt might have existed till now, as to the place of St. Thomas in the Church's mind, it must, of necessity, cede its place to unwavering certainty; from among all her Doctors and Fathers, and saints, Holy Church wished to have one teacher who would be a standard, a model and an official witness, authoritative champion, unerring guide, and unbiased defender of her doctrines, morals and faith; and from among them all, I repeat, she with whom the Holy Ghost abides forever, chose St. Thomas of Aquinas. In her official legislation, where there is question of providing the best training for religious and secular seminaries, she names one teacher, and only one—St. Thomas. His methods, his principles, his doctrines must rule the class-room; professors receive a formal command, which they

must, moreover, obey, as a bounden and a sacred duty. This is a sublime fact, and one towards which the Church was moving for centuries. She may, at various times, have sounded the praises of other luminaries in the firmament of theological lore, but she never ordered that they be a *norma* or rule of teaching. She never heretofore imposed any one author on professors, one whom they must follow, irrespective of the opinions of teachings of other Doctors. The Church recommended St. Thomas because, even when compared with the best, his method, principles and doctrines have a very special value.

His method has this characteristic: it effects a harmonious blending of faith and reason. When all the other great teachers of the Church shall have received the due measure of praise for services rendered, that shall be the outstanding feature of the teaching of St. Thomas. It shall be his title to an undying name, a lasting place in the history of the benefactors of the Church. It is clear that if reason has no regard for faith, man's mind must necessarily fall into many a deep pit of error, since, without the guiding light of the super-natural, our intellect is more inclined to feed upon the tares of error, than on the full ears of truth. If other writers before St. Toomas tried to harmonize reason and faith, no one, as Leo XIII. says, practiced the method with such perfection, as did Aquinas.

There is another point of excellence in the method of St. Thomas. Theology is the science of faith; and is replenished from the undying fountain of sacred Scripture, and the decisions of general councils. It does not confine itself to proposing truths for belief, it scrutinizes them, studies them, tests them at the touchstones of reason and history. It is the theologian who chisels the precious stones of divine dogma, arranges them artistically, and, by the frame in which he places them, brings out their beauty, brilliancy and charm. Here St. Thomas is a past master, and here he has never been equalled. In one of his writings he shows the superiority of this method to the purely positive one. He takes nothing for granted. Every divine word is analyzed, and even of the mysteries themselves, he insists on knowing whatever the human intellect can know. Every article is a finished work; there is no going back, no half-treatments. He touches a question, finishes it, and passes on. Well could Pope John XXII., a few days before the canonization of St. Thomas, say that Aquinas performed as many miracles as he wrote articles in his "Summa," meaning that each one was a work of perfection. Is it any wonder, then, that the Popes should

insist on professors explaining St. Thomas to students in philosophy and theology?

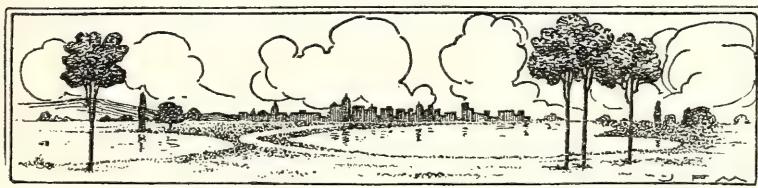
If there is one thing more than another for which a professor is to be commended, it is clearness of expression, or simplicity in his turn of phrases. Now, anyone can understand St. Thomas, who understands the language of his time. Pius X. paid our saint no small honor when he said: "It is a great consolation, after having ploughed through pages and pages of voluminous works, to return to Thomas and find him telling you in simple and plain language that which you had sought in vain from others."

St. Thomas is recommended for the excellence of his doctrine. Leo XIII., speaking of this, says: He is a sun that has heated the universe by the ardor of his virtue and filled it to overflowing with the splendor of his teaching. He left no realm of philosophy or theology unsearched, but penetrated with the keenness of his genius, the laws of reasoning, the things of God and incorporeal creation. In philosophy he knew but one master—Aristotle—and with his aid he left no branch of human knowledge untouched, and touched every branch with a skill all his own. His writings are composed of reason and faith, the most sane reason and the most simple faith. And he who possesses the writings of St. Thomas, possesses in their absolute integrity and unshadowed purity, all revealed truths. No other mind penetrated so profoundly the data of Scripture and the testimony of tradition as did St. Thomas. In an outburst of admiration, John XXII. said of him: "He illumined the Church more than all the other Doctors;" and Leo XIII., "His 'Summa' is an ocean of knowledge, containing the learning of all the past ages, and doctors and all tradition."

The writings of St. Thomas are invested with another character marking their perfection as absolutely unique. The Angelic Doctor contemplates his conclusions in the very principles of things, principles and conclusions which open up new fields and discover far-encircling horizons of knowledge that will weigh in due season, and will bring forth abundant fruit under the action of the masters that will follow. What, in effect, can be more illuminating than his teaching on the nature of the human soul, its dependence on the outer world, his philosophy of being, accident and substance. These are the summit points of his teaching, or the deep principles on which his teachings are built.

It follows that St. Thomas merits the honor in which he is held by the Church as the unequalled Doctor, whose principles impose themselves on the thinking mind. The new Code makes him the property of the Church. Other schools may have their doctors, but St. Thomas belongs to the Universal Church. It is only by following one teacher, the one whom the Church proposes, that there can be unity in the Church taught as in the Church teaching. Around St. Thomas all must rally. When the formally expressed wishes shall have been obeyed, there is no doubt but that a doctrinal unity will follow. On that day, under the leadership of of one man—St. Thomas—from the schools of theology, those centers of doctrinal formation, the Church can proudly hope for a bulwark against the ever-flowing tide of error, and an impregnable defense of the Catholic belief.

J. F. C.



Humm's Most Difficult Case.

IN the thirteen hundred block of West Fortieth Street is the orderly residence of Mr. Shylock Humms, the famous detective and dealer in foul murder and intricate crime of all kinds. It has been the lot of me, Dr. Whatson (called Doctor because I possess a diploma of undoubted authenticity, denoting me a dentist), to have the light of my own genius obscured by that of the criminologist, whose quarters I share and whose name I celebrate. However, I can bear my unjust obscurity with equanimity, since by his prowess my partner earns me a good livelihood and lessens the monotony of my unlaboring days.

Humms has distinguished himself in such a multitude of complex cases that it is difficult to decide just which one required the greatest display of profound knowledge and keen intelligence. But, as I look back over the days spent in the aroma of his stronger-than-the-strongest pipe, there rises before me, as perhaps the most startling evidence of his ability, his investigation of A. B. Spareribs' death.

On a fine spring morning, while I was lying on the couch counting the figures on the wall paper and Humms was busy injecting cocaine into his notorious left wrist, there was a great clatter of some one ascending the stairs, and our door burst open as though before a hurricane. The red face of the unhesitating entrant worked with effort as he tried to control his breath, and speak.

"A. B. Spareribs has been murdered!" he blurted at last.

"Do tell!" said I sarcastically from my nonchalant position on the couch. His rude entrance had somewhat irritated me.

Our visitor drew up his dignity, and wrapped it around him while he regarded me with a cold eye.

"Whatson, don't be rude," Humms interposed.

His majesty, appeased, spoke again.

"A. B. Spareribs has been murdered."

"When and by whom?" I asked.

"Don't you read the papers?"—with inexpressible scorn.

"They're printed for such as you," I smartly retorted. I always was unbeaten at repartee.

"Perhaps you can't read," the beefy boor flung back unabashed. One can't touch some people.

I rose from the couch.

"Gentlemen, let us have peace," Humms intervened. "Whatson, I want you to meet my friend, Captain Winde of the detective bureau."

Peace was restored, as Humms desired, and Captain Winde immediately proceeded to exemplify his name. Several times I felt like suggesting to him that he be briefer and more to the point; but I feared that any criticism of mine would make it appear that his insulting remarks of a few moments before had aroused my ire, whereas they had not at all. I pride myself upon always keeping my self-control.

In order not to tire the reader I shall condense the Captain's story.

It appeared that the night before, A. B. Spareribs, the prosperous and erratic pork packer, had been murdered in the bedroom of his residence at Lipstick, ten miles outside the city. His only servant, a female housekeeper, had received no answer when she called him that morning. Alarmed by his silence she had called in two men, and with their assistance had broken through the door. The three of them had found Spareribs lying dead in his bed, with a bullet wound in his temple. Leaving

everything as they found it, they had summoned detectives from the city, Captain Winde at their head. The detectives had found not a single clue. They now turned to the famous Humms as their only hope, and, as they had touched nothing, they hoped that he would be able to find a trace of the murderer where they had failed. When the Captain finished his elucidation, Humms thoughtfully delivered himself thus:

"It is evidently a case of the greatest difficulty. However, we shall see what we can do."

And, having collected his magnifying glass, checkered cap, and meerschaum pipe, he led us down to the street. There he mechanically waved to a cab, and we sped away to Lipstick. When we alighted, Humms found that he had forgotten his purse. Captain Winde paid the bill. Humms was wont to show his intelligence in more ways than one.

Spareribs' residence, a great square mansion, stood in the center of a large lot, with a combined stable and garage at a little distance on one side. Humms gave it a close scrutiny by moving up and down the walk and looking at it with one eye shut. He then adjusted his cap and ordered to be taken to the room.

We were led through a dark hall and up a broad stairway. At the left we entered the bedroom. Upon the bed lay Spareribs himself, dead, so far as I could determine, from the effects of being shot. Humms examined everything carefully and used his glass with great effect. In one of the bureau drawers he came upon a thick, heavy book, bound in leather and stamped with the word "Diary" in gold.

"This is very valuable, Whatson," he said, handing it to me. "I want you to read it with care. We shall probably find here the motive for the crime."

Then he summoned the housekeeper, and asked her to relate her part in the discovery of the murder. She repeated it much as Captain Winde had told it to us. When she had ended, Humms once again proved his ability at gaining essential information.

"Have you noticed anything peculiar about the room this morning?" he asked.

"Why, yes, now you mention it, I did think it strange that the window was shut. Mr. Spareribs always liked to sleep with it open."

Instantly Humms leaped to the window and inspected it

minutely through his glass. Then he carefully raised it and leaned out. After a moment's study he drew in his head and marched down stairs. Captain Winde and I followed.

"Remain here," he commanded us when we reached the porch, and he himself went softly across the lawn toward the stable, and around the corner of the house until he came beneath Spareribs' window. I leaned over the end rail of the porch and watched him. He examined the ground intently and began going over it in ever-widening circles with the glass. After half an hour of patient effort he came to the porch in a huff and called the housekeeper.

"When was the grass cut?" he snapped.

"This morning, sir. Peterson, he's the man as does it, he had started before I found out about the murder, and he was one of the men helped me to break in the door. After that he went right ahead and finished; for he said he had been paid for the month, and he was going to work it out, murder or no murder."

"O—ho!" said Humms with a knowing look. "So that explains it, does it?"

"What?" I asked.

He deigned to turn in my direction; but I was so far beneath him that he could not see me.

"Is there a ladder about the place?" he inquired.

"Why, yes," she said, "there is one in the shop above the stable. I'll get you the key."

We crossed the lawn and went up to the shop by an outside staircase. Within there was a carpenter's bench with tools, a pile of lumber, a lawn mower, and a ladder lying along one wall. Humms examined the bottom of the ladder. Damp mud still clung there. He glanced at the lawn mower. The blades were covered with moist grass. Humms went up to the window facing the house and stared; out I followed him. The sun shIning in the window of his room clearly showed to us, not more than eighty feet away, the white face of Spareribs and the dark blotch on his temple.

We returned to the house and to the room of the unnaturally deceased. Humms again called the housekeeper.

"Was this electric light burning when you entered the room this morning?" he questioned her.

By George! The electric light was lit. I had never noticed the fact in the bright daylight.

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, by the way," he continued insinuatingly, as the woman was about to depart, "do you ever have fresh game in this house?"

"Yes," she answered, "Peterson often brings us some in season."

"I see. So he is a hunter, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, and quite a shot, too. He won a medal in the Rockyroad Tournament last year."

"Oh, thank you." Humms donned his most ingratiating smile. "Will you fix up some sort of package, it doesn't matter of what, and send it to my address with Peterson to-morrow afternoon? Please do not mention that we have been here."

"All right, sir," she said, "I'll see that he goes without knowing."

We returned to our lodgings.

The next morning, while diligently reading the ponderous "Diary", I was interrupted by Humms.

"How is it going?" he asked.

"Terribly, terribly," I replied. "It is not a diary at all. The poor man evidently tried to write a novel and made a horrible mess of it. I have read a lot of magazine stories, but none quite so bad as this."

"Oh, is that so?" said Humms, apparently somewhat annoyed by the information. "Then we shall not find the motive for the crime there after all. However, keep on reading it. We shall have the murderer here this afternoon."

"The murderer?" I gasped amazed.

"Yes, Peterson," came the laconic reply.

"Why—why, how's that?"

"Plain as day." He smiled indulgently. "Peterson, either in order to avenge a wrong done him or to get some money which Spareribs may have left him in his will, shot his employer from the shop window, using a silencer, just after the latter had raised his window and got into bed. Then, in order to distract the police, he carried over the ladder, climbed it, and closed the window. He was mowing the lawn in order to cover his tracks. But I discovered the two indentations of the ladder beneath the window. After that it was easy."

In a daze I continued to read the "diary" and await the arrival of Peterson. Our landlady brought up the lunch, and I nibbled at it distractedly. The novel of the dead packer grew worse as it went on. At length the doorbell rang. Trembling

with anticipation of the dramatic scene about to take place, I hastily turned over the few remaining pages to see, before Peterson would be shown up, how the botch of words and characters would end. I finished the last paragraph just as Peterson was ushered in by the landlady. I rose in an excited state and cried out,

"Humms, before—."

"Please be silent," he snapped, "I'll attend to this."

He tossed the package, which Peterson had brought to me, and I nervously undid it while I awaited an opportunity to speak again. He seated the newcomer and genially inquired of him if he knew anything about the murder which one saw by the papers had been committed out at Lipstick.

My eyes riveted on Humms and Peterson, I had finished unwrapping the parcel, and now, in my nervousness, its contents slipped to the floor with a loud bang. Humms glanced at them irritably, and then darted over and picked them up—a small, pearl-handled revolver and a note. I read the note over his shoulder.

"Dear sir: I found this under the bed this morning when cleaning the room after the undertaker moved the body. Mr. Spareribs had had it for some time. I often saw it when arranging his room.

Elizabeth Harkins."

Then I seized the diary-novel and held the last paragraph before his eyes. Dazedly he read it.

"To whom it may concern:

"I have read over the novel which it has taken me a year to write. As a novelist, I am beyond all hope. Therefore, I am plunged into deep despair, and I bid the world a glad farewell. A—ha! do I see the shades of Cervantes, Defoe, and Scott welcoming me? Adieu, adieu!"

A. B. Spareribs."

"P. S. Please refer to me as a novelist and not as a pork packer on my tombstone."

Humms opened the little gun. It contained one discharged and three loaded shells. Weakly he sat down and smiled a sickly smile at Peterson.

"How, how," he asked him, "how did you happen to take that ladder over to Spareribs' window?"

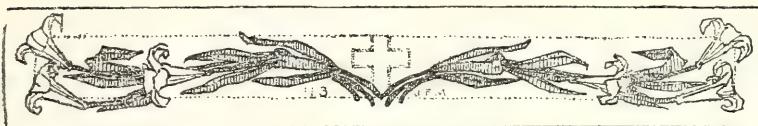
It was Peterson's turn to be surprised. He grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, are you a detective?" he said.

"He is," I answered, "almost."

"Well," Peterson bashfully explained, "when I took the lawn-mower up to the shop and saw Mr. Spareribs' window right across, I sort of felt like having another look at him. I knew Harkins, the housekeeper, wouldn't let me go up to the room again. So I just sneaked the ladder over and clumb up it and took a peep."

VINCENT SMITH.



Characteristics of Celtic Faith.

ALTHOUGH the dogmas of the Catholic Church are the same for all—rich and poor, prince and peasant, learned and unlettered, it is nevertheless true, that national characteristics are never more pronounced than in the spiritual side of a people's life. Teresa and Gertrude, Francis of Sales and Colmcille, were essentially racial types, although fellow-citizens of a world-wide Church.

What are the traits of the Catholic Gael? They are: Patriotism, Intense Catholicity, Asceticism, Aloofness and Grasp of Essentials.

Owing to historic causes, the first two are so entwined in Ireland as to be inseparable. The identifications of these two notions has given an intimate and personal touch to our religious feelings. We have not a dislike for foreigners. It is almost impossible for an English Catholic, to regard unreservedly as children of the same household, people who differ from him in race, language and customs. Many Catholics of other nationalities will want a priest of their own race before they become "practical." The Irish attitude is different from this. It never occurs to us to think that customs different from our own are necessarily inferior, and a Mass is a Mass, no matter who reads it. We are strangely an adaptable race and can form close friendships and lasting ties with any Catholic. As long as he is a Catholic, we hail the German, French, Italian and American as a comrade. We feel the reality of the Communion of Saints; we

feel that we are fellow-citizens of the household of the faith. The Gael is truly Catholic in his Religion. To make sure of his ground, he has inherited from Patrick himself—"As ye are children of Christ," says Ireland's Apostle, "be ye also children of Rome." No amount of persecution, no false representation, no connivance of insidiary foe, has been able to effect a rupture between the Irish Church and Rome. The successors of Peter have never had occasion to repress a heresy or schism in the Green Isle; they have had many an occasion to laud Irish faith, Irish sympathy, Irish union, Irish aid to Rome's cause, and the cause of the Catholic Church.

The Irish as a race, whilst being friendly to strangers, are intensely reserved concerning their deeper feelings. There is an austere note also in their character. Our affections are so sacred that they are undemonstrative. Where is conjugal fidelity or parental and filial affection stronger than in Ireland? Yet near relatives among us, not only refrain from lavishing caresses on each other in public, but scarcely use terms of endearment to one another in presence of a third person. Above all, they are shy in showing to the world what should be sacred to two hearts alone. The spirit of the race does not certainly lack affection, for the spirit of a nation is enshrined in its language and the Gaelic is a treasure house of enchanting words of love; yet that same spirit does not think that a hotel drawing room or a public promenade is a suitable place for demonstrations of affection.

This social aloofness is still more pronounced as regards the spiritual life of the Irish people. Our religious life is the least demonstrative of all peoples. Continental Europe might look upon us as pagans. Visit Cologne, Munich, Fribourg on the feast of Corpus Christi; the cities seem all aglow with exterior demonstrations of love for Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Visit Cork or Limerick on a similar occasion, and you will find little, if any evidence, of an exoteric religious feeling. The only reason I can see, is that the very subjects on which we feel most intensely, is that which we hide in a locked chamber of our hearts, and God alone holds the key.

To realize the depth of Irish spirituality, we must consider what Ireland has suffered for the faith. Ireland was robbed of all save honor; nobles were made poverty-stricken exiles; eager minds were condemned to restless ignorance; mothers saw their children starve to death or hoisted on the points of bloody spears; priests were hunted down like wolves. The question was put to

our forefathers pointedly: Will you accept English culture, theology and ethics, or cling to your own and die? The Irish nation made its choice, chose to suffer until having confessed Christ before men, Christ would confess them before His Father in Heaven. It has had its Calvary, its Good Friday which an Easter Sunday never fails to follow. Ireland has borne the wounds of Jesus Christ, and she is emerging from the ordeal, undebased and unbrutalized but still looking upwards, still striving for higher things.

The grasp of essentials, as a national trait is due to historic causes; for the temperament of the race is rather inclined to go off in side-issues and waste energies over mere trifles. Sufferings and persecutions have made our people dispense with non-essentials; for them it "was the mass that mattered," and in religion they easily dispensed with the "trimmings." The result is that we are spared a host of new devotions, and our attention has been focussed at the altar. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and then to the Blessed Mother, have ever been and, please God, will ever be the hall-mark of Irish Catholicity. These two devotions made saints. Under their influence lives of really heroic virtue have been led, and are still led by those whose hands we have clasped, and whose friendship and affection we have had the honor to enjoy. The sainted ones of our race in early days shine like stars in the firmament, their glory blazes down the ages. But since the shadow of the penal days fell over Ireland, sanctity has flourished there by stealth, and a note of secrecy has crept into our people's fervor. It is only when the scrolls of time are finished, and those of Eternity are unrolled, that the hidden holiness of Ireland will be revealed.

Character is more important than achievement. What we are matters more than what we do. If we keep in mind the traits of the Catholic Gael, we will arrive at an understanding of the inner lives of our forefathers, and whilst people "show forth their wisdom and the Church declares their praise;" we, too, may "follow in the wake of the heroes."



The Daze of Ancient Rome.

[CONCLUDED]

II.

With a bellow that would have shamed an explosion in a whispering gallery, Quartus charged out of the room, donned a set of sheet-iron goloshes, and headed for the "Tiber Roadhouse" of Bongius in his seventeen-zebra chariot, running down praetorian traffic cops, senators, women, and children indiscriminately. Had it not been for the dust screen he raised, he would have been given a month in the works for appearing in public minus that vital section of toga that had remained between the ivories of the cur of Semper Plenus. As it was, no one could lay an optic on his license tag, and he pursued his way undisturbed. The gods were with him again—for awhile at least.

Quartus landed at Bongius's on one wheel, but otherwise himself. He parked his chariot in a bed of imported *mauve* geraniums, leaving the zebras to amuse themselves by watching the water-snakes disport in the drinking fountain, and galloped up the three hundred and twenty-six to the mezzanine floor of the booze palace. With a flying leap he knocked down eleven African waiters, brushed aside the expectant coat girl, and sent Bongius himself sprawling into a tray full of tomato bouillon.

As he reached the entrance of the crowded main salon, he paused to get the lay of the land. He gazed about him. Socrates, the famous saxaphone soloist, with his "Greek Philosophy Phive"—specializing Plato, the banjo-hound, and Aristotle, the didactical drummer—was murdering the latest from the "Collies of Ziegfeldius", as the popular annual Roman dog show was called. Plato's book had blown shut, leaving him stranded in the middle of the massacre so that he had to start in on "The Shriek", the only piece he knew off by heart. Socrates was greatly distressed and was swearing frightfully in the Peloponnesian dialect. Julius Caesar, more than half boiled, was vainly attempting to imitate the gyrations of Tyra, an oriental twister from the tough Capitoline district. Even as Quartus beheld, the toga of the Dictator slipped a safety pin and left Imperial Caesar arrayed in an ill-fitting suit of red flannel B. V. D.'s. He was promptly ejected by a pair of Macedonian bouncers. Horace and Virgil were arguing loudly concerning the desirability of turnips in horse-radish, a commodity to which the former had announced his intention of dashing off an ode. The shifty-eyed Cataline was busily cracking English walnuts within the vise-like grip of his muscular toes.

But all these figures of national prominence meant nothing to Bacterius the Elder now. His eyes were for his own son—and Vendeo Redopticuſ. He suddenly espied them beneath a table at the far side of the hall. Semper Plenus was noisely downing the contents of a bottle marked "Mosquito Lotion", rendering discordant strains of "Buy, Dear" in two flats between gurgles. With a roar the enraged parent charged across the room.

In a trice Erebus had broken loose. The shrill screams of women rent the unoffending air. Dignified profiteers in starched and pleated robes trampled each other in their haste to reach the tall uncut Socrates, thinking that the end of the world had come, tried to commit suicide by imbibing a dish of Worcestershire Sauce, which he fancied was a solution of hemlock juice, and, instead of dying peacefully, added to the general uproar, by hollering for the fire department. Cataline slunk out unnoticed, his pockets bulging with silverware. Poor Bongius, the aesthetic-souled proprietor, was in hysterics. His heart-piercing wails could be heard above all else. As a last resort he sent in eight riot calls. It was the first time in history that the law had been invited to the "Tiber Roadhouse".

Quartus opened direct hostilities by hurling a cut-glass tooth-pick holder at the head of Vendeo, but the latter hopped nimbly aside, and the costly vessel disintegrated upon the bald spot of M. Tullius Cicero who lay in a corner in a stupor. That worthy roused but long enough to drag a sheet of fly paper from a half-gallon hip pocket, and place it on the back of his neck, mumbling something about *insecta biteo*, then dropped back into the arms of Morpheus.

Meanwhile the battle raged. China was crashing right and left. Priceless mahogany furniture cracked and toppled and fell in ruins. A strong odor of mange cure pervaded the atmosphere, the result of the collision of a chair leg with Vendeo's vest-pocket "doctrine." It was as if the whole place had been tossed into Hellespont.

Before long Quartus found himself at a terrible disadvantage: he had swallowed both sets of false teeth in the first rush. Here was a calamity indeed! He was unable to bite his opponent at all. But luck was still with him; by means of his tin Oxfords he was enabled to kick a continuous tattoo on the Redoptic shins until the Imperial Reserves arrived two hours later.

The carnage ended then and there but the slaughter was

frightful. Both gladiators were richly decorated with catsup and Coleman's mustard. The shins of Vendeo RedopticuS were badly lacerated by Quartus's final onslaught, while the noble BacteriuS was compelled to remove numerous pieces of broken bottle from his eyebrow with the only pair of sugar-tongs left intact. No one could say which was the more completely soaked in "vin ordinaire".

The magnificent hall was an ungodly mess. Debris covered the floor. Badly decomposed bric-a-bac was strewn everywhere. Platinum pen-knives and ivory pickle-forks were scattered promiscuously amongst the ghastly remains. Bongius mourned loudly, calling down the wrath of the gods on the perpetrators of the deed.

Well, to abbreviate a painful story, the whole gang appeared before Julius Caesar the next morning to be judged. Julius was in the throes of a bad hangover. He was assisted to the bench with a large cake of ice draped aristically over his headache. A retinue of slaves followed him, bearing pitchers of water and wet towels. But despite the adverse conditions, the decision was brief and to the point: it was up to Quartus to build a new "Tiber Roadhouse" for Caesar to hunt *cerisé rhinoceri* in—his wife, Calpurnia, belonged to the S. P. C. A. and the Prohibitiones. In addition he was presented with two moons in the yegg-box to think over the architecture of the proposed structure. Vendeo RedopticuS got off as free as real estate in the *Oceanus Atlanticus*, except for his doctor bill and the price of a new bottle of mange cure. Semper Plenus had made a clean get-a-way, everyone thinking him part of the wreckage.

* * * * *

Sixty days elapsed. Quartus BacteriuS was again a free man after two months up the Tiber. But even so, he was in despair, his rival knew the precious formula. Though Quartus was off the rocks, business was on them. Unless something turned up and turned up soon, it would be back to the old "I am blind" game for the head of the house of BacteriuS. He could, of course, murder RedopticuS, but slaying a *benefactor publicus* [early Roman idiom, meaning boot-legger] was considered quite a crime in Rome, and the offender was usually the cause of an epidemic of acute indigestion amongst the lions in the Coliseum. It was a rough world!

As he passed down the Appia Drive, the prison pallor on his nose, and the Warden's wallet in his pocket, he looked like

nothing-to-live-for. But 'twas only the dark before the dawn. Already succor was on the way. The luck of Quartus Bacterius took the lead on the home stretch. Fortune in the garb of a small newsboy called the turn by thrusting a daily into his hand. He read mechanically, dully, not intending to buy.

Suddenly his face brightened and he emitted a whoop of exultation. *Vendo Redopticu*s had been fed to the gorillas for selling poison to the Dictator!** So overjoyed was Quartus that he slipped the lad a lead penny and allowed him to keep the change. The world was smiling again!

Elatedly he hurried homeward. Turning into the Palatine Boulevard, he ran into his own son and almost knocked him down. He would have made a better job of it, but Plenus was sober, and the father failed to recognize him at first. Instead of being angry, the youth smiled genially and extended a friendly hand.

"Soho! *Pater*," grinned he, "didst hear of *Vendo*?"

"That I did," replied the sire, a suspicious eye on his offspring, and a protecting hand on his valuables. "What would thou now? If 'tis the goodly coin, conserve thy breath."

"Ha, ha," laughed Semper, almost dislocating his shoulder in an attempt to pat himself on the back," methinks my intelligence is none so small as 'twould seem."

"I do agree to that," spoke Quartus readily. "The contrary were impossible. But whither drivest thou? What game is thine?"

"Pish, tush," soothed Bacterius the younger, "an thou knew the truth thy tune were quickly another."

"Come, come, thou procrastinateth, fool. Let me on my way!"

"Aye, sire, that will I do in a moment. But hear me first 'ere my tale grow cold and its savor lose sweetness in thine ears. 'Twill affect thee well."

"Be thou brief, then; I would return to business."

"Perhaps this will hold thee: 'twas I did'st grease the skids 'neath Redopticu*s.*"

"Thou!"

"Aye, 'twas in this fashion: On that fair morn when thou did'st remove me sodden from the dumb-waiter, a great resolve was borne within me. I did decide to enter thy firm that I might cash obtain without the risk of sudden death while I bleweth thy safe. This might *I* accomplish in one fashion alone, namely, by bringing ruin on thy rival, Redopticu*s.*"

Quartus Bacterius eyed his son agape. This was surprise indeed. "I swanneth," he managed to gasp.

"I did consider awhile," continued Semper Plenus, warming to his subject, "and at last struck the plan that did the work quite snappily indeed. First I offered thy formula to Vendeo for an hundred thousand talents. 'Slippeth me the currency,' quoth I, 'and this "info" is thine.' And 'twas so done."

Quartus eyed the informer malignantly. So the precious recipé was gone after all. His hopes were dashed. Someone nearby would suffer for this. He drew a blackjack, and advanced menacingly.

"Hold! Hold! cried Semper in sudden alarm. "All is not said yet."

"'Twere enough. Men have fed the ravens for less."

"Hear me out! The formula is safe."

Quartus, somewhat mollified, put up his weapon, but continued to glare.

"Then," resumed Semper, "did'st thou bat him for a row of Tiber boat-houses, sending him unto the shop for repairs. Upon his convalescence he prepared the concoction, labelled it 'Swear-at-care', and presented a complimentary case to Caesar himself. Julius did'st pull once at the first bottle and ran screaming for the imperial doctor. Vendeo was a guest to Pluto at dawn."

"But," queried Quartus, more at a loss than a hobo in a bath-tub, "why should this stuff do Caesar ill? More than once has he sampled mine, with naught but a headache for result."

"Ha!" ejaculated the schemer with a sly laugh, "'tis here I come in: I showed him the method for brewing iodoform instead of for making 'dago red'."

"Well done, my son!"

"Not so well done as thou art, father," returned the artful youth. "Unless thou takest me into thy firm, thy secret becomes common property."

Quartus Bacterius grasped his son's hand weakly—in the nick to prevent the loss of his twenty-one jeweled "Little Ben".

"Enough," he sighed rapturously. "'Tis accomplished."

And, so saying, he swooned dead away. As he fell, his pallid lips seemed to frame a sentence: "Thou'rt a better crook than I am, Gunga Gin!"

And—That's—All.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.



S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Pope Pius XI.

THE tiara, or triple crown, has been placed on the brow of another Pope. It may be a symbol of joy; but in the present status of the Holy See, it may well typify a crown of thorns. Prophesy has written his history in the title "*Fides Intrepida*". Will he be called to face trials and sorrow, to see the Church passing through the crucible of persecution; will he compromise with the Government of which he is a prisoner? We know not. His photograph spells intrepidity. His short experience as Papal Nuncio showed a similar trait.

Upon him falls a burden, such as no earthly potentate has borne. His influence is bounded only by the limits of the world. He must know what to do, and what *not* to do. It is our duty to pray for him daily and fervently, to obey him implicitly to approve what he approves, and condemn what he condemns. Loyalty to the successor of St. Peter means loyalty to the Church, and loyalty to the Church means loyalty to Christ.



Loyalty.

LOYALTY is a word that has a wonderful signification. The meaning, taken from Webster's dictionary, is "true to plighted faith or duty." It manifests the real character of every individual and clearly places beyond doubt that the actions of trustful men are for the welfare of their fellowmen. A soldier on a field of battle is trustworthy to his sovereign or country. He is loyal and obedient.

Loyalty has existed on the earth since the Creator made the

first human being, and it has endured ever since and on into the fields beyond it flows. On the first Good Friday it was shown to humanity at that pitiable sight on the hill of Calvary. The mother of Christ and the woman He had befriended were loyal unto the end.

A mother shows the highest degree of loyalty in this world. She is the one who would do anything, nay, even lay down her life for her children. If the whole world turns a deaf ear to one of her own, she will take the hated one back with loving smiles. Who is our best friend? It is our dead mother, the one who thinks of us most.

In the animal kingdom there are indications of faithfulness. Let us take for example the dog that guards our home, the one that compels the tramp to continue unhesitatingly on his journey without stopping in front of our home. What a beautiful picture it would make if the scene would be drawn, when he looks faithfully into our eyes, and we know that he would risk his life at the snap of our fingers.

We behold deeds of loyalty each day. The college student displays true character, when he supports the various teams, and put his shoulder to the wheel in order to make social affairs a success.

Loyalty can't be bought. It brings happiness and those things that people most desire. It is a great virtue.

So, as students, let us be loyal to God first, then to our parents, our country and our school.

JOHN L. IMHOF, B. A., '23.



Faults Reflected.

SOMEWHERE it is said that man looks into a mirror, but presently forgets what manner of man he is. Would it possibly be better to say: Man so seldom gazes into the reflector of his character that he cannot know what manner of man he is? None wants to be imperfect. To be so is not consistent with our nature, but to free ourselves from all imperfection is one of the important aims in life.

As with the eye then, so is it with our faults. They see not themselves but by reflection. The pall of pride is cast upon them, and self-love dares not peek beneath it. Lucky is the

youth who "trusts not himself, but his defects to know, makes use of every friend and every foe"; fortunate if, to the face of his faults, he has someone to hold the mirror of kind or unkind criticism. Unkind, because often the most pointed (likewise the most poignant) discovery of a fault is made to us by a foe. This he will do either directly, if he has no fear of us, or through another, should he have any dread of personal violence.

He is a benevolent friend who does and wishes us the most good for ourselves, and, to procure that good for us, will inconvenience himself. But whoever places himself in the self-sacrificing position of discovering to us a fault is surely doing us a great favor. Hence, he is a true friend. He may cut and hurt, but he hurts to heal.

If then "all man's knowledge is himself to know," how very stupid is the habit of "raising our feathers" at every act of friendly correction, and considering the fault-finding of a foe as a distorted view of our actions taken through the ill-focused lens of anger or revenge!

B. A., '23.



Sign of the Times.

PASS by the morgue every day, at eight in the morning, and at noon. I have never been inside its doors; but it must have some attraction for young people; for they come and go there with remarkable regularity. It must be a kind of museum inside; yea, and something pleasant too; for, rarely do I see persons entering or departing with expressions of sorrow written on their countenances.

Is it all, forsooth, a question of morbid curiosity? Is it an ugly craving of depraved nature to see the last remains of dreadful human woes? Is it a longing to behold that from which very nature shrinks with all the strivings of its created strength? Is the sight of ghastly death, mangled bodies or ruined homes something to be desired, sought after, trifled with? Is it, I ask, a sign of decadent human sentiment? Are the souls and hearts of the nation becoming morbid? Is it a sign of the times?



CHRONICLE

Following the time-honored custom of the University, the students of the High School and College departments made their annual Retreat early in February. These Retreat spiritual exercises were conducted by Rev. R. Harnett, Superior of the Irish Missionary Band of the Holy Ghost Fathers. Seldom were sermons listened to with greater attention; and seldom were the great Christian verities brought home with such force and skill, such unction and earnestness, as during this Retreat. All the students approached the Holy Table, and all renewed their baptismal vows at the closing ceremony.

The Very Reverend President is in receipt of a certificate of recognition for the services of the S. A. T. C. which reads as follows:

S. A. T. C. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:
This is to certify that

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY OF THE HOLY GHOST
in a spirit of patriotism and of devotion to country, rendered
efficient and loyal service in connection with THE WORLD WAR
through the establishment and operation at that institution of a
unit of

THE STUDENTS ARMY TRAINING CORPS

Given at the War Department, District of Columbia, this
twenty-second day of November one thousand nine hundred
and twenty-one.

THE ADJUTANT GENERALS OFFICE

Recorded.

P. C. HARRIS,

The Adjutant General.

J. W. WAINWRIGHT,

The Assistant Secretary of War.

Our Sunday evening Concerts are becoming very popular.
The auditorium is generally taxed to the limit of its seating
capacity. The reason of such a success is
Concerts due to the efficiency with which the pro-
grammes are arranged. The plays and
playlets that have succeeded each other are replete with humor
and evince a case of detail work and a very exact training. In
this art Father Malloy is a master without compare.

An added feature is the music, attended to by Professor Weis, whose loyalty and devotedness to the University and music need no comment. The various pieces are rendered with skill and are appreciated highly. The artists worthy of more than passing mention are Master S. Grunhart, whose deftness at the violin is creating quite a sensation; Master M. Becker is running a close second for popularity with his Saxaphone solos.

The C. S. M. C. is by far the most active in the list of university organizations; its success being due in large measure to the untiring efforts of Rev. E. Malloy.

C. S. M. C. Recently an illustrated lecture was given under his direction. The lecture, given in three parts, by Messrs. Cusick, Strobel and P. Sullivan, represented the Dayton Convention of the Crusaders held last summer. A large attendance, from the schools and academies of the city, was one of the features. By special request the same lecture was delivered to the pupils of the High School of St. Mary's of the Mount on February 3; also at St. Canice School on February 7. Illustrated lectures on the Missions in Africa, China and the Philippines will follow.

The Father Simon Unit has been greatly honored in that its Assistant Secretary, Mr. Authon Radascevich, has been chosen to edit the Africa and Madagascar section of the "Mission Digest", a news letter to be published monthly for the use of all the units.

As we are going to press, a new Radio receiving and sending Radio out station is being installed in the Students' Library. Many Westinghouse concerts have been enjoyed already as a result.

We gratefully acknowledge the present of a handsome Victrola and a large number of Records by the great artists. The gift is of Mr. D. Murphy, Jr., Philadelphia. Gifts Mr. Frank Manley, for many years band-master of Clifton Heights, a relative of Father McGuigan, donated a great selection of new pieces to our Orchestra. Our gratitude is heartfelt.

The stage is set for the big event of the year,—the Annual Euchre and Reception. The various committees are working zealously for its success. The students are Annual Reception selling tickets with remarkable speed, and prizes are already coming in. The large reception room of the William Penn Hotel will be taxed to its

utmost to receive the patrons of this big social event of the University. The gradual advance of Athletics is responsible for the unusual enthusiasm. We submit the list of prizes:

Donors	Prizes	Donors	Prizes
Mrs. McGannon.....	Two Ties	J. R. Hermes.....	Donation, Ten Dollars
Mrs. Myering.....	Bath Towels	Miss Heilman.....	Baby Sweater
Spalding Bros.....	Exercise Pulley	H. McHugh.....	Two Cans of Fruit
Mrs. Myering.....	Pin Cushion	J. F. Young.....	Phonograph
Mr. and Mrs. Modispacher.....	Slippers	Mrs. O'Brien.....	Dresser Cover
Mrs. Titz	Sewing Basket	Mrs. Woods.....	Towel
Mrs. Loebig.....	Centre Piece	Mrs. Marx.....	Silver Fork
Mrs. Pepperney.....	Crochet Tie	M. Keefer.....	Towels
Mrs. Imhof.....	Centre Piece	Mrs. Heilmann	Stationery
Miss Imhof.....	Picture	Mrs. Lampert.....	Cake Knife
Union Furniture Co.....	Clock	Mrs. Bradley.....	Book
Mr. Burke.....	Suspenders	Mrs. Voelker.....	Baby Doll
Mrs. E. McGee.....	Brush	A Friend.....	Electric Lamp
Mrs. Kerner.....	Crucifixion	Mrs. R. Burke.....	Vase
Miss Hartman.....	Under Waist	Mrs. J. T. Burke.....	Night Cap
Mr. Korb.....	Cross	H. Wagner.....	Razor Sharpener
Mrs. M. O'Connell.....	Vase	Jones Book Shop.....	Book
Mrs. F. Viney.....	Tray	Donahue's.....	Candy
Mr. Barczy.....	Pipe	Lane Candy Shop	Candy
Mrs. Heyl.....	Picture	Miss A. Wolfe.....	Book
Mr. Swide.....	Three Pairs of Socks	A. Klein Co.....	Statue
Miss Heilman.....	Dresser Scarf	Eichenlaub Co.....	Umbrella Stand
S. Grunhart.....	Cake Plate	Mrs. McGarr.....	Pin Cushion
Demmler & Schenck....	Thermos Bottle	Mrs. Harvey.....	Mayonnaise Set
Miss Letzkus.....	Picture	Mrs. Kozlowski....	Cut Glass Salad Bowl
Mrs. J. Joyce.....	Glass Dish	Mrs. Kozlowski.....	Fancy Dish
Mr. Nowak.....	Cigarettes	Mrs. Kozlowski....	Half Dozen of Glasses
Mrs. Ober.....	Fruit Plate	Mrs. Kasbrzyk.....	Three Cans of Fruit
Mrs. Fronczak.....	Pillow Cover	Mr. Ruffenach.....	Slippers
Mrs. Carmody.....	Candle Sticks	Mrs. Sieben.....	Salt and Pepper Set
Horne Co.....	Lady's Umbrella	A. G. Bauman.....	Cigars
Mrs. Haney.....	Flower Dish	Mrs. Shanahan.....	Picture
Miss Kennedy.....	Fancy Dish	Malloy Drug Co.....	Candy
Mrs. Mach.....	Centre Piece	Mrs. Patterson.....	Perfume
Mrs. Berg.....	Picture	Mrs. Snyder	Pin Cushion
Mrs. J. O'Brien.....	Silver Spoons	Mr. O'Shea.....	Gloves
Mr. Rihn.....	Silver Spoons	Miss O'Shea.....	Scarf
Terheyden Co.....	Silver Spoons	Mrs. Pawlowski.....	Doilies
Mrs. T. Curran	Two Baskets	Mrs. Vaughn.....	Cuff Links and Pin
Mrs. T. Curran.....	Lamp	Nieman Co.....	Camosal
Mrs. T. Curran.....	Cut Glass Bowl	Kaufmann Co.....	Plate and Picture
Mrs. T. Curran	Two Painted Dishes	Mr. Krepley.....	Scarf
Mrs. T. Curran.....	China Tea Pot	Mrs. Sullivan.....	Glass Dish
Mrs. T. Curran.....	Sauce Dish	Mrs. Grant.....	Fruit Dish
Mrs. T. Curran.....	Table Stand	Mrs. Gaffney.....	Centre Piece
Wagner Bros.....	Slippers	Mrs. Kaveny.....	Ear Rings
Stewart Shannon Co.....	Dish	R. Kaveny.....	Gloves
Knorr Co.....	Six Silver-Plated Cups	J. A. Paradine.....	Stationery and Stick Pin
Pgh. Moulding & Framing Co.....	Picture	A Friend	Plant
Miss Wirth.....	Sacred Heart Statue	Mrs. Ryan.....	Lamp
P. J. Fahey.....	Painted Cracker Bowl	Mrs. Haney.....	Picture
Wunderly Bros.....	Picture	Mrs. Crawford.....	Table Scarf
Grogan Co.....	Silver Shoe Horn	S. Lettman.....	Coffee
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	Clothes Brush	J. F. Young	Stick Pin, Candy & Slippers
Grafner Bros...Two Pairs Gold Cuff Links		Frank & Seder.....	Lady's Belt
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	Half Dozen Photos	Mrs. Kane.....	Tie

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J. A. Johnston.....	Meat Fork	H. A. Suehr.....	Book
Mrs. Carney.....	Picture	Hein Candy Co.....	Candy
Browning King Co.....	Tie	Mrs. Adair.....	Fancy Work
Mrs. L. M. Murray.....	Stockings	Mr. Aikens.....	Pin Cushion
Singer Pen & Gift Shop....	Silver Pencil	Hering's Drug Store.....	Writing Paper
Kaufmann & Baer.....	Tie	McCullough Drug Store.....	Cigars
Kirner Co.....	Crucifix	Mrs. Sauter.....	Table Cover
Mrs. Haverty.....	Jelly Dish	Mrs. McCrory.....	Smokers' Tray
John O'Hare	Cut Glass Bowl		



'VARSITY BASKETBALL.

The Dukes have been rattling along at a pleasing rate, having dusted off four of their last seven opponents. Waynesburg, the Westinghouse Club, Westminster, and the Wheeling "Kaceys" felt the ax, while the Bluffites swallowed the bitters handed out by Bethany, Grove City and Allegheny. It is significant that the "milk and honey" block of the month's record was compiled within the home confines, while the painful portion was inflicted while sojourning in the enemy's country. Such a state of affairs seems to indicate a green squad, a fact rather consoling in that a team can't remain in that condition forever. Coach Martin has worked wonders with the material on hand, and after various experiments seems to have hit the proper combination, with Cingolani and Harrison at the forwards, Cherdini at center, and Kendricks and Campbell at guards. "Red" Cain has shown flashes of his old form while substituting for Harrison. The Homesteader is there with the eagle eye, but looks rather bad at passing. Houston has finally blossomed forth in all his pristine glory as a defense man, displaying a nasty proficiency in breaking up hostile team work. His class was particularly apparent in Wheeling—his native village—where the elongated lad took

'em as they came and made 'em wish they hadn't come. Joe Nee displayed some neat stuff in the Westinghouse fracas and bids fair to break into the lime-light as a regular in the not-so-distant by-and-by. Cherdini has been laying 'em cold as usual and setting his pals a mark to shoot at as a floor man. It is amusing not to say instructive to behold "Chuck" leaving *terra firma* to the rear and navigating the celestial regions in successful pursuit of the elusive pellet. With his cracked digit on the mend, Cingolani is beginning to demonstrate how they toss 'em in Butler. Harrison, following his collapse in the Bethany encounter has come to life again, and celebrated his return to the line-up by caging a half-dozen against Westminster. Kendricks has found himself at running guard, and is setting up an enviable average as a foul-shooter. Ollie's nervousness on the free-throw line seems to have disappeared and the Red and Blue has profited thereby.

The Martinites struck their stride as a team in the Waynesburg imbroglio and knocked off the Up-Staters handily, 42-32. The following Saturday they went on the rocks at Bethany, and, after leading, 17-8, at the midway whistle, struck a snag in the final session, and emerged on the disgusting end of a 35-26 score. The Westinghouse fiasco was first degree murder. Cherdini and Cain ran wild on the Holy City passers. There was nothing to it; the Dukes rode home at a canter, which we've been told ended 53-26. Westminster was also in a receptive mood and took a sleep wallop, 33-23, and journeyed to New Wilmington a sadder and a wiser crew. The Wheeling "Kaceys" went the way of the just in their own bailiwick, 46-27, much to their chagrin, for the Stogie City Knights boast a speedy aggregation. Followed then two disasters which might well have been otherwise. Grove City and Allegheny took the 'Varsity basketeers over on successive nights, 28-20 and 31-25, at Grove City and Meadville respectively. Perhaps the losses can be gracefully alibied; the train carrying the Pittsburghers was in a wreck near Butler, an experience said to be decidedly enervating. However it was, though, we lost, and that's that.

As a whole, the past month has been highly satisfactory from a 'Varsity standpoint. The games lost were all dropped under trying circumstances. Coach Martin deserves a world of credit for the shape into which he has whipped his lads under adverse conditions, and it will be no great surprise to see his proteges culminate the season with a large percentage on the right side of the ledger.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The Prep tossers have been breezing along so-so, winning when in the mood for it, and losing when they felt a bit fatigued. Had the Dukelets played near top form throughout the last couple of months, they'd find themselves with a clean slate. As it is their slab is besmirched in spots that might easily have remained immaculate. The High boys appear to be something in the nature of "in-and-outers" with quite a few too many "outs". Their card is similar to that of the 'Varsity, four victories against three defeats. Sharpsburg bumped 'em off across the river, 38-31. They damaged Evans City in the Bluff cage, 49-25, slaughtered the Westinghouse Reserves, and had a relapse at Mingo Junction. Tech Plebes took a fall out of 'em in a ghastly spectacle at Motor Square Garden, and they came back the following week with a pair of pretty ones against Mingo and Sewickley, at home and abroad respectively, letting down the former with exactly two field goals.

Savage and Monaghan have been consistently good. Egan has been out of the picture with a broken finger, necessitating the placing of Casteel at forward. "Vince" is a guard by nature, choice, and profession, and feels lost beneath a foreign basket. Fortunately Egan is on the mend and will be in the line-up from now on. Keefe is showing plenty of speed, and Finn is steady at the old guard post. Conley, a recently-acquired asset, looks like the classiest bit of floor mechanism we've seen in a high school uniform for many a day.

Our idea of the ups-and-downs of the Preppers, is that they travel too much minus Coach Martin, who is busy enough with the older boys. Anyway we're optimistic about the High's chances for cleaning up the remainder of their schedule, a series of acts which would be most pleasing to all concerned.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, '25.

DUKUMS.

The Dukums, guided along the path of athletic righteousness by the accomplished Mr. Walsh, have fully justified the pre-season predictions of their mentor. To date Captain McKee's cohorts have rolled up a series of fifteen successes against three set-backs. Some of the classiest Junior quintets in the burg have been stood upon their figurative ears by the fast-going Bluff youngsters. Mulcahy and Wilhelm are burning up the court at the forward positions and shooting in a fashion reminiscent of

Boone, Davy Crockett, *et al.* McKee is going great guns at guard, and is ably abetted by his running mates, Doyle and Goff. The pivot job is a toss between Myers and McCarthy the younger. Both are tipping off like abridged editions of "Chuck" Cherdini. All in all, the team is showing the real stuff, and 'twould surprise few to see 'em aggregate twenty or twenty-five wins before the curtain falls this month.



Results of Examinations.

In the second term examinations in the college and high school departments the following obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) M. A. Cusick, E. J. Caye, R. P. Kilgallen, P. G. Sullivan; (Pre-Medical) E. J. Wiza, L. T. McKee; (Prep-Law) H. J. Fitzsimmons; (Commercial) C. J. Greiner, P. F. Gabriel, E. P. Callaghan, R. E. Patterson, J. F. Ryan; (Science) A. M. Heim, F. J. Emig, M. J. Reisdorf, M. J. Holbeck; (Academic) F. R. Harrison, T. J. Quigley, L. Mikolajewski, A. D. McDermott, S. Kozicki, T. F. Henninger, W. D. Gleba, L. M. Sweeney, S. Ejchost, I. F. Nelis, E. Luba and H. R. Thieret.

Over four hundred honor certificates were awarded. About fifty per cent. of the students obtained these coveted distinctions.

The following students averaged 90 per cent. or more in their classes: M. A. Cusick, H. J. Heilman, E. J. Caye, J. L. Imhof, R. P. Kilgallen, J. M. Rozenas, N. J. Schramm, V. B. Smith, B. J. Kelly, P. G. Sullivan, A. A. Radasevich, L. T. McKee, C. Solomon, D. J. O'Connell, P. G. Gabriel, J. J. Thoner, G. B. Miller, R. E. Patterson, W. J. Mobrey, L. J. Wieseckel, F. J. Witt, L. E. Nee, F. A. Viney, R. F. Daily, E. F. Harkins, B. J. McCarthy, J. E. Dixon, J. F. Ryan, F. J. Emig, M. J. Reisdorf, A. D. McDermott, J. S. McDonald, E. B. Ross, J. W. Laufer, J. Kozicki, J. I. Cleary, F. B. Carroll, T. F. Heininger, W. D. Gleba, J. Olko, J. Balint, R. J. Callaghan, S. Ejchost, M. J. Carrick, M. J. Seibold, J. P. Desmond, M. Flaherty, J. Wieczorek, I. F. Nelis, E. Luba, S. Lubarski, L. B. Sherman, M. Dravecky, J. J. Meiser, T. L. Riley, J. W. Grant and H. R. Thieret.

Duquesnicula.

THIS being the month of March, in which occurs our birthday, the March Hare, and other like things, we will endeavor to outdo ourselves if that be possible.

We admit, however, that we are in a dilemma, not knowing whether to begin like a lion and end like a lamb, or *vice versa*. The former, however, would no doubt be the better, for lambs usually have *hot endings*, and without a hot ending, midear, Duquesnicula would be *persona non grata* in this institution.

"Be good (looking) sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

"Count that day lost
On which the setting sun
Sees not my pony
Get his daily run."

The college gang say they like the eighth floor of the Maloney Building best because it is farthest from Second Avenue.

"Little drops of seltzer, little drops of rye,
Make a pleasant highball, when a feller's dry."

Such stuff as the above is called *free verse* because no one will buy it.

Her pretty pink knees were unsocked
As into the garden she walked.
The spuds in surprise
Shook the dirt from their eyes
And even the sweet corn was shocked.
(Thanx Luke)

A reader suggests that "Duquesnicula" adopt a motto. Very good; here it is:

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

We were walking through the metropolitan highways and byways the other day, when we chanced to see an electric sign above a "movie" palace, which stated that:

LOIS WEBER
presents
WHAT MEN WANT.

We doubt it, Lois, we doubt it, but at the same time, we wish more power to you, and remember, "we want what we want when we want it."

She played on Jimmy's feelings, for she was much a "lyre".

Robert William McDermott Murray has been raving around the institutional corridors like unhappy Dido; all because we forgot to sign his name to this column in the last issue.

Just to show you how generous we are Bob, we will sign your name once for every joke you *collected*.

Robert William McDermott Murray

Robert William McDermott Murray

Robert William McDermott Murray

P. S.—That's Generosity.

JOSEPH M. CAMERON.

BOY, PAGE MR. WEBSTER!

Mr. Steggert, English professor, has a plan in mind to compile a new High School Dictionary especially adapted to the needs of First Year Students. The following definitions brought to light during the recent Exams will contribute largely to the new work:

Andirons :	Iron used by a blacksmith; coat of arms; instrument used for fishing; cook-stove, like.
Antiquary :	Different; a feeling.
Benevolence :	Beloved; good-cheer; cheerful; grandeur; mirth; take a liking to.
Damask :	To have something peculiar; kind of a dark place; highest standard in anything.
Exult :	Do away with; alone outside of the city; cry out; happiness; put out; act of being humbled or admonished; crow over.
Heyden :	Mischievous boy; shaft.
Pathos :	Signs; crisis; review of something; certain series of something; certain species of sad poems; number of verses combined together.
Poignant :	Old: stagnant.
Spinster :	Machine for making cloth.
Superannuated :	Disappear; once every year.

Contributions from any source whatever will be gratefully accepted. Definitions of words most commonly used preferred; likewise words met with in reading the Classic Authors.

—TAG.

Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



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PITTSBURGH, PA.

Vol. 29

APRIL, 1922

No. 7



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CONTENTS

His Guide	MICHAEL A. CUSICK	199
Their College Days	VINCENT B. SMITH	200
The Potence of Civility	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	203
Only a Dream	J. F. D.	204
The Shave Pate	CLEMENT STROBEL	206
A Crusader's Letter	RAYMOND A. BERG	212
His Fighting Chance	E. F. KELLY	213
 Editorial:—		
Thoughts Unborn		217
The Tardy		218
Pedagogical Efficiency		219
Daylight Saving		219
Chronicle		221
Athletics	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	224
Alumni		229

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JOHN A. DEASY, A. B., '24	College Notes
JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23	Finance Notes
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23	Law Notes
JOSEPH H. CAMERON, H. S., '22	Athletics
JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A. B., '25	Duquesneula
REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22	

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 HARRY FINN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

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This Guide.

THE man whose years towards heaven flow,
Will sacrifice what earth maintains,
Will combat still her undertow,
Her joys of sense, her griefs and pains.

Nor will he view with gladsome eye
Her painted effigies so near,
He listens not, nor hears her cry,
Nor cowers beneath her strength in fear.

Her gifts, her love ne'er thrill his soul—
He seeks than hers for sweeter wine—
Then playing more sublime a role,
His gifts of soul must be divine.

He chooses, aye, a dearer friend,
The emptiness of life to fill;
For he will not in spirit bend
Who lives the master of his will.

MICHAEL A. CUSICK, B. A., '22.



Their "College Years."

WE HAVE recently commemorated the births of our two greatest national figures, Washington and Lincoln. It is appropriate at a time when our thoughts have been directed toward these great men, that the days of their lives which correspond to the college years in ours, should be considered in a university magazine.

The college student of the present day, who excels at bridge and the ukelele, and is something of a dub at history and mathematics, has little in common with these two determined forbears whom he honors, but does not imitate. It is a sign of decadence in a nation, when the youths see the heroes of its past as though in a distant cloud, the mist of imperfect understanding concealing the commonness of their lives and natures, and the distance from them making their condition appear unattainable. To appreciate a man, it is necessary to know him. And the disjointed glimpses of great men afforded by text-books of history offer no sufficient basis for such knowledge. One should read what their friends and what their enemies say of them—and then, if possible, believe the friends. However, we are digressing too far from our original subject. Therefore, we had better come to it at once.

The records of the education of Washington and Lincoln, as of most men, are not extensive. Washington, during his boyhood, had been trained for the practice of business and surveying, and the years which are to-day ordinarily devoted to college studies, were in his life given over to the first utilization of his knowledge, and to the achievement of social poise and frontier experience. The two latter qualities, apparently contradictory, were neatly combined by his association with the Fairfaxes, both as a surveyor and as an intimate friend.

Washington's equivalent of a high school training may be said to have been completed by his final leaving of school in 1747 at the age of fifteen. He went directly to his brother's estate at Mount Vernon and there continued his exercises in mathematics and surveying. The society of his brother's home, and of Lord Fairfax's succeeded in removing the bashful awkwardness naturally inherent in a school boy, while the culture and broad experience of Fairfax as transmitted to the young George through their friendly conversations gave his observant mind much food for contemplation. The friendship with Fairfax further furnished Washington the first test of his ability as a surveyor and man of affairs.

At the age of seventeen he was entrusted with the measuring and investigating of his Lordship's vast wilderness property. For three or four years Washington was employed on this commission. He became accustomed to rough life and plain men; he learned the character of frontiersman and of savage, knowledge which later served him in good stead. The days spent with Fairfax at his new abode on the Shenandoah and the refining influence there encountered, counteracted those negligent tendencies engendered by long absences from society. During his visits at the Fairfax mansion Washington made it his practice to read English history and the Spectator. The whole trend of his youthful years prepared him for after life, rather through experience than through application to books.

The accounts of Lincoln's "college years" are even less ample than those of Washington's. Lincoln when seventeen years old had received all the scant schooling which was ever to be his, had read and studied all books obtainable, and had by his own zeal and rectitude educated himself from within outward, as, indeed, is the true purpose of education. His young manhood was passed on backwoods farms, and was filled with the hard labor attendant upon such a situation. Continual manual exercise overcame the desires of a lazy body and developed it to withstand the strains which a sorrowing soul would later put upon it.

Lincoln, even more than Washington, spent his undergraduate years in a university of hard knocks. Bits of knowledge, which to us appear trivial because so easily procurable, were found by him in that barren territory only after unceasing effort. Hours were demanded for the personal reasoning out of a problem made plain in a moment to one with the advantage of books and professors. But all this mental travail worked to good result. Lincoln by his necessarily painful methods trained himself to think, to reason clearly, to see things in their just proportions, and to comprehend the whole of a question. What he knew he did know absolutely. One cannot but wonder if the modern college student would not become a greater man if he absorbed less and ruminated more.

Two of Lincoln's most valuable and most artistic assets appear to have been acquired during his youth without purpose on his part. They were his ability as a speaker and story-teller, and his style. Frequently he would mount a stump in the field and detain the farm-hands from their work, while he entertained

them with humorous stories or short speeches on local politics. In the evenings, too, he would hold a circle of eager listeners in thrall at the country store until the exuberance of his intellect was dissipated and his love of conversation was temporarily satisfied. The pleasure which he found in speaking was the primary incentive to all such actions; ambition, if present, was too much obscured by it to be evident.

The style of Lincoln's writings, although not aimed at as a style, was surely the result of effort to be clear and to be concise. His habit of reflection had given him such power of reasoning as made things plain to him, and had taught him the necessity of making them equally perceptible to others. The scarcity of paper or other writing material at his frontier home compelled him to express his thoughts in as little space as possible. Clarity and brevity are surely two virtues which every young author should cultivate. Lincoln's genius brought them to full perfection, though not until the mature years of his life.

During his youth he was an avid reader and was remarked as being never seen without a book. It is not probable, however, that he ever attempted imitation of the authors whom he read. Cooper's novels, biographies, books of law were eagerly devoured and actually digested by him, the strength of his own mind supplying the defects of such indiscriminate assimilation. Admiration for his eminent countrymen was increased, and hopes for his own future were awakened.

The experiences of his first expedition into the outside world reassured him that his prospects would not be restricted by the accident of his birth. He observed on this trip (a journey down river with a boat-load of farm produce) that men were everywhere willing to repay any who did them service.

His second flat-boat voyage, however, exerted a far more powerful influence on his life. It took him down the Mississippi between the banks of slave states. In river towns his plastic mind received impressions which were ineffacable and which guided his judgment until death. Two years after the completion of this journey, and in the twenty-first year of his life, the Lincoln family removed to Illinois, and Abraham by way of a graduation thesis cleared and fenced his father's farm.

Both Washington and Lincoln had two qualities which ought to recommend themselves to college students. They are determination and thoroughness. Neither man would desert a project until it was completed, and neither would let go a subject until he understood it. Amid surroundings conducive to indifference and bigotry they built themselves strong characters and broad minds. Their example should be the inspiration of attempts to at least approach them in moral and mental strength.



The Potence of Civility.

THERE was a time when I thought little enough of civility. I was ignorant of the power of politeness in the affairs of the world. I've changed since then. My awakening came about in this fashion:

Some years ago I held a government position in Washington. Returning from work one afternoon, I noticed a bit of excitement at a corner near my apartment. I edged into the group which had assembled, and discovered that a one-armed, elderly gentleman had tripped alighting from a trolley car and fallen, striking his head against the curb. He was only a trifle dazed, but scarcely in condition to proceed unaccompanied.

I recognized the old chap as the occupant of a suite in the same building as my own, called a cab, and took him to his rooms. There he thanked me quite heartily and asked me to call again. I did.

We were both alone in the city, and I for one felt the need of companionship. We became rather friendly. Many an hour I spent in his den listening to tales of adventure. He was then attached to the British legation, but his youth had been spent in the service, and he had seen action in India, the Crimea, and South Africa.

One evening our conversation took a psychological trend.

"What," I asked him, "do you consider a man's most necessary asset?"

He replied without hesitancy.

"The strength of mind to keep a civil tongue in his head under all circumstances," he said. "I learned that from another man's experience, an experience that cost him his life and me, my arm."

I listened attentively. He went on.

"'Twas in India, the Punjab, during a native uprising. Our battalion had ridden hard that day, and midnight found us nearly done up. The heat was literally crushing. One could almost reach out and grasp chunks of it. Officers and men were irritable and cursing as we dragged wearily into Kowhir.

"From my station at the head of the column beside the major, I could observe some ceremony going on in the town. The main thoroughfare was ablaze with torches and alive with natives drunk with holy excitement.

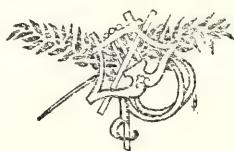
"We headed for the festivities and would have cantered through, but a chieftain approached and requested that we detour. McKay might easily have acceded, but he didn't. Instead, he struck the fellow with his quirt and spurred his mount forward.

"Like a flash he was unhorsed and a dagger gleamed before it vanished in his khaki. I drilled the brown devil like a dog, but 'twas too late. Hell broke loose. We were beset from all sides. It was cut, thrust, shoot.

"Twenty of us emerged alive. My arm was so bashed it had to come off. The rioting spread over the whole north country and thousands died before things quieted."

The old soldier paused, and I realized how potent is civility.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.



Only a Dream?

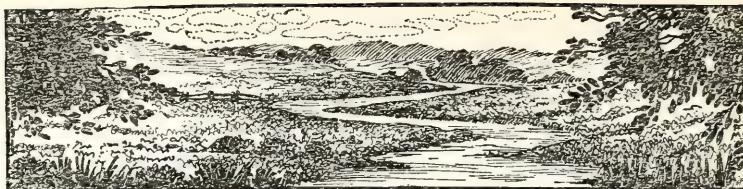
SEVERAL years have elapsed since I was located at the school on the Bluff and though, like most of the ancients, I should be a little partial to past glories, I feel that my praise of the bygone days would not take well with the present day students of Duquesne University. We had our fine large building, our goodly number of students, our great teams in all the major sports, but we always felt that we needed more room, that if we only had more facilities we could have more students, and that having a greater number of students and more spacious quarters for the various sports, we could have greater teams and, for all these reasons, would get the recognition we deserved.

But my wildest dreams about Duquesne's future glory fell far short of the reality as revealed to me the other day. I was

visiting in Pittsburgh, and quite naturally, I made the well-known trip to that well-known hurricane deck at the top of Colbert Street. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The old locality that was known as "The Quarry", no longer presented the ruggy, rocky appearance of the olden days, for it had become the site of a large spacious gymnasium building, with the upper portion serving as the gymnasium and basketball floor, and the lower portion being devoted to dressing-rooms and showers for the athletes. On the opposite corner, which was always a vacant lot in my time, I saw the Canevin Building, a magnificent structure in buff brick, four stories high, and containing spacious well-lighted and ventilated class-rooms and lecture halls, the top floor being divided off into fine large dormitories. The place was so wholly changed in general appearance that for a brief moment I thought I had got mixed in my sense of locality. Down at the corner nearest the river, where barren rocks and weeds used to offend the aesthetic taste, was the Administration Building, and all along the side of the Bluff ran the new Boulevard, which at the same time that it enriched the general appearance of the surrounding section, provided a convenient approach to the heart of the city's business section, whose lack we used to view as mighty inconvenient in the past. And the poor old Campus! Progress had so far altered its appearance that it was now a wonderful stadium that was in a class wholly by itself.

Believe me, all you who read, it was quite a satisfaction to a day-dreamer like myself to see the new Duquesne University, for though my dreams used to strike me as too fantastic to come true, the reality was something that I could not imagine without seeing it myself. That afternoon, being a Saturday in the football season, there was a game between Duquesne and Pitt. The Panthers, who were Pittsburgh's solitary boast in a football way in our day, were not such on that particular Saturday afternoon, for the Dukes, after piling up a very comfortable lead over their opponents, sent in a number of substitutes in the second half, and though they did not score more than one touchdown, they prevented Pitt from scoring at all. Indeed, and indeed, how times have changed! We used to think that two thousand students, scattered through the various departments, made a fine total, but five thousand now is considered just a moderate number, and new departments have been added, so that Duquesne is indeed a great University.

J. F. D.



The Shave Pate.

PART I.

OFF the southeast coast of Ireland, on the very edge of one of those wild little islands, lying adjacent to the mainland, "Donovan's Light", a lighthouse of the old stamp, rears its ungainly, moss-covered height. For years its yellow rays have guided to safety ships floundering in the rock-infested waters. Since its very existence the Donovans have always kept the lamps burning in the musty tower.

There is many an old resident of the mainland farms, fifty miles distant, who could tell you of the "proud old Donovans." Since the day of Cromwell, when their own rich farms in Armagh were seized, they had made this barren island their home. True, indeed, 'twas nothing else than a sand-covered rock, but then it gave them the freedom for which they yearned. No wonder, then, they tell of Barney and his niece, the last of the "proud old Donovans." For, of late the old seamen was intensely bitter in his denunciation of his ancient foe. And soon the reason came to the surface: the government had chartered and commandereed the lighthouse and island to be used as a government station, and placed it under the direct control of the Department of the Admiralty. Thus, it came about that old Barney went about his work, his heart aflame with wrath, his thoughts preoccupied and bitter, and resentment gleaming out from his well-set, determined eyes. But there was one source of joy left to this faithful old patriot, his niece. He loved seldom, but deeply; and, above life, he loved but two things: his country and his sister's child.

On this particular September evening he welcomed eagerly the girlish voice from the doorway bidding him to hurry "before the potatoes cool." It had been a bad and foggy afternoon and even his oilskin slicker was damp and heavy. Entering with Barney one can see the frugality of their existence. A hard wooden floor ornamented by a single rag carpet in the center, two straight-backed chairs, a stove and table, is all that greets the eye. And yet not all either. There is a clean wholesome atmosphere about the place that speaks of feminine touch. The

snow-white table and chairs show scrupulous care and endless toil. The ever-ready tea kettle, the emblem of hospitality throughout the land, is sizzling and boiling in nervous expectancy. And as you vulgarly stare, yourself unseen, the object of your conjectures appears from an adjoining room and serves the simple yet wholesome food. A slender girl, lithe, strong, with clear-cut profile, an amazing wealth of chestnut hair, large eyes, darkly lashed, and as blue as Killarney, that regard you with trustful innocence, is Irene.

The simple repast ended, Barney places his chair beside the hearth and silently contemplates the fire. Her household duties over, Irene takes down from the mantle a large clay pipe, deftly fills and gives it to the out-stretched hand. The pipe is lighted, and the old man leans back contentedly.

Night and the hearthstone make a castle of a poor man's cabin. Without, a dull day has given way to intermittent storms and a steady, monotonous fall of rain. The unceasing drops splash against the solid glass panes, fitful gusts waste themselves in unbridled fury on the broad gabled roof. Yet within all is peaceful and serene. The room is bathed in a soft ruddy glow. The burning heat sputters and chokes throwing eyrie shadows on the plainly severe walls. Old Barney is about to relight his pipe when he suddenly stops and listens.

"Irene lass, did ye hear it?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Are the lamps well trimmed this night?"

"Yes, Daddy, the lamps are well trimmed."

"Sure, now, but I'll make a round of them m'self just to make sure."

Taking a stout walking-stick and a lantern, and secured against the weather by a heavy oilskin, the old fellow ascends to the tower to rescue, if possible, by his beaming beacon any ship lost in the boiling waters.

In the meantime a singular change is marked in the girl. Industrious reality has given way to idle dreaming. The embroidered linen slips from unconscious fingers. Drawn, as if by some invisible, hypnotic force, her eyes seek the flame, and there are intently fixed. Dreams of the flames! What do they reveal? Perhaps the story of her life. It is indeed a dream. Born and reared in an East Side tenement district, her early opportunities were few indeed. To her New York was a seething mass of grimy toilers, and a mighty poor place for a struggling artist.

Death had, in the same blow, robbed her of father and mother. It was then that old Barney sent for her and made her a crude but welcome home at Donovan's Light. In those days she called him "Daddy", and it remained through life. Because of a fever, contracted while sailing to her new-found home, her hair had been closely clipped. And Barney in a humorous way often called her his little "Shave Pate". But now it was changed. She was no longer a mere slip of a girl. Then, too, there was another reason though Irene could scarcely admit. There was the young naval captain, tall, dark, handsome. . . . A thud of falling fuel, a leaping flame, and the dream is rudely smashed. A sullen roar of thunder draws her anxious glance to the window. The door opens and the old man staggers in under the weight of his drenched coat.

"Right lassie, the lamps are well trimmed. . . . I counted seven flares and heard three rockets while up in the tower. 'Tis a bad night, a rough night."

"Yes, Daddy, a bad night." Into her voice crept a note of alarm.

"Why lassie, are ye afraid?"

But a look was sufficient; Barney had a vague feeling of unrest. What could it be? Perhaps, yet sure 'twas.

"Now, child, is it because Hugh O'Neil has been away so long?"

The self-confessing blush answered him. Although he always expected it, he dreaded to face the day when Irene would leave him. She had been as a daughter to him. As advancing years had laid their weight upon him, he found his dependence and love for the child increase. But she was no longer a child now, and even as old Barney admitted in his most secret thoughts, she was more fitted to grace some other man's home than the humble lodgings he had to give.

"Daddy?"

With a visible start the old man looked up.

"Do you think a ship could put safely to port a night like this?"

"Shure, lassie, and why not? I've known them to do so on nights worse'n this. Take that time I sailed to Belfast now—"

"Oh, but I mean *our* port, Daddy, Donovan's Light."

"Donovan's Light. Why sure 'tis that very few vessels put to our port. . . . Except—"

"Why, lassie, . . . ye don't expect *any* ship to come in this night, do ye?"

"I don't know, but I—I sort of think that Hugh—that is the "Shannon"—might *might* come in. You know I dreamed of the "Shannon" last night and—well—, besides Hugh told me, *told* me—that he *might*, just *might* get into port to-night. He—he said that—"

But the rest of the story she whispered into Barney's ear. His fears were realized. Another, and a younger man, was beginning to usurp his place in her heart. But his uneasiness was more substantial than that kindled by a trifling jealousy. There were vague rumors about this Hugh O'Neil. No one in that part of the island had ever before heard or seen of the young man. Beyond the fact that he was young and handsome, and what is infinitely more, a trusted personage in the government of the Republic, he was indeed a stranger.

"There now, lassie, shure Hugh is safe. He knows the sea and he knows the harbor. He will come by safely. And most like 'tis he is far from here this night."

For answer she gave his bent old shoulders a roquish squeeze. "Daddy, I'll stay with you always."

"No, no, lassie, I am but an old man. Soon I must go, and then where would you be?" And, as if to emphasize his statements, he roughly caressed the bowed head with its mass of glossy curls. The "heart must speak when the lips are dumb." And this grim old guardian of the sea was mute.

The golden silence was shattered by a peculiarly sharp crack of a bursting rocket. "Father, the 'Shannon'! it is the 'Shannon'!"

"Yes, Irene, 'tis the 'Shannon'."

Siezing the ever-ready oilskin and latern, Barney in a few strides soon reached the door.

"Daddy, aren't you going to wait for me?"

"For *you*. Why shure 'tis no place for a lady. Most likely the tower is wet and cold." "The more reason I should go," she added.

"No, child, stay here you will."

"Then, I'll go anyway." Bundled to the neck in a great oilskin, her lustrous curls tucked into an enormous collar and a wide-brimmed hat over-shadowing her face, she was securely protected. Siezing the old man's hand she led the way to the tower. The location of the lost vessel was soon approximately determined.

"Daddy, dear, send up a flare." After several unsuccessful attempts a rocket was sent up; this brought results.

"They found us, Daddy. Hugh, Hugh is safe!"

* * * * *

The men looked to their commander. True sailors of the deep, his law was their law, his peril, their peril. Riding all night in a choppy, treacherous sea, the strain had taken its toll.

Second Lieutenant O'Brien came up with only the semblance of a salute.

"Well, O'Brien, any news?"

"Just this sir: The wind has shifted and the waves are carrying us steadily to the shore. The sea is shallow and rough. To proceed under water is as hazardous as riding on the surface."

"O'Brien, we are nearing our goal," with pride showing in his tanned but pleasant face, "we are nearing Donovan's Light."

"Yes, sir. But beggin' your pardon, the engineer says, as how he can't go much farther sir."

"Tell him to get the auxilliary engines in shape and not shut off the engines 'till I tell him. We'll make Donovan's Light or we'll make nothing."

"Ay, sir!" With a half-hearted salute he walked away.

It was with evident regret that Captain Hugh O'Neil drove his men. Splendid fellows, all of them, fired by a zeal for the common cause, they had worked without protest far beyond their usual hours. Each knew the risk he took. To be caught in a submarine off the coast of Ireland, with a cargo of ammunition and guns, meant instant death. Yet, never a murmur was heard.

The craft gave a dangerous lurch. The incessant battering of the sea became heavier and more oppressive. It was quite evident they were in the shallows near Donovan's Light. The sea was heavy and sluggish. Progress alarmingly slow and difficult. "Rise to the surface" came the sharp order. Advancing to the deck, the captain attempted to gain the rail. But a furious gale, throwing spray and rain, forced him back. The boat slackened and ceased to move. The engines had given out.

At last he gained the deck and made a hasty examination. The storm was raging in unabated fury. Huge white waves came charging in only to ride to death as they dashed against the ragged cliffs. The wind had subsided, but the rain came down in leaden sheets. All further attempts at observation were cut short when a huge wave catching the craft in a vise-like grip

nearly capsized it. O'Neil hurriedly left the deck and locked himself in the conning tower.

Risking a chance of detection by the ever watchful coast patrol, rockets and flares were ordered to be sent up. Keeping his glass trained on what he thought was Donovan's Light, rocket after rocket shot through the air, but with no result. The fury of the waves carried away all sound. The flares were blanketed and smothered by the rain. Things were becoming alarming and desperate. The men now stayed at their port because death inside would be more pleasant than death in the icy waters. The craft seemed doomed in these treacherous shallows. The auxiliary engines were of no avail unless they found the Light and steered into the less-resisting water.

It was here that the anxious young captain played his last card. Leaving the tower he descended to the very bottom of the boat and reappeared with two extraordinary-looking rockets. Giving them to the first mate with special instructions, he once more shut himself up in the conning tower.

The effect of the rockets, which were fired almost simultaneously, produced a loud and sharp report. But the curiousness consisted in the fact that the report was accompanied by a series of short crackling noises that one hears when a heavy bolt of lightning strikes near at hand. It was the last hope, the *code signal*. Scanning the distant shore line, the eager face was lining with disappointment when of a sudden his eyes narrowed and for one long, breathless second he strained his eye to the glass. Another second and the glasses were lowered. Again he trained them on the uncertain sky line. At times a greenish hue hung about that place in which the lighthouse should be. This skeen of light might be the beacon light of the lighthouse and it might be but a freak of the elements. But even as he looked, a red flash tore the air, and at the end of its path was a beautiful shower of sparks. It hung for an instant, suspended in space as a meteor of the air, then it was snuffed out. After a short interval it was repeated. O'Neil sent up an answering flare. Donovan's Light was made. Instructions on proceeding would be flashed in secret code by the old Irish patriot.

The "Shannon" had won through.

CLEMENT STROBEL, '23.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

A Crusader's Letter.

DEAR FRIEND: Have you ever asked yourself the most important question: "What is to be my career in future years, or what does God want me to do for Him in this world?"

What state would you like to occupy in this life? Picture yourself in future years a lawyer, a dentist, maybe a surgeon, or probably a priest of God.

Each one knows the state of his own mind and heart.

Aim for something high in life, and with the aid of "grit" and will-power, you will, step by step, attain your goal.

There are many states in life pleasing to Almighty God, but none so pleasing as the holy priesthood, consisting of those whom God has chosen for Himself from among many.

The priest occupies several states in life. As a doctor, he cures diseased souls; and in the administration of the Sacraments of Baptism and Penance, he brings dead souls back to life. As a teacher, he teaches the Gospel, and is forever teaching us by word and example, the way to heaven. As a laborer crowned with humility, he is continually working for the salvation of immortal souls. And as a banker, he advises and instructs the people how to lay up treasures, not of this world, but heaven.

So we see, that among all the different vocations in life, none is more pleasing to God, more beautiful in the sight of man, than the holy state of priesthood.

But I cannot impress it upon you too deeply, fellow student, that if you have the slightest inclination towards the Religious State you are not to reject it. I beg of you foster that grace of God, as if it were the most precious of gems, and pray to the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Good Counsel, and to St. Aloysius Gonzoga, the Lily of Purity and Patron of Students, for a pure intention that such an ideal will develop into a reality.

You must remember, that he who has a true vocation to the Religious State, and rejects it, cannot be happy in this life; nor can he save his soul in any other walk of life.

As this is such an important matter, you should often ponder over and think of your state in life.

And so my dear young friend, if you have that liking for the Religious State, do not try "to put it off" or reject it, I beg of you, but heed the call and obey the command; or, as I might say, a request, as not everyone can enter therein: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow Me."

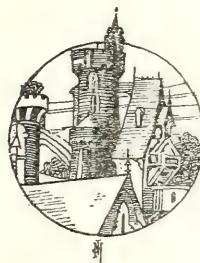
If we pray fervently to Our Divine Lord Himself, and to the Patrons already mentioned, receive the Sacraments frequently, we cannot fail in choosing our state in life.

Thus, if we study our vocation, and examine into the different states in life, we will render our life here upon earth pleasing to Almighty God, happy for ourselves, and beneficial to our fellowmen, and in the end reach our good, and finally obtain the crown of everlasting happiness.

Your affectionate,

RAYMOND A. BERG,

Second High A.



His Fighting Chance.

"HARP" DOLAN sat in a dugout, thinking of home, of his mother, his friends, and his school. He thought of good old Santa Maria standing bravely out in the central plains of Iowa. He thought of the happy classmates, and what great fellows they were, and they were mostly Irish like himself.

Jim Dolan was in his Sophomore year when he decided to enlist. He had been studying for the priesthood, was a brilliant athlete, starring in all the major sports, and in some minor ones; and had just completed a very successful year on the boxing team, scoring more points for his school, than any other college boxer in Southern Iowa. He was also president of his class, and the most popular fellow in the school.

All these things he thought of, but it was all over now. He wished that he could return some day, after he had helped whip the Boches. His was a wonderful spirit, and he injected it into any enterprise which he undertook. He had three things upper

most in his mind,—his church, his country, and his school. Always had he been a devout Catholic, a loyal Yank, and a model scholar.

Coming to himself "Harp" got up and turned to leave the dugout. At the entrance he bumped into another husky doughboy.

"Get out of my road you rum-hound," bellowed the other, "can't you see where you're going?"

"Not so loud sir, not so loud," cautioned the witty "Harp", "or Fritz will think we are going over there to clean him out."

H-m clean Fritz out, "drawled the doughboy," "not if the rest of the army is like you."

"Well, if the rest of the army was like me, and there was double our number in your stamp, my army would clean y' out in the shake of a lamb's tail," returned the fiery patriot.

"Don't throw any of your loose-lip in this direction or you'll have to get an addin' machine to count the stars and the fists that'll be flyin' in front of yer map in a second," said the stranger.

"Is that so, I'll hand you a nifty lacing if you hang around much longer. Vamoose, or I'll sink my knuckles into your pretty profile."

"Well, watch who yer bumpin' after this, or there'll be trouble stirrin' around here, that'll make a Boche attack look sick," mumbled the surly intruder, as he continued into the dugout.

"Harp" continued on down the trench to a K. of C. hut, where he was going to write a letter to his mother, and one to the school. He was just finishing his writing, when he was greeted by an immense doughboy, entering the hut.

"Ho, Harp, how are ye, I've been lookin' aroun' fer ye fer the las' coupla hours."

"Hello, Tim, how's business, knocking many Boches off?"

While they're conversing, let us see who Harp's friend Tim is. Tim Riley is his name, and one that the owner is proud of. He is six feet two, and tips the scale at two hundred. He is a fellow that had been used to hard work in the Youngstown mills, with scanty education. After meeting Dolan in training camp, he was his steady companion. They were both in the same company, and this enabled them to keep together.

"Jes let me get me mitts on de dude, and I'll punch his oi out," raved Tim, after he had heard Harp's account of his argument with the strange doughboy.

"Drop it, Tim, it really amuses me the way that you acted," appeased his buddie.

"Yes, but Ai've heard of dis gay guy before, and I heered he was an' orful mean customer. Some even say dat he is under suryaylence, whatever dat means," said Tim.

"Where does he belong—I mean in what company?"

"He belongs over into Company F," replied Tim.

"Say, we have a boxing match with them on Thanksgiving Day behind the lines."

"Yes, and he's their star boxer."

"Oh, is that so?" said Harp, "he may not look so much like a star against our team."

Each company had its own boxing team, and Company B was no exception. Jim fought as a light heavyweight; it was through his efforts that Tim had gotten the heavyweight job. During spare time he would drill Tim in the rudiments of boxing. He was an apt pupil for such a big fellow, and when practice for the team started, Tim showed to good advantage. He weighed more than any other man on the team, while Harp weighed 160, was very fast and clever on his feet, running the 100 yards in 10 flat.

Three days later Dolan's company and Company F were among those who quietly marched back to billets for two weeks rest. Settling down comfortably in their new home, the boxers immediately began training for the coming match with Company F. Harp showed up wonderfully, and also helped Tim in polishing off the rough points. The boxers sparred for an hour each day, ate at training table, and also did some road work.

"I hope I get me a wallop at that big slob that acted so flip wit ye," said Tim the day before the big match.

"Knock him flat as a pancake, Tim, because a knockout registers more points for us."

"Jes you bet yer dough on me, kid," smiled Tim.

After eating breakfast the next day, Harp and Tim took it easy until 1:30. Then they walked to the barn in which the match was to be held. Arriving at the barn, they found the building packed with cheering doughboys. Already the first two contestants were making ready for the opening fight.

Happy "Jim" easily out-pointed his opponent, but he could'n knock him out; he fought a running fight, and Harp could'n put over a "sleep producer."

Tim's fight was next and the last one of the match. Company F was three points to the good, and Tim had to win decisively in order to bring the honors to his company.

The big fellow advanced from his corner confidently, but his opponent was just as confident. They sparred for an opening and exchanged a few punches during the first round of their scheduled 10-round bout. Tim set the pace for the next three rounds, but the opposition came up battling in the next four rounds, and he carried these on points. The ninth round was at hand, and the chances seemed slim, for the challenger was keeping pace quite evenly with the big Irishman. Tim was tired; but he thought also of how tired the other fellow was. He came forth determined to get rough with Company F man. In the middle of the ninth round he sent a left jab into the other's face. Immediately he lifted his guard and the fight was over. For, no sooner did he lift his hands to protect his face, when Tim sent in a terrific blow to the solar plexus. It was ten minutes before the fellow revived, and when he did, they sent him to a base hospital.

Learning that all hope of living was lost, the fellow confessed to being a German agent. He turned over some valuable papers and information that helped greatly in the later successes of the Yanks. He died a few hours later, satisfied that he had made some reparation for the great wrong he had done his country.

Later, Tim was injured seriously, but he recovered in time to return to the U. S. with Harp, who had been discharged, and had brought Tim to Santa Maria at the expense of the government.

Tim and "Harp" are happy at Santa Maria. The latter is again starring at athletics, but the former cannot participate in them on account of his injuries.

Both are studying to be priests, and intend to help conquer Africa for Christ, just as they did Germany for Uncle Sam.

E. F. KELLY, '25.





S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Thoughts Unborn.

IT would seem, as we come in contact with minds, that there are thoughts conceived therein, but still unborn, and that, for want of proper consideration. Were we to give them birth by reflecting on them, they would soon impress us, become a part of our being, and we might be bettered thereby. One such thought is that of what we have from God.

How seldom, if ever, does the work-and-pleasure man ponder upon the spiritual gifts granted to each human being. That immortal soul which must live along with eternity, when a thousand of years will be as a day, and a day as a thousand of years; her faculties of intellect and will, immune from matter, able to know and love even God Himself: the Catholic Religion, ready and anxious to receive all the world within the wide walls of Christ's Church, which has her own moral code, and the care of the Decalogue, her priesthood, sacred rites and sacraments. To think upon these alone should suffice to elicit from our wills a profound pledge of life-long love and service.

But, as with God, so with His goodness; neither knows circumference. Besides this spiritual treasury, there is the human body, life-filled to the smallest film of flesh; fitted with five keen and comprehensive senses; endowed with organs necessary for the performance of all life's functions. In form, figure and complexity, our bodies are beautiful, symmetrical and intricate. We see how useless would be life without the means necessary for its maintenance. These also God has provided, such as time, air, water, light, the animal and vegetable kingdoms. From these last man may draw food, clothing, heat.

Maltreat a mule, and you may feel what force there is behind

his brute resentment. Insult even the semi-intoxicated, and your condition a moment later may demand liquid diet. The all-wise Creator however, neither dumb nor drunk, suffers through years and entire lives, negligence, sin and insult. Upon many He visits what we are pleased to call misfortune. However, there is but one mortal to whom Christ cannot impute sin. Now, for sin satisfaction is exacted either here or hereafter. Wherefore, God is really gracious in granting us opportunities of atonement in the form of earthly miseries. It is well to bear always in mind that the flames of purgatory are those of hell in all but duration.

God's largess is not bound by the limits of life's few years, but extends even beyond the tomb. From this fact flows a thought the very beauty of which should insure its frequent contemplation. For the faithful departed He has gifts of value nonpareil. There are the beatific vision, the communion of saints, the friendship of Angels, and the eternal company of our own glorified relatives, and the friends that we have loved while on earth. We may often envy the contemporaries of Christ; still, there were but three that saw Him on earth as we shall see Him in glory. Such was that sight on Thabor that it caused the beholders to swoon. Then, there will be the sweet Mother of Jesus. How happy even the thought of proximity to that greatest of God's human creatures, the sinless and holy handmaid of the Lord!

Death, 'tis true, is keen enough to cut the strongest ties of love and friendship, but by virtue of that first Easter's glorious resurrection, there is a trysting place whence loved ones know no parting and friendship springs eternal.

J. A., '23.



The Tardy.

TARDY students may be arranged in three groups: the tardy by necessity, by habit, and by actual choice.

Just as the street cars have "delays beyond our control," so have students. The train is late, the car got off the track, or an errand had to be done before leaving. These are as a rule students whose coming late creates no problem.

Some are late by force of habit; they look at everything, everybody and everywhere; they began to come late, and would think it a disgrace to break the habit.

Others go to school as if they were going to the gallows; for them, every minute lost from the class-room is a blessing. They come late systematically. Many systems have unsatisfactorily been adopted to correct this abuse—locked doors, after school hours, written penances, fines, perhaps. If a teacher were to explain the lesson for the following day for the first fifteen minutes of class, if he were to make the class more attractive, if he were to talk heart to heart with the offender, could a remedy be found?



Pedagogical Efficiency.

IT IS a long time since Aristotle was a professor, and, I suppose, like all professors, he had his troubles and worries. Granted that genius and duncedom are the exceptions in youth, and that the generality of pupils enjoy a good mediocrity of intelligence, why such discrepancy in results? Useless it is to lay the blame on either teachers or pupils. Indeed, "much could be said on both sides." If we should pause in our maddening race for efficiency long enough to look behind us, we would find the Stagyrite laying down a very wise rule for instructors. They should strive, he says, to make the disciple *benevolent, docile* and *attentive*. In other words, he should gain his good-will (this objective is never arrived at by abuse); make truth more plain and plausible than the learner's own views; he should finally cultivate in himself the art of being interesting.



Daylight Saving.

THE Daylight Saving question is with us again, and is as certain to stir up the usual arguments in its favor and against it. It looks as if we were to have it with us each year. 'Early to bed and early to rise' was the time-honored solution of the past; but, like most of our time-honored customs, it, too, must yield to the inevitable law of change. In past years, Wall Street wanted it to cope with European Exchange, the public in general was against it. A compromise was reached,—we got what Wall Street wanted.

Who wants it now? Bankers and golfers and the patrons of

twilight baseball; the "war garden" excuse is dead. Farmers don't want it. Because, although they may change their clocks, they have not yet succeeded in making the sun rise to dry up the dew from the farm crops in time for convenient labor. The morning, then, is as good as lost. Instead of resting during the hottest part of the day—twelve to one, old time—they will be beginning their afternoon work according to daylight saving at the hottest period. Finally, according to their hours of quitting work, the treasure hours of the farmers' day will be useless.

School children, and youth in general, who need lots of sleep, and to whom no injustice can be done by sending them to bed at sun-down, will not benefit by Daylight Saving.

Members of Religious Orders, who rise usually at five or earlier, will find a great inconvenience in rising at five, according to the proposed plan. In a word, all those who adopted it cheerfully, or otherwise, do not save daylight. So, why have it?



CHRONICLE

Our Concerts are becoming weekly features of University life. The overflow crowd drawn by the Seniors' and Juniors' Play and Debate led the way to renewed interest. "A Regular Rah-Rah Boy" was executed with skill and art that would do justice to any stage.

The "Boob" by the Sophomore class, a week later, was no less successful. Their younger imitators from Second Hi D, under the tutelege of Rev. E. A. Malloy, surpassed themselves, and surprised the large audience that attended.

On March 1st, the Forty Hours' Devotion opened with a Solemn High Mass. During the three days' Forty Hours' Exposition, all the students approached the Holy Table, and many went in the procession, carrying the banners of the various Sodalities.

On March 7th, we celebrated the Feast of St. Thomas of

Aquin. A Mass was said at 8:30 o'clock, at which the students of the College Department assisted. The St. Thomas members of the Senior and Junior classes Aquinas also received Holy Communion. As St. Thomas is especially the patron of philosophers and theologians, the philosophers of the College Department take turns in reciting his prayer for light, before each philosophy class.

The opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion marked also the opening of the Lenten season. Immediately the receipts at the candy store fell; and there is evidence of Lent mortification everywhere.

As usual, most of the Fathers are preaching Lenten courses. Very Rev. Father Hehir, C. S. Sp., is preaching at Washington, Pa.; Father Fullen, at the Sacred Heart Church; Father Dodwell, at Emsworth; Father McGuigan, at Crafton; Father Williams, at Saint Anne's, Millvale, and Father E. A. Malloy, Monaca.

The students and Faculty are enjoying the Radio immensely. Night after night artistic concerts come over it, and sound Radio as plain in the adjoining corridor, as if the music were actually played there. A special treat was Mr. Bryan's sermon on Sunday, March 12th, given in one of the local religious meeting houses. The tone was intensely Catholic, and one was struck by the wealth and appropriateness of his examples.

St. Patrick's Day enjoyed its usual distinction at the University. The class-rooms in the morning looked like a field of green. The afternoon was free; and a St. Patrick's Day Holy Mass in the morning, at which the Faculty quartet rendered many hymns in honor of St. Patrick, added a religious spirit to the occasion.

The celebration actually began on Thursday, March 16th, when the enterprising and energetic Father McGuigan marched his troupe of actors on the stage before a large audience. To describe the concert would be to spoil it. Let it suffice to say that it was arranged, planned and executed by Father Mack. 'Nuf Ced.'

The Feast of Saint Joseph was observed in befitting fashion.

All the students of the Uptown School assisted at the Solemn High Mass and sermon. The Patron of the St. Joseph Universal Church is special patron of our Brothers, whose life so closely resembles his in its ordinaryness, its labor, and its sanctity. The student body caught the spirit and significance of the occasion, and sang the Mass with a richness of harmony, and piety seldom evinced before.



'VARSITY BASKETBALL.'

The Duke basketeers have at last emerged in a blaze of glory from the late—but not lamented—schedule. Considering the innumerable crimps, Lady Luck has thrown into the Hill aggregation, the squad has proved several octaves above a howling success. The accomplished Mr. Klinzing, the elongated Vebelunas, and that adroit defender of the hoop, Matt Broderick, all luminaries of the 'twenty-one five, were conspicuously absent this year. And let it be mentioned, *hic et nunc*, that "Moon" Klinzing is to the team that he graces, as the third leg is to a stool. Lester was the recipient of a cracked instep early in January and appeared no more. Cingolani broke a finger, and Harrison was slammed about generally. But despite these setbacks the Bluffites have battered their way ahead and find themselves at the finish with the enviable mark of ten wins against six defeats.

Three factors were potent in landing the Red and Blue near the pinnacle of tri-state heap, speed, top-hole substitutes, and Coach Martin.

The 'Varsity cage boss worked faithfully with a gang of gluttons for practice, and finally evolved a set of artists that handled the pellet with a dexterity that would have made an exponent of the gentle graft of legerdemain holler for a glass of

strychnine. During the February and March contests, their passing and teamwork were beautiful—and bewildering—to behold. The men weren't big, but they were good—and quality covereth a multitude of opponents. The defense was something to brag of to one's grand-children. If an enemy dropped one in the net, he felt so superior that he was out of the picture for the rest of the night trying to decide whether he'd let the coach kiss him or not at the presentation of the costly gold medallion.

All in all, Duquesne was "there" this winter, and allowing for the left jabs of fortune, we see no reason why 'twenty-two should not be ranked at the head of the lengthy list of Duquesne's triumphant floor seasons.

Harrison—*Forward*.

Captain "Coy" Harrison has shown himself a real, fighting leader. His remarkable ability to retain possession of the sphere, coupled with his keen shooting eye, has made him the talk of the University. He was a source of inspiration to his followers, ever a team man, and the possessor of true basketball instinct. Though injured several times, he displayed his grit by playing in practically every contest. His big evening was against Wesleyan when he sunk nine from the court. "Coy" was the big scorer of field goals. In thirteen games he garnered fifty-two two-pointers.

Kendricks—*Guard*.

"Ollie" has been a tosser *de luxe*. He was undoubtedly the fastest man on the squad. His guarding was par excellence, he ran the length of the gym in nothing flat, and clicked off a wicked basket. His *forte* lay on the free-throw line, where he corralled 204 out of 278, for the season, an average of 734. He also managed to ring up thirty-two double-counters, bringing his total points to 268.

Cherdini—*Center*.

"Chuck" showed 'em all up—that is, his unfortunate opponents. The former Prep star is no Goliath, but he rises to heights. As a dribbler, he takes the well-known plum-pudding, including the brandy sauce. He also shoots with an accuracy that disgusts the enemy cohorts. His specialty is holing out in one, which is "Golfasian" for counting from mid-floor. He rang the bell on nine occasions in the second Westinghouse tilt, and otherwise distinguished himself. His mark for the year is forty-eight.

Cingolani—Forward.

Paired with Harrison was Cingolani, Butler's prospective legal light. "Ching's" basketball attainments were like unto his football deeds—which means considerable. He is a shooter by nature and a passer by inclination. He plays with the abandon and ease of a Kosloff dancing, and contrives to hold up his end of the scoring, accounting for thirty from scrimmage, though handicapped by a damaged digit in several fiascos.

McNamara—Guard.

"Mack" came into his own this year. He has developed into a guard that no one hankers to face. His energy is limitless, and *he can jump*. We look for great things from the intrepid little gridder next year.

Houston—Guard.

This Wheeling husky came to life in mid-season—while playing in his home town—and has been going ever since. He is an accurate shot, and sure death to hostile team-work. He will be heard from in the future.

Campbell—Guard.

The fork-hander from "Economics" displayed some classy form. He is a handy man to have around, as he plays any position with equal facility, and his pep jacks up the morale.

Cain—Forward.

"Red" is a "hot dog" at bagging 'em, and quite an uplifting influence when the team is behind. His floor work and passing were a little off now and then, but he made up for it, by an uncanny ability to find the loop while gazing elsewhere.

Nee—Guard.

The stocky Sophomore has the ear-marks of a comer. He had little opportunity to test his mettle this year, but in his few appearances he had the goods. He should give the big boys a battle for a berth before long.

Lester—Center.

The Scottsdale south-paw played a clever, but wild game, until his foot went bad. We hope to see more of him in 1923.

Smith—Manager.

The genial "Smithy" had a tough job. When the Wilkinsburger came into power the schedule was *non est*. He worked hard and effectively, and compiled a line-up of games that was a

source of wonder to those "in the know." We hand him a bale of credit. He ought to get a loving-cup.

Martin—Coach.

The Duke mentor has done something to be proud of. From a group consisting mostly of green recruits, he has welded a team that can batter most anything in the section to a sick-looking pulp. He has surmounted obstacles that would have made the average coach take a job in California--and now he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has made a success of his undertaking. He deserves it, and a lot more.

'VARSITY RECORD.

Dukes, 26	Dennison,	22
" 35	Heinz House,	37
" 30	Lafayette,	37
" 42	Waynesburg,	32
" 26	Bethany,	35
" 53	Westinghouse Club, 26	
" 33	Westminster,	23
" 47	Carroll Club,	26
" 20	Grove City,	28
" 25	Allegheny,	31
" 29	Muskingum,	20
" 61	Westinghouse Club, 29	
" 31	Thiel,	23
" 27	Westminster,	33
" 59	W. Va. Wesleyan,	24
" 43	Bethany,	30
<hr/>		
Total, 587		454

PREP BASKETBALL.

The Dukelets had a so-so season. They really should have won at least three-fourths of the games they lost. Unfortunately they didn't. At times they seemed to have been bitten by the "tse-tse" fly, that far-famed carrier of "sleeping sickness." All things considered, however, they did pretty well. The Preppers had their share of knocks, and came out in good fashion, despite them. Their percentage stands well over the 500 mark.

Savage was undoubtedly the team's leading point-getter. He's a marvel at long shots, a fast floor man, a good passer, and is an all-round handy man. His foul-shooting was erratic, but this deficiency was never fatal, except, perhaps, in the Burgetts-

town fracas that went to the Panhandlers by a 16-15 count. Monaghan was a whirlwind, when in form, but seemed a bit slow in several imbroglios. His height makes him the ideal center, and enables him to push 'em in on the rebound from the banking board. He grabbed off twelve from the field against Monaca. Captain "Huck" Finn has improved his guarding appreciably, and is cool-headed enough to lead his men. His shooting picked up surprisingly on the home stretch of the card. We've spoken of Casteel before, and our previous remarks hold good. He's a flash who can dribble and find the loop. What could be sweeter? Conley has justified his advance notices. His opponents have looked even more foolish than Nature intended, and Ambrose continues to check off the markers. Keefe is coming ahead rapidly. His floor work is second to that of no team-mate; if his scoring ability develops he will give 'em a run. Egan's finger is O. K. again, and the diminutive "Red" is acting like himself. He sticks to the pill like mucilage ought to, plays a brainy game, and finds the hole frequently.

As a whole the team played in-and-out ball. There were days when they could rush the 'Varsity knock-kneed—and others when the Dukums could have wiped 'em up. They played a lot of poor games, but more good ones, and the thrills in the latter more than balanced the defects in the former.

Their record is 12 won, and 8 lost; and they scored 648 points to their opponents 559.

THE JUNIORS.

The best and most interesting team at old Duquesne this year was the Junior Hi team. There is no doubt about it at all. Ask any of the Juniors, and especially Coach "Bezdek", and you will be readily convinced. The floormen, led by Captain Zapf, swept aside all opposition with not much difficulty. Only three times did they strike snags in their triumphant march, and they had an opportunity of getting sweet revenge for one of these reverses. One enthusiastic Basketball "Bug" went so far as to say that the Juniors could beat any team their size in 48 States of this grand Union of ours. We might also include the territories and our island possessions. Anyhow, it was a great little team, and as far as records go, it had a better record than the 'Varsity or the High School team. Now mind, we are not so intoxicated with enthusiasm and loyalty, as to think that the Juniors could have beaten either of the other two teams, and it maybe that if they had met a team as good as either of the aforementioned in it's own little way, there might have been less reason for boasting.

The teams met were the best in the Junior class, and some of the Juniors' opponents were in the Junior class 10, these many years agone. In their three defeats the Juniors were not disgraced, two of them being of the lucky variety, and the Avalon Soph game being a sad mistake. Crafton Juniors took our measure on their own floor, and with a very generous referee of their own choosing. Still only three points separated us at the end from victory. The margin of difference between us and the Fallibles was five points, and had the Juniors played as well in the first three quarters as they did in the last, the Fallibles would have been snowed under. The Avalon Sophs looked like a flock of Potsdam giants, and small wonder that they proved themselves ten points better than we, if you consider that each of the Sophs could look over Dick Vogel's head, and Dick is not exactly as diminutive as Lennox or Pat Haney.

The whole gang of Juniors were great, but as always happens, there were degrees in the greatness, and premier honors must go to the popular Captain Zapf. He did not do so much, merely ran up a total of 58 field goals, and tossed in something like three-quarters of the total number of tries from the foul line. He was here, there and everywhere, whilst on the floor, and many a time opponents lost heart on seeing how easy it was for him to do his deadly work of helping to win games. Next in the order of point-scoring comes Wilson. Fancy? Well, let me tell you, there was a sweet forward for you. His specialty was throwing in field goals, under circumstances, that would make an ordinary mortal hesitate. He garnered 38 of our total number of field goals, and was in the thick of the fray from start to finish. Ha, our center. Behold Dick Vogel, the hardest worker on the team. His specialty was seeing that the other center did not get the jump on him, and when not doing this, he was busy helping to swell the total in the scoring column. As a rule, centers are content to play their own positions, and leave the scoring work for the forwards, but Dick was not like the ordinary center. He played his position, and did great work in the forwards' stead. Let me tell you 34 field goals is not a bad total for a center, and that's Dick's total. The guards, Loughren the pep merchant and a grand little player, Clary an impenetrable guardian of the basket, who capped a great season by tossing in the last field goal of the season, after dribbling through the whole opposing team, Haberl, nothing to rave about, but sure thing as a reliable guard, forward or center, and Murray always on the job and no quitter—all these were necessary for the perfection of a grand little

team. And lest we forget, Heyl and Maughn, when given the opportunity, tried hard to steal regular places, and give promise of doing that to the Queen's taste next season.

Here's the "Dope" on the season's games: Games played, 16; games won, 13; games lost, 3; total points scored—Juniors, 453; opponents, 307.

BASEBALL.

Little is known of the Bluff nines as we go to press. The 'Varsity schedule is good—and hard. Manager Strobel has labored long and produced that sweet result—the perfect card. The team will be good, we have Coach Martin's word for that. It ought to be, with Cherdini, Keefe, Rooney, Weiss, Kilday, Erlain, *et al.* The pitching staff looks sweet to the casual observer, and the other departments will be taken care of. The Preps are prepared for a rough season with Billy Titz, "Nig" Savage, Conley, Monaghan, Loebig, Bullion, and a host of newcomers. Martin will tutor the Dukelets, along with the big fellows. Father Dodwell has the Juniors, as usual, and the Dukums will look to Mr. Walsh for their signals. The boarders are organizing the McCook Club again, and seem to be in for business. That's about all the advance dope we have to peddle at the moment. If the somewhat gentle reader desires further details, he may get them absolutely *gratis* by coming out and watching practice every afternoon at 2:40. All are invited!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.



A Tribute to Duquesne.

Dr. John C. Acheson, President of the Pennsylvania College for Women, in an address in the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce on "Pittsburgh's Educational Institutions", had the following to say on our Law School and School of Accounts:

"The Duquesne University is also in this group of four, and under that head I will mention simply as of special interest the Law School, which has been moved into new quarters on Third Avenue, to provide space necessary for the growth of the school. Here is maintained a complete law library, one of the largest in the State. Duquesne has drawn over 10 years the highest percentage of successful candidates for admission to the Bar in Pennsylvania. The School of Economics, Finance and Commerce was organized nine years ago by Dean W. H. Walker, and enjoys an enrollment of more than one thousand three hundred students, being about one-half of the total registration of the University."

We appreciate praise coming from so authoritative a source.

Alumni.

THIS time three years ago REV. JOSEPH J. SABANIEC, C. S. Sp., was a prefect here. Now he is attending the Gregorian University lectures in theology at Rome, in conjunction with the other divinity students at the Holy Ghost Seminary, 42 Via Santa Chiara. Lately he was ordained deacon; in his last letter he stated that he expected the other two major orders to follow in quick succession. We are very pleased to note that he is maintaining the proud record of Duquesne in the Eternal City.

A letter from EDDIE QUINN, St. Mary's, Ferndale, Conn., acquaints us with the fact that REV. S. A. SCHIFFGENS, C. S. Sp., is now deacon, and that MESSRS. QUINLAN, C. S. Sp., and STANTON, C. S. Sp., have received the tonsure.

A request has been forwarded to Rome to permit the transfer of the Holy Ghost novitiate from Ferndale to Ridgefield, Conn., a delightful spot at the foot of the Berkshire Hills. The extensive property recently purchased with the thirty-room dwelling, formerly the country residence of General O'Ryan, of New York, will, according to reports, be occupied by the incoming novices next August.

JOSEPH H. PAVLINAC is pursuing his studies at George Washington Medical College, Washington, D. C.

Some fifteen years ago we had the star baseball team in our history. HARRY MURPHY and RAY MILLER were the pitchers. They won all of the twenty games played, including three with minor league aggregations. Harry is now a very successful medical practitioner in Sheraiden, and Ray is still gracing the diamond. After he left school he took to professional ball and made a success of it. One would imagine that it is about time for him to retire, but he has no intention of retiring. Richard Guy, sporting editor of the *Leader*, writes: "When local baseball players engage in a fanfest and Ray Miller is mentioned, the invariable injection is: 'That Ray Miller is getting pretty well along in years—about time for him to quit!' Ray Miller has been before the sport public for years, yet he is only thirty-three." Ray looks good for many years to come.

JACK DAUER is still in the banking business, serving as cashier in the Metropolitan Trust.

Since February 14, WILLIAM F. GRAHAM is the happy father of a baby boy. Will resides at 5429 Walnut Street.

J. FRANK NEILAN, miner and shipper of Broad Top Mountain Smokeless Coal, Dudley, Pa., took Frank, Jr., lately to see his *Alma Mater*. If the little fellow can equal his father's record as a distance runner and scholar, he will be unusually welcome when he enters the high school department.

MILTON J. MAHONY, formerly manager of the credit department of the A. W. McCloy Company, is now on the road for the same Company, and meets with marked success in securing wholesale orders.

JOHN J. MCTIERNAN, one of our sweetest singers of some thirty years ago, is superintendent of the So. Bell Telegraph and Telephone Co., Atlanta, Ga. After an absence from Pittsburgh of seventeen years, he writes for information of his former teachers and of the progress the school has made in the meantime. He promises himself the pleasure of paying a visit next summer to the scene of his academic studies.

DR. E. FIREWICZ is practising dentistry at 1737 Carson Street, South Side.

STANLEY P. BALCERZAK is one of ninety-two survivors of a class of one hundred and eighteen in the Maryland School of Medicine. The others fell by the wayside in the mid-year examinations. Failure to secure a pass in two subjects eliminates the unfortunates. Stanley averaged considerably above the low water mark of seventy-five per cent. There is no success without application and sacrifice. How long will it take to teach this lesson to the tardy loiterers along the flowery path of knowledge?

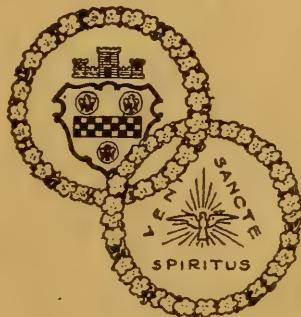
FRANK N. SATTER made the best of his opportunities when working his way through school. He has a warm spot in his heart for his teachers of years ago. God has blessed his efforts in the battle of life. Though still very young, he has charge of the Sales Department of The Electric Alloy Steel Co., of Youngstown, Ohio.

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Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Vol. 29

MAY, 1922

No. 8



Duquesne Monthly

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CONTENTS

Risen	MICHAEL F. COLEMAN	231
The Cask of Amontillado	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	232
When Silas Hicks Came Back,	JOHN SEDLAK	234
Quid? Quando? Quomodo?	J. A.	237
The Shave Pate	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	240
Out of the Depths	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	244
Editorial:—		
Swifter Justice	H. J. SIEBER	249
United States—Champion of Education	WILLIAM E. BOGGS	250
The Need of a Catholic Y. M. C. A.	PAUL A. McCROY	251
“Verbum de Censoribus”	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	251
Chronicle	253
Athletics	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	256
Exchanges	P. G. S.	259
Duquesnicula	262

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Risen!

RISEN again is the verdant Spring,
Risen again; for the robins sing.

Risen again from its icy mass
The shivering shrub and the blade of grass.

Risen again in the gushing flood
To newer life in the drowsy blood.

Risen the sun in a splendor gay,
Painting a rose on the face of day.

Risen again in the field and street,
The running traces of tiny feet.

Risen again is the withered sod
Risen but truer is Nature's God.

Risen anew, let our souls begin,
And rise forever from death and sin.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.





The Cask of Amontillado.

THE Cask of Amontillado is a typical short story of Edgar Allan Poe: mystery, intrigue, passion, cool and calculating, denouement swift and tragic, each plays its part in rapid succession, and blends in perfect harmony to the slightest whim of the master hand in his construction of the story. Poe is always interesting. His keen sense of humor generally prevalent in most of his works and, in some of them the dominating characteristic, is for the most part obscured or entirely missing in this story. Indeed, grim tragedy stalks in deathly silence, and as the reader delves more deeply in the plot of fiendish ingenuity, he searches in vain for the gems of humanism, but finds in their stead the prickly thorns of caustic sarcasm. Poe is writing in the vein of vindictiveness and a revenge that must be satisfied. The plot is as follows:

Fortunato, an Italian connoisseur of wines, had inflicted many injuries, and at last insult, on a certain gentleman named Montressor. The latter vows vengeance and bides his time, only waiting for the proper opportunity to present itself. At last he sees his chance. It is carnival time in Rome. The streets are packed with gaily-costumed merry-makers. He discovers Fortunato, attired in the dress of a clown, and, to some extent, under the influence of wine. Speaking to him under guise of friendship and business combined, he informs him that he has purchased a cask of Amontillado wine, but doubts its genuineness. This at once arouses the interest of Fortunato, who considers himself the connoisseur par excellence of all wines, and especially the rare and scintillating Amontillado. But Montressor artfully insinuates that since Fortunato is having such a splendid time, he would not disturb him, but would ask the advice of Luchesi, a rival connoisseur. Fortunato insists that he will test the wine, and despite all advice to the contrary, forces his company and services on his friend, and goes to Montressor's wine cellar. Again, after he has entered the wine chambers which are old catacombs; and, when on account of the dampness, he begins to cough, Montressor seeks to lead the connoisseur away, but he refuses. They break a bottle of wine and drink. A little later they drink again. And for the last time Montressor asks him to go back, but he stubbornly refuses; they then pass on to the

crypt, supposed to contain the cask of Amontillado wine. They go into a very dark recess, flanked on three sides by high granite walls; the fourth side is merely an aperture large enough to let one pass through. As soon as Fortunato enters, his erstwhile friend steps up, and using a chain and padlock that were there for that purpose, chained him to the wall. Fortunato is too stupid from the wine to realize his plight until it is too late.

Montressor then calmly begins to build the fourth wall, and seal his helpless victim in a living tomb. He then sarcastically implores and begs Fortunato to go home. At the completion of the fifth tier of masonry, the helpless victim rattles his chain in a vain attempt to gain his freedom, and Montressor, that he might the more enjoyably listen, ceases his work, and sits upon the bones of the dead, which had been dug out of their resting place, and harkens in satisfaction to his enemy's distress. Again going to work, the sixth, seventh tiers were finished, and by design Montressor throws the light of his flambeaux over the wall. Immediately Fortunato screams, loud and shrilly. After an instant's hesitation, Montressor replies and yells and screams, his voice reverberating and reaching along the passages until the tormented one subsides. The wall is nearly built now, and it is close to midnight. The last stone of the eleventh tier is all that is missing. Montressor lifts it up, and places it temporarily in position. There comes a low laugh, and Fortunato in a strange voice, says it is all a joke, and that since it is getting late, they had better go. Montressor jeeringly replies, "Yes, let us be gone." Then Fortunato, in a piteous voice, beseeches Montressor: "For the love of God." And Montressor replies: "Yes, for the love of God." He calls Fortunato, but receives no answer. He calls again and receives no answer. Finally a little jingle of the bells. The last stone is forced into place and plastered up. Montressor piles against the new wall the old rampart of bones.

Thus the story ends. Poe, as the avenging angel, weaves the threads of destiny, and enmeshes the body of Fortunato. The Italian characteristics of a sworn vengeance is portrayed in fine style. The plot is forceful and intensely gripping, character finely portrayed, and true to life. Poe succeeds.

But if only he had turned his brilliant genius to other and lighter phases of human life! Poe seemingly delights to steal among the tombstones in the cemeteries of man. What reading there would be had he been a Horace or a Longfellow!

When Silas Hicks Came Back.

IT was one night, late in the month of May, last Spring, that the inhabitants of the little town of Scio were first overwhelmed with unique astonishment.

The cause of the sensation dates its origin back to the memorable day of July the first, three summers ago, when the Eighteenth Amendment placed the fast-tightening "lid" on the keg, bottle, and the flowing-bowl.

On the evening prior to that July day, the Rainbow Inn, the town's only grog-shop, closed the door of hope for the drinking class in compliance with the provisions of the said Amendment. This Act of Congress created vociferous shouts of regret for some time among the male residents of the town. Men, who during the day, had imbibed heavily of the last royal intoxicants, roved about the streets, maundering and singing in maudlin iteration their favorite ditties. The Ukelele Band appeared on the streets to pay the last tribute to the time-honored John Barleycorn. That same night Silas Hicks, the proprietor of the Rainbow Inn, departed from the town in search of a new enterprise.

Previous to this day, time passed by with its annual series of events that reflected no unusual interest to the inhabitants of the town. People came and people went. The sun rose in the east and sank in the west, and the four seasons made their annual appearance each succeeding year.

However, since that memorable day of three summers past, Scio had changed to quite a different place. Work-shops and mills were regularly attended by workmen. At night the lights in the homes were put out at an earlier hour, and in general, Scio resembled a somnolent old colonial town of the seventeenth century.

As each succeeding train pulled into town, a reporter for the *Scio Mirror*, the town's daily gazette, called upon all passengers who alighted. Men, women and children were all asked to give their names and explain their mission in town. For had it not been for this daily record of arrivals, the *Mirror* would have had nothing to reflect from the pages for the eyes of its readers.

One May afternoon, as the second train stopped in front of the Scio station, only a single passenger alighted. He was a gentleman, tall and heavy built. The reporter noticing the stranger's appearance, made haste to inquire as to his duty in Scio. But the new arrival refused to reveal his name, and before the reporter could address him further, the stranger had stepped into a nearby taxicab, and had directed the driver to proceed. In

spite of that, however, the keen eye of the reporter never failed to scan the face of the stranger. The newspaper man was at once impressed with the image of a prisoner, who had escaped from the White Eagle Jail, and whose photograph was posted in the lobby of the town's post-office. The alert reporter lost no time in pursuing the unknown arrival. The incident was recorded on the first page of the next morning's *Mirror*.

In the course of a few minutes ride the gentlemen gave word for the taxi driver to stop. After paying for his hire, the passenger stepped from the car, directly in front of the Scio Inn.

The stranger then hastened towards the door of the old untenanted grog-shop. Finding a key in his pocket, he gained entrance into the building. The door then being released from its holdings, he stepped into the room, lively and gently, as if it were his own home. Turning about, he locked the door behind him, and then proceeded farther into the chambers of the spacious building.

Night soon came, though reflecting nothing unusual to the inhabitants of the town. Their habitual customs were lived up to as had previously been done.

But, on the following day, all Scio became aroused. The word was passed around town that the stranger who refused to tell his name to the reporter at the station, was an escaped convict from the White Eagle Jail, and was now taking refuge in the old inn.

Neighbors had noticed that a bright light was seen glimmering through the key hole in the front door the previous night, and everyone knew that the building was vacant since the fate of John Barleycorn had been sealed in the country.

The town's mounted police were notified, and they arrived at the scene that evening at eight o'clock. An immense throng of people had also gathered about the premises. When night had come, a dim, blinking light appeared through the blinds of one of the second story windows. From the throng a crowd of ten men were appointed by the police to aid in the search for the supposed bandit. Armed with rifles, clubs and flashlights, the ten men and the four policemen proceeded towards the front door of the building. The curious throng outside watched every move made by the men. Little trouble was experienced in gaining entrance into the saloon, and all fourteen men filed into the building one after another.

Minutes passed and no reply. The anxious mob outside was very restless and impatient. Some feared that violence had been

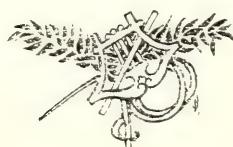
done to that brave party of men; others were optimistic enough to discourage such notions, as no rifle shots were heard. Then, finally, as the village clock was striking nine, the delegation could be seen to emerge from the building. The onlookers were amazed because the four policemen said nothing, but gently mounted their horses and galloped away, and the ten citizens returned quite different, as compared with when they entered. Instead of a look of fear, a pleasing smile filled their faces. The throng crowded about the men, and begged to be informed of what they had seen. A man of about forty years was chosen as spokesman, and being heaved above the heads of the listeners, he spoke briefly and clearly, telling the crowd just what had been witnessed. The crowd, after hearing what he said, was overwhelmed with astonishment. The men roared with laughter and jollity; but the women turned away with a feeling of sadness. The address of the speaker was as follows:

"Gentlemen and Ladies: Mr. Silas Hicks, our old townsman, who left us when prohibition came into effect, has returned, and is preparing to accommodate us with near-beer. The bar will be open for service on the morrow at one o'clock sharp."

When the sun rose the next morning, it seemed as if the citizens of Scio never witnessed a better day since that day of June, some twenty-three months ago. Every man was in a happy state of mind. Women on the contrary were in a mood just opposite to that of the men. At one o'clock that afternoon, when "gags" were once more served across the bar, the first liquid strains that echoed forth from the Scio Inn were: "How dry I was!"

But lo! As time went on, the citizens of Scio discovered a new beverage, and gradually ceased to frequent the old inn. Mr. Hicks, failing to profit by near-beer, sold his property and all. But the citizens of Scio feel as cheerful to-day as they did before the Eighteenth Amendment. Why?

JOHN SEDLAK, '25.



Quid? Quando? Quomodo?

HOW many students can answer these three "Q's?" To be learned "is a consummation devoutly to be wished" by all. None wishes to be ignorant. Even the drunkard will strive to stagger his less learned listeners; and what child does not delight in a show of mental precosity! Since the mind was given to us a "tabula rasa" that we might perfect it by tracing thereon thoughts of learning and bits of wisdom, it must be natural for us to know. The more we know, the more closely do we approach to the Omniscience of the Divine Intellect. But, alas! what fools are we who groan as we graduate from the Parochial school, in anticipation of those four years of mental drudgery before that final high school commencement! To many of us it is a clear case of leaving the skillet to find ourselves frying in the flames.

Of the three score years in a normal life-time, about one score is spent by the man of profession in the pursuit of his education. He enters the seminary of science a raw seed at the age of six, then at twenty, he is transplanted in full bloom into the garden of toil, where he commences to bear fruit for himself and others. With his eighth grade diploma tucked beneath his arm, he ambles along the "Path of Profession" wondering, hesitating, doubting into which of its countless deviations to turn. What will he be? Here he has wholesome thought—food for mastication and digestion, for on his answer will hang his own future and that of his dependents. Will he take the road whose sign-board reads: Religion, Arts, Medicine, Law, Civil Service, Science, Commerce, Business, Trades? In this perplexity of choosing a position, a gleam of light from the Lamp of Wisdom, the Holy Ghost, is a sure and safe pathfinder. In education, as in every distinct entity, there are the essentials and the accidentals. Grade school lends the frame; high school forms the fabric; college cuts the figure, and labor weaves a well-woven career. For the perfection of the pattern all four are requisite. What, then, shall I be? The Holy Ghost has given the guiding light, and we have turned our steps to the lane of our choice, which we shall enter by one of three courses: the academic, scientific or commercial. Remembering that, "*nihil sine labore*—naught is wrought but by patient labor," we must follow the calling, as did seamen the siren, with dogged and persevering energy.

Now, we ask: "When shall I study?" Whenever the body and brain are not fatigued. Since the intellect is a faculty of the spiritual soul and like it, immune from matter, it follows that it

cannot be exhausted; however, we shall find that two hours of steady application to a single subject are sufficient to weary the brain; this, because of the strain exerted upon the imagination and memory, two material faculties. Change of theme at intervals will offset this effect by instilling new interest and energy. The study of the various branches in the course should be divided, as to time and amount of attention. Needless is it to comment upon the importance of faithfully following our schedule. The more prominent and profound of the branches will by nature take precedence over those less significant and more light. These latter may be left till evening, when their perusal is less likely to incur a restive or dreamful night; whereas, for memorizing and reasoning, the most opportune time is before breakfasting. While in the study, fresh air and peace are the indispensable arms in staving off the enemies of learning, distraction and drowsiness.

Quomodo—how shall I study? What a nonsensical question! Why, just learn, that's all! Yes, but do you know how to learn? Could you for instance, so clearly present to me on paper the substance of a lesson so recent as yesterday's, that I could say: "Well, I comprehend that as clearly as if I had had the book." This you could do if you knew how to study. A scholar's task entails the exercise of his sound and sight senses, his imagination, intellect and memory (with the premise that the will is inclined to learn). The use of eyes and ears is consequent upon the need of close attention in class. To acquire this as a habit, let the student utilize the knack of finding some mistake or contradiction in the professor's (he is human and apt to err) work or words.

It is the function of our imagination to portray clearly the objects of the senses so that the intellect can abstract what is to learned. The imagination, aided by the memory, associates present and past images, thereby lightening the mind's labor in grasping the new idea. That mind and memory may perceive and retain the more readily what is to be known, the fantasy must present to them a conspectus, outline plan, geography, etc., of the entire book with its main and subordinate divisions, and the substance of these. This same process holds in the composition of essay, text-book, or story.

In conning the day's assignment, it should not be commenced without an earnest petition for light in the recital of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, or Come, Holy Ghost. The matter should

be read and reread, or the conditions of the problem well understood before an attempt at solution. When the lesson appears to be grasped, the book should be laid aside and the contents committed to paper. Should some point prove more difficult or illusive, it can be impressed by association with an example or illustration already known and understood. The memory of a lesson thus learned is not easily lost.

Since every Science is based upon principles whence flow collateral truths or corollaries, ignorance of the former necessitates a hazy and wobbly knowledge of the latter. Hence, a firm foundation insures a safe building. It is no less prudent to follow but one author; "*Timeo hominem unius libri*—I respect the man with thorough knowledge of but one book," is an adage of earlier birth than yesterday.

Study and writing are twins, of which the former is but the first born. Dr. Watts says: "There is more gained by writing once than by reading five times." Hence, all lessons should be committed to paper. A resume is a compendium of an author's work as we conceive it. To be very effective, it must be systematic, concise, kept to date, and reviewed regularly at the end of each week. Monthly tests and quarterly examinations bode no evil for the student who has kept an intelligent resume. As the dread day approaches, the book is abandoned and the resume scanned in a few hours. All the essentials are there; the accidentals follow by association and repetition. Should the brain become overtaxed and tired during this review, or at any other time, the best stimulus is a game of some sort, a brisk walk, an enlivening conversation, a humorous story; anything that will divert the mind from study. There is another trick in the trade of learning little used by the novice, and it is that of taking notes on the professor's explanations, which are certain to slip the memory if they are not jotted down.

Here, then, are a few of many aids to serious students, who strive to advance in age and wisdom before God and man.

J. A., '23.



The Shave Pate.

[CONTINUED]

PART II.—SYNOPSIS.

[Off the southeast coast of Ireland, on the edge of a little island rises “Donovan’s Light”, a lighthouse of the old stamp. Here an Irish patriot and his niece live in simple surroundings. Their Light guards are of the dangerous approaches to the Channel. In a wild storm, the “Shannon”, a submarine, carrying contraband for the Republican army, is threatened with disaster. Barney, who takes care of the cargo until it can be carried away secretly by his fellow compatriots of the mainland, sends out rockets from the Light, and guides the “Shannon” to safety.]

Irene has lost her heart to the gallant, dashing Captain, who in turn is captivated by her beauty and sincerity. Old Barney is aroused by the vague stories afloat in regard to the Captain’s character.]

A large harvest moon was just rising above the jagged skyline of the far-distant mainland hills. Soft, mellow rays were beginning the transformation that would end in a beautiful and picturesque panorama. The bleak, empty hillsides, now a dusk and obscure background would lend the necessary tone that made the picture a master-piece. The numerous little islands, the deep and narrow channels, would receive just enough of the golden tints to bring them out as vague and misty clippings of the jewel to be represented. For the poet and dreamer it was a wonderful night. For the unimpressive it was but a commonplace moon—a nightly occurrence.

The language of love is the language of poets and dreamers. Words are never spoken or heard; they are imagined and felt. On a little ledge, at the southeastern end of the island, protected from wind and storms, was a small garden. It was here that Barney and Irene fostered and nursed the few plants and flowers the place had ever known. Here was the one place on the island that one could rest and really enjoy the views obtainable. Besides, it was the only available place other than the Light. But Barney was busy at the Light to-night, and Irene and Hugh were left alone to enjoy the beauty and the night. Time sped as time will. Already the moon was well in her zenith. Several large steamers, with smoking funnels, and decks, even in the light of the moon, brilliant with blazing lights, had sped on to their destinations. In their wake the sea lay soft and shimmering.

The ruffled waters reflected the wonders of the hour, and the enchantment was intensified by the beating of the waters on the surf below. Irene nestled closer to Hugh as his arm drew round her protectingly.

"Irene!"

"Y-yes."

"Why don't you make me happy? You know that I love you. And the times have been good to me. I have already sufficient for the two of us."

"But, Hugh, you know I don't want to leave father. He has been so good to me, and you know he simply w-won't leave the island. It's been in the family—and, and everything."

"Then you do care, Irene?"

No answer.

"Irene, as soon as I can provide for your father, you will—"

A crunch of heavily shod boots on gravel, and the startled Hugh looked up—to find himself face to face with an English officer.

"Donald O'Loughlin, I arrest you in the name of his Majesty George V., on the charge of high treason to the crown, the smuggling of arms, and aiding by this and other means, those Irish upstarts, in arms against their lawful king."

For a brief instant breathless silence maintained.

"But, sir, you've made a mistake. Donald O'Loughlin does not live. And besides Hugh O'Neil is no Irish upstart, he is—"

"So, he's no Irish upstart Miss, eh?" Sneeringly. Well, whether his present name is Hugh O'Neil, or if it was Gladstone, to prison he goes. But, when I met him last, it was O'Loughlin; so, as O'Loughlin, I arrest him now."

All attempts to struggle were cut short, when two sailors helped out on him, and pinned his arms helplessly. And when Hugh shot out his foot in a well-directed kick, his captor whipped out a gun and threatened to shoot.

"You would, eh? The same old Donald. Now march yourself up to the Light, and see the other old fool that tried to get smart with his superiors." "I'll escort the ah— estimable young woman to the— no bad manners now, Don, I've my hand on my gun."

The horror of the double arrest of Hugh and her father, had brought a temporary weakness, but at the insult of the last remarks, Irene's courage and defiance received a bracing impulse.

"You! don't you dare touch me! Don't come near me!"

"All right, Miss, you'll like me better when you know won't harm you. I mean no offense, but my company is as good as his."

But Irene held to her original course, and walked alone to the Light.

Everything there was in confusion. The intruders had made themselves thoroughly at home in her absence. Two had cooked themselves a meal, while a third, stretched out on a cot, was noisily sleeping.

At the foot of the tower, two sailors stood at attention, and guarded the passageway. But Irene was permitted to pass unmolested. Here in a little room, which used for storage, was Irene's father securely bound and gagged.

In an instant she flew to his side, removed the gag, and was deftly untying his arms, when she was arrested by a voice.

"Cut that stuff, what you think yo' doin'?"

Advancing to the chair, this extra, and as it were, special guard, rebound his prisoner, and once more fixed in place the gag, though the latter was a cruel and useless precaution.

"And now, Miss, while I'm boardin' here, I'll attend to m' landlord."

With this parting injunction, he wheeled away, and took up his place in the little room directly across the stairway.

Not allowed to help her father, her lover in chains, the house usurped, Irene was afraid of the night. Looking out to sea, the cause of her misfortunes was plainly evident. A trim, little cruiser stood out about a mile and a half from shore. Bright with lights, she looked almost graceful. Yet to the nervous observer, the craft was symbolic of death and ruin. Shuddering, the girl turned, and walked down the stairs.

About half way down, she was stopped by the sound of voices. Finally, going to a little window, she stood perfectly still, and listened. The sound was located. There, directly under her, but outside the tower, were several men in conversation. Determined to find out all she could, Irene cautiously opened the window a very little.

The officer that made the arrest was speaking :

"Yes, very simple, but lucky. Old man couldn't talk. I looked. . . . Saw girl's head. I got . . . both. Don surprised. . . . Fight Girl free . . . lead to . . . men . . . submarine . . . arms. Boys found wine in cellar. Having time. Yes . . .

No . . . no. Remember lass. . . . Roundhead . . . ”

Irene lost the rest. But she had learned a surprising lot. Now she knew why they had not arrested her. The submarine, crew and cargo, must be captured. This would be accomplished by inducing her to go for help, and thus revealing whereabouts of the arms and submarine.

To go for help, had been Irene's predominant thought for the last few hours, but now she hesitated. Besides, although she wouldn't have admitted it, she was a trifle doubtful of Hugh's position. “O'Loughlin in jail,” these flashed across her mind in amazing speed. Were her father's fears to be justified after all? What should she do?

At last, to save her father, she evolved a bold plan, and resolved to put it into execution.

In the meantime, more wine was found, for Irene had collected every last bottle, and placed it in easy reach of the men staying at the Light. And, since the English were apparently waiting for orders, and trying to get more captives and contraband goods, it was evident no more would be made that night.

CLEMENT STROBEL, '23.

[TO BE CONTINUED].



Out of the Depths.

ONE eve I wandered forth alone,
To find in silence and in night
Some cool nepenthe to atone
My conscience; for, at reason's flight
It seemed my soul had fled from me.

Amid the silence and the gloom,
I looked at heaven's floor, and there
Saw frowning cloudbanks haste to doom
The sparkling gems of heaven's wear,
Then looked no more; hope died in me.

As thus I stood in sombre thought,
The weaknesses of life I saw—
Man's fiercest battles oft are fought
Where passion threatens forceful law
To dive to dark death dismally.

I saw too well why Hope had fled,
Why shattered Faith deserted me,
Why wounded Love in fear had fled,
And left me tossing on life's sea—
A hapless bark, struck mortally.

For, in my blindness, I had sought
To find what best this life could give,
Ambition's gold my soul had bought
I longed and yearned, but, just to live
In pampering wealth and luxury.

Most humbly then I bowed my head
And thanked the Giver for the light
That scattered far the gloom, and shed
On my repentant soul the right
To hope that He could pity me.

Returning Faith brought back a calm,
And Hope, a brightness from above,
A sweet, perfumed and soothing balm
Came back to me with long lost Love,
And broke my bonds of slavery.

CLEMENT STROBEL, '23.

One Night's Adventure.

In an exclusive club I waited for a telephone call from my friend, an actor playing in one of the leading theaters.

While waiting, I was talking to a distinguished fellow-dramatist. In spite of the good dinner I had eaten, and the interesting conversation with this dramatist, I found myself glancing constantly at my watch, or at the clock, thinking that at such and such a time I would be at such and such a place.

I played a game of billiards indifferently well, smoked incessantly, and waited impatiently for my friend's promised telephone call. It came at nine-thirty; I was asked to meet him after the show at the stage entrance. My spirits rose wonderfully. Suddenly I determined to run uptown to the theater and see a few of the acts; so I called for my coat and hat, apologized to my friend, the dramatist, and sallied forth into the night. As I stepped out of the club into the street I gazed around for a cab.

"Hurry, we have only half an hour!"

The voice, soft and musical, broke the silence ere my foot had left the last step. Amazed, I looked in the direction whence came this symphony of vocal allurement. A handsome limousine, with groom and footman, stood at the curb. A woman in evening gown leaned out. I stopped and stared, and the footman at the door touched his hat. I looked over my shoulder to see whether anyone came out of the club at the same time as I, but I was alone.

"Hurry, I have waited at least half an hour. We haven't a moment to waste!"

Somebody in one of the upper rooms of the club lifted the shade to open a window, and the light illumined her features. She was young, and very pretty. Some writer once said: "The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty." Now, I honestly confess that if she had been homely, I should have politely explained to her that she had made a mistake, that I was "somebody else." As it happened, with scarcely any hesitation, I stepped into the carriage, and the footman closed the door. To this day I cannot analyze the impulse that led me into that carriage: the devil in the guise of mischief out for a lark, or my guiding angel. I know not which, nor care.

"I am sorry I have kept you waiting," said I.

"I thought you would never come," she answered.

The limousine started off at a rate likely to bring us under the vigilant eyes of the police. We pared the corner neatly, and swung onto the avenue, going uptown. The theaters were emptying, and here and there the way was choked with strug-

gling cabs, but our driver knew his business, and we were never delayed more than a moment. For quite some time not another word was spoken. I was silent because I had nothing to say, and she,—well, I don't know why. Finally, however, she broke the silence.

"One after another they came out. I thought you would never, never come. I had all I could do to keep from going into the club after you.

She tore off her long, white gloves, and flung them savagely, I thought, into her lap. Going into the club after me! What the deuce was it all about, any way? Who was I? What was expected of me? My nerve lost a particle of its strength, but I could not back out now. It was too late. I was in for some sort of an adventure. I had always been skeptical about mistaken identity. This was to be my conversion.

"You will never forgive me, I know, for waiting outside a club for you," she said, as she smuggled over to her side of the carriage.

"Yes, I will, I replied with alacrity. (Who wouldn't forgive her?) I moved closer.

The blue light of the arc lamp flashed into the window at frequent intervals. Each time I noted her face as best I could. It was as beautifully cut as a cameo, and as pale as ivory. You laugh—"they are always beautiful," you say. Well, who ever heard of a homely woman going adventuring? Besides, as I remarked, it wouldn't have been an adventure if she had been homely, for I wouldn't have entered the carriage. I know I was proving myself a cad for not enlightening her as to her error in the matter of identification, but I was human and young, and this had all the charm and quality of the Arabian Nights.

It was all so terrible; her voice was tense; there was a note of agony in it that was real. She was balling her handkerchief, and I could see that her fingers were long, and white, and without jewels; I caught a glimmer of a fine necklace circling her throat.

"What do you wish me to do?" I presently asked.

"I will tell you when the time comes, for your own sake do nothing rash," she said.

Do nothing rash! My hand wandered toward the door, and--fell. No, I would stick it out, whatever might happen.

"You are not afraid, are you?" she asked.

"Afraid of what?" I asked.

"I was right in waiting for you, was I not?"

"Maybe, that remains to be seen."

We crossed a bridge, and the roar of a passing train silenced us for a time. Who was I, any way? Where were we going? Why didn't she call me by some first name? An idea came to me.

"Are you wise in taking me there to-night?" I asked.

"A few blocks more," was all she said.

I reached over, and touched her hand, which she withdrew as suddenly as though she had been stung. Once more I found myself in a maze, for whoever I was, I did not stand on such terms with her, as to be allowed the privilege of holding her hand.

I began to wonder whether this was a new "bunko game," she, being the decoy, lure, or whatever you might call it. I had plenty of money on my person, so I buttoned up my coat. (Anyway it was chilly.)

On, on we rolled; light after light flashed into the window; gloom followed gloom. The carriage suddenly stopped.

"The journey is at an end," she said.

A moment later the door opened, and I stepped out to assist her to alight. She waved me aside. We stood in front of a large house. It was brilliant with illumination. Was it a wedding?

"Follow me," she said, as she lightly mounted the steps.

I followed. I was suddenly seized with nervousness, and a failure of the cardiac organs to perform their usual functions. She touched a bell, and the door was quickly opened, admitting us into the hall. The servant took our belongings.

"Dinner is served, Miss," said the servant, eyeing me curiously, even suspiciously.

Around the table covered with exquisite linen, silver, and glass, sat a party of elegantly dressed men and women. At the sight of us, the guests rose, and made toward us with shouts of laughter, inquiry and admiration. They gathered round my companion, and plied her with a hundred questions, occasionally stealing a glance at me. I saw at once that I stood among a party of ultra-smart people. Somehow I felt that I represented a part in their mad pastime.

"Where did you find him?" cried one.

"Was it difficult?" asked another.

"I'll bet he didn't need much urging," roared a young gentleman with a large, red nose.

"He is positively good-looking," said one young woman, eyeing me boldly.

"My friends, I am the last one to get mine," announced the girl waving her hand toward me.

"To table," cried the gentleman with the large, red nose. The guests resumed their chairs noisily.

"Will you do me the honor?" she said half-mockingly, nodding toward the only vacant chairs at the table.

I offered her my arm. All eyes were centered on us. She laid her hand on my arm, and together we walked over to the vacant chairs, and sat down. The laughter and hum of voices ceased instantly.

The host rose, and leaning on his fingertips he addressed me: "Sir, an explanation is due you. First, let me introduce you to my guests." (One by one he named them, ladies and gentlemen.)

You will recollect that this is leap year, each girl here was to bring a gentleman to this party. He was to be lured into a carriage by some story, and was not to know where he was going until he sat at the table here. There are eight girls. Each girl gave a party and brought a gentleman that she did not know nor had ever seen before.

We have had some curious specimens of humanity, as follows: a barber; a detective, who thought he was on the trail of some terrible crime; an actor from one of the theaters; a gambler; a very clever thief; a waiter from a leading hotel, and an English butler, who palmed himself off as an English lord. There happens to be one other, and we don't know as yet what he is. And you are that other one."

After explanations had been duly given and taken, we gave ourselves over to an evening of mirth. The leap year party will ever be vivid in my memory.

M. W. LANE, H. S., '25.

Spring.

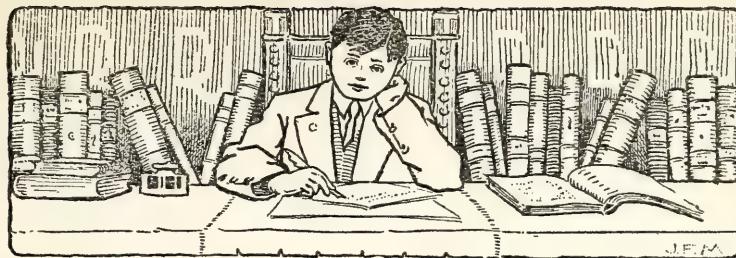
WHEN the Zephyrs softly murmur,
Through the woods, across the leas,
When the winding streams are clearer,
And when Nature decks the trees;

When the flowers peep their petals
From their long and weary sleep,
And appear in varied splendor,
As the heavens gently weep;

When the tinted clouds above us
Float, and lose themselves in space,
And the sun's emblazoned glory
Gilds the earth's long pallid face;

When the songs of many warblers
Waft sweet music to the ear,
Then we know (all earth is singing)
That the Spring is surely here.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.



S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Swifter Justice.

IT has become a matter of frequent comment in the past, and especially at the present time, that there should be such extraordinary delay caused, between the time the person has been arrested on a charge of a crime, and the time of his trial and conviction.

But a few days have passed since we had a case of this kind. The crime was committed almost three quarters of a year ago. The men arrested in connection with the crime were held over, and naturally the effects of this prolonged delay in bringing the offenders to trial, is to weaken the influence of exemplary punishment. This prolongation weakened the influences, so that at the present time, the time of their conviction, their offense was readily remembered, but the vindication of the law was done away with, on account of the space of time that intervened between the time of the crime and the conviction.

Nothing will deter the criminal more easily than a demonstration by the police, officers, and judges, that soon after they are arrested, they are put on trial and convicted, while if the trial were prolonged, the criminal would naturally receive quite a bit of leniency, where, if he were put on trial, while the crime is still fresh in the minds of all, very little leniency would be given the criminal.

If, therefore, a standard were adopted throughout the nation, wherein a criminal would be given a short shrift, and in the case of murderers, bandits and thugs, a sentence would be given him within a few days of the crime, then we would have less crime waves, more justice, and more respect for the law.

H. J. SIEBER, '22.

United States—Champion of Education.

THE United States Government boasts of vast sums of money spent every year to promote education, and verbally encourages the citizens to give each of their children a college education. Yet does Uncle Same give the people his moral support in this matter? No. When the father of a family files his income tax return, the son or daughter over eighteen years of age must be considered a wage-earner with no allowance for tax exemption. A child under eighteen years of age is allowed an exemption on four hundred dollars per year. You may say that an education is a luxury, and that those who send their children to college can and ought to be willing to pay the tax. This may be true in many cases, but is it fair to the poorer classes of people, with whom even little things count as big items in their expenses? Is it a true democratic spirit to keep our less fortunate citizens in a rut? While this may not seem a large sum to us, still, to the salaried man with several children to support, and thus under heavy expense, yet desirous of giving his children the opportunity of an education, it means much more than at first appears.

So, if Uncle Sam wants to retain the title of "champion of education," he should have that clause of the income tax law revised.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.



The Need of a Catholic Y. M. C. A.

LET us hope that it is not from the lack of initiative nor from the failure to know its value to a community, that we of our faith, have no absolute parallel to the Y. M. C. A. In this locality we have no organization of such attraction, especially on account of its conveniences with regard to athletics, or of such spaciousness as would evenly compare with the Y. M. C. A. It is true that we have the K. of C., but the K. of C. is spread throughout the city in such a way that it has several community houses of some small size, but no singly large, attractive, magnificent and central building. What would be a most wonderful thing to have in a city or, if possible, in every large city, would be a centrally located community house, supported and operated by those of our faith. You might call it the Catholic Y. M. C. A., or the Central K. of C., or whatever else you like, but it should be standardly named, so that it would be

universally known and recognized. The city of Cincinnati seems to realize by their activities along this line, the need and advantages of such an institution.

As regards its size and quality, I would have it on a par with the best hotel of the city. It may not necessarily be as large in structure, but in refinement it need not have an equal. In a city such as ours, for example, if such an institution were in our midst, a stranger may come to the city, and if his stay would be a comparatively short one, he would simply inquire for the Central K. of C., and make his headquarters there. What good Catholic traveler or business man would not seek out such a place? He would have the conveniences of a hotel, and I would add the attractiveness of athletic facilities. If we think only of the type of building, as regards the idea of a hotel and lyceum combined, disregarding the question of creed management, etc., the Pittsburgh Athletic Association building is an excellent example. If we would have such institutions at the present time, they would be corner stones in the foundation, which holds the entire structure of the Catholic Church, namely, unity.

PAUL A. McCRORY, '23.



“Verbum de Censoribus.”

IT is the unvarying custom of the motion-picture producer to rise high on his hind legs, and utter a long and dismal “bah-ah-h-h” at the mere mention of the word censorship. Perfectly natural from his point of view, but—there’s another side to the question. Before we consider this aspect, let us make a statement concerning ourselves: we are far from narrow-minded in these matters; it takes quite a bit to make us throw our hands heavenward and cry “Murder!” None the less we look upon the movie situation, in what we are pleased to fancy the light of common sense.

What office does the silent drama fill to-day? The men “in the game” aver that it is well-nigh a panacea for the sociological evils of the time, that it is a source of wholesome recreation for twenty million Americans every twenty-four hours, that it is the most inexpensive means of keen enjoyment to be had anywhere. The reform persons chant a different air; their opinion links the screen with Beelzebub and Company, and places its characters in a category along with “Dead-Eye Dick”, “Captain Kidd”, “Lucrezia Borgia” and others, whose numbers defy computation.

The man amongst the leafy boughs of the proverbial tree—whom we take it on ourselves to represent for the nonce—has ideas of his own on the subject. To him the silver sheet represents a medium for good or bad, according to the use to which it is put. Its role is that of neither angel nor devil, and your Average Citizen in the none too heroic part of the ultimate “footer of the bill” intends to have what seems best to him.

The A. C., in deciding what that “best” is, must give thought to several considerations. First of all, how are his children affected? Do the pictures influence them for better or worse? Personally we've seen few enough photo plays fashioned to lift the juvenile soul to the heights, though any number whose sole purpose is to inject a thrill into the youthful breast, have flashed before our vision. Next, are the shows worth the price on money or time? Now and then, say we. What good are they, except as killers of time? There are dozens of other questions that occur to the individual, every one of which means dollars and cents to either magnate or “fan.” We believe the initial query to be the most important.

All of which brings us back to censorship. A man enjoys giving pleasure to his family, and usually turns to the stageless theater as the most convenient way of doing so. But he has no intention of allowing his youngsters to become morally warped by getting absurd and frequently corrupt ideas from the movies. He has no desire of seeing his son a “road agent,” picturesque though the profession may be. He has not selected the career of a “flapper” for dear, darling daughter, much as the cooing young swains fancy her as such. He aims a trifle higher, and it's up to men “on the lot” to “shoot” for the same target.

Unfortunately a number of the latter prefer to pander to the tastes of the soft-brained multitude of would-be “wild” persons. Hence the censors. These officials obviate the necessity which would otherwise exist, of having some grown member of the family or friend review each production before allowing the kiddies to see it.

However, we do not claim omniscience for the ladies and gentlemen of the state board. They make errors as everyone does, but their good works out-weigh their imperfection. We can afford to miss a good show now and then; if by so doing, we make it possible to avoid numerous unsuitable ones, not fit to be cast before the eyes of impressionable. We go on record as favoring a sane, moderate, but rigid censorship of the motion-picture.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.

CHRONICLE

It is with a keen sense of pleasure that we announce to our readers the news of a great honor conferred upon Mr. D. J. Murphy, Jr., Philadelphia. His Holiness, Honors Pius XI., has made him Papal Chamberlain. Mr. Murphy received the D. C. S. Degree from Duquesne last June. In modestly announcing this unusual distinction, Mr. Murphy adds: "I trust that God will give me sufficient strength and courage to conduct myself with the dignity and grace which this honor commands." Mr. Murphy has broken many a sword in the cause of Catholicity in Philadelphia and merits muchly the honors he has received. Whilst awaiting to congratulate him in person, we extend our sincerest felicitations through the pages of the MONTHLY.

We are in receipt of an attractive pamphlet of "Mission Information" from the Missionary Seminary of the Holy Ghost Fathers, Darien, Connecticut. This *multum in parvo* notice has been compiled and edited by the Reverend T. Hoeger, C. S. Sp., Missions Master of Novices, and is a credit to his rare skill and taste.

An anonymous friend wrote us recently, and we are happy to be able to comply with his request to publish correspondence.

"Dear Editor:

Appreciation "What is a friend?

" Someone said, 'It is another name for God,' and he is right, inasmuch as true friendship is almost divine. A true friend is one who unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and remains a friend unchangeably. What a great blessing is a friend with a breast so trusty that we may safely bury all our secrets in it; who can relieve our cares by his conversation, our doubts by his counsels, our sadness by his good humor, and whose very looks give comfort to us.

" Boys, can we not say such-a-one is—Father Mehler?"

" Dear Father:

Crusader's Letter "I was delighted to read in the MONTHLY the success of the Crusade, and also the little sketch of our Venerable Founder. May he bless the Crusade and

its work, and cause the Father Simon Unit to do its share in conquering the world for the Sacred Heart.

"I am alone in the Novitiate, as far as Duquesne is concerned, but I am sure that I have only opened the door to others from our *Alma Mater*.

"Here in Ferndale, the most beautiful spot in the country, where in the beautiful buildings, its lake, and its numerous other natural beauties, one can always see the wonderful hand of the Creator, the "Poetry" of God. Even the winter, with all its calamities, cannot detract from any of its beauties, for we sure did have some fine skating, enjoyed immensely by the Novices, etc. But to put all in all, and make a long story short, if the boys at old D. U. knew how beautiful is Ferndale, where it is not all work but plenty of play, which later helps to train in the proper way the future Holy Ghost Missionaries!

"But to get back on the thread again, I am waiting for the day to come, when our D. U. students will be coming to Ferndale. I, among many others, am glad to know that the Missionary Spirit of Duquesne is growing. Duquesne has alumni in every trade, art and science, and she has not failed in giving priests, many priests to the Church. Not a few of these have been Missionaries, heroic and sacrificing preachers of Christ. But, has not D. U.'s bit done for the Missions, been more of a matter of dollars and cents? Duquesne, with her noble, generous sons, has never been lacking in this. But, thank God, the day is fast dawning near, when D. U. can too say that she gave real aid to the Missions of to-day in Missionaries. Why should D. U. not send out another Father Laval or another Theophane Vénard? I know the fellows are beginning to feel in themselves the call of our Lord, calling them to take up His Divine Mission and help, save poor souls for Him. The fellows are beginning to realize how great is the need for Missionaries, and how the truth of Holy Mother Church can only be carried by those who are willing to sacrifice all for Him. They are beginning to feel that a life lived not for ourselves, but for the interests of God, if not bearing the temporal and vain reward of the world, will merit our eternal one. They are beginning to see that the life of a Missionary is not all sacrifice and crosses, but that there goes with it many happy hours of joy and consolation. They are beginning to respond to the call of the Missions; there will be Missionaries who will be proud to say they are from D. U.

"And where can they go to satisfy that desire?

"There are numerous Missionary Societies all laboring for the same end, and the Church of God is not divided. But under the flag, the banner of Fervour, Charity and Sacrifice of the Venerable Liebermann, they will find their ambitions more than satisfied, their hope of sacrifice truly found. In the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, which is perhaps doing the greatest work in the Mission fields to-day; as a Holy Ghost Father, they can name themselves true Apostles of Christ, true Missionaries. For what society has a greater end, what band of religions can say their work is greater than that of working for the poorest of God's poor, the evangelization of the most abandoned souls. And this is the object that true Missionaries should strive for.

"And so let us beseech our Venerable Founder, the Venerable Liebermann, to instill into the hearts of my old school fellows of D. U. his spirit, the spirit of the Holy Ghost Order, and to awaken in their hearts that apostolic zeal, so necessary, to conquer the world for the Sacred Heart."

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN.

After the Easter recess the results of the third term examinations were announced. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes:

Exam. Results (College) E. J. Caye, V. B. Smith, P. G. Sullivan, E. J. Wiza, L. T. McKee, G. A. Nelis; (Commercial) C. F. Greiner, P. F. Gabriel, R. E. Patterson, J. F. Ryan; (Scientific) R. W. Leonard, F. J. Emig, M. J. Reisdorf, W. F. Holveck; (Academic) F. R. Harrison, V. W. Simpson, T. J. Quigley, M. Miklajewski, J. S. McDonald, J. Kozicki, J. Cooney, J. Olko, T. J. Doyle, S. Ejchost, I. F. Nellis, E. Luba and H. R. Thieret.

The following scored between ninety and ninety-eight per cent.: E. J. Caye, V. B. Smith, J. Rozenas, P. G. Sullivan, R. C. Guthrie, E. J. Wiza, P. F. Gabriel, W. L. Hassett, R. E. Patterson, F. J. Witt, J. F. Ryan, R. W. Leonard, F. J. Emig, M. J. Reisdorf, T. J. Quigley, J. S. McDonald, A. D. McDermott, J. P. Thornton, E. E. Carey, B. C. Rose, J. P. Drummond, A. J. Susie, S. Ejchost, L. F. Krolikowski, J. P. Desmond, M. J. Seibold, M. J. Carrick, M. Flaherty, J. F. McGuire, I. F. Nellis, N. J. Georganis, E. Luba, S. Lubarski, M. Dravecky, F. B. Karabinos, L. B. Sherman and H. R. Thieret.

Four hundred honor certificates were distributed.



'VARSITY BASEBALL.

As we go to press, the 'Varsity pill-chasers have disported themselves on three occasions. They have posted the tomato for the proverbial line-up of Soviet bathtubs in each and every encounter, but a small out-cropping of ivory, and a noticeable inclination for the bootery business has kept the average down to .333.

The lid was blown off at Morgantown, the quaint little burg where Ira Rodgers located, and made W. Va. University what she is to-day—we hope she's satisfied. By the seventh inning of the initial murder, the Dukes were so far ahead as to be mere blurs on the horizon. Unfortunate persons in the lower tiers of the grandstand were being soaked to the bone by the copious weeping of the lugubrious multitude above. In the damper sections, the less hardy were beginning to raise umbrellas. Everywhere was sorrow and despair.

Moved, no doubt, by this touching scene, the Martinites grew tender-hearted, apologized to the opposing pitchers for their rudeness, and promptly handed over Bob Caffrey's hard-earned victory, neatly wrapped in a parcel of most artistic errors, mental and otherwise. The count was 13-12. Mareski, twirling almost air-tight ball, met a similar fate the following P. M., when the Red and Blue, evidently fearing a flood in case of a recurrence of the lamentations, committed five infield miscues, and presented the Mountaineers with another triumph, 6-2. Aside from the prodigious clubbing, few features manifested themselves in the opening series. Rooney showed league stuff back of the willow. Kilday cavorted like a veteran at his new station in mid-garden, and Keefe came through with a few eye-openers at short. Jimmy Carl picked one from the atmosphere above the left pasture that made eleven moonshiners swear off, thinking they "had 'em ag'in."

The Bluffites had better luck in their first start on the home lot. Manhattan College was the unfortunate victim. "Pug"

Wilinski dusted 'em across the tray, and had the New Yorkers badly buffaloed. A few steps farther from the plate, and the Eastern stickers would have been wading in the broad and muddy Monongahela—whence cometh the coffee. Erlain and Sammy Weiss emerged from a coma, and this, with substitution of Conley for Campbell at the first angle, bulwarked the starboard side of the diamond. "Chuck" Cherdini put up a pretty game at the torrid station, and tore off a cleanly bingle for good measure. Only the mercy of heaven saved the lads from "Giantland" from a ghastly walloping. As it was, the Pittsburghers perforce derived contentment with only a 5-3 score to draw upon.

Considering circumstances, the 'Varsity has done amazingly well to date, and despite their pair of reverses, Coach Martin fairly exudes optimism regarding the future. With plenty hitting and clever hurling, the only remaining defect is faulty work afield. A week of good fungo sessions will remedy this, and experience will iron out the kinks in the teamwork. The men are all improving, the morale soars higher daily, and student interest is on the increase. Come to think of it, guess we *do* share the Coach's expectations for the coming months.

McCOOK'S BASKETBALL.

The McCook quintet put on the lid a bit late, too late in fact, for the April MONTHLY. The boarders under Father McGuigan, ran off a successful card, seventeen fiascos resulting "pro" to three "cons". Edifying, what? Johnny Witt of parts as a tosser of the inflated sphere led the team and the scoring. Johnny shoved a hundred and twenty-three through the rim from the floor, and nine more than that via the free throw route. Cingolani and Maughn likewise worked well from the forward assignment. Coyle, who tickles a wicked typewriter in his old moments, tipped 'em off with dexterity and effect. Klaser and Krot showed plenty at guard. McCarthy, Emig and Duffy fitted in nicely when their services were required. "Red" Kelly guided the business destinies of the lads who lodge here and put together a well-balanced schedule. The record: McCook, 647; opponents, 442. Of the 647 points, Witt made 380.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.

Exchanges.

THE College journals are slowly, but surely, attaining that ultimate stage of development that marks the final issues of the school year. The essays have steadily picked up in unity, coherence, and emphasis; the short stories have steadily approached that degree of excellence that embodies in itself an almost professional finesse; the *ars poetica*, as applied to the undergraduate, has evolved from a state resembling free verse to something not unlike the work of a poet-by-trade; the make-up of the magazine becomes something akin to that of a true literary periodical. The effect is pleasing. It is always gratifying to record improvement. The *Scholastic* publication reflects the sentiment and ability of the rising generation. If we are to place faith in the indications thus given, there is ground for much optimism. The nation is not in a process of decay as the self-styled reformers—themselves well-nigh putrefied—would have us believe. It is rather in a period of glorious ascent. We congratulate our contemporaries upon energy and capability with which they maintain their places in the upward procession, and sincerely believe that the MONTHLY is behind none of them in its efforts to seek the goal of perfection.

The Holy Cross Purple. The foremost attribute of the *Purple* is decided literary merit; next is general interest and attractiveness. We award the palm to the February number. After waiting several weeks for Part Two of "The Mystery of Gormo", we found our patience justified in the last installment. This tale, heavy with the scent of the Orient, pregnant with its passion, grips the reader from first to last. It might well grace the pages of the most reputable publication. "Matches" is quality, neatly written, and pointing to a not-too-moral moral. The two essays on "Hamlet" are about equal in merit. Both show thought and confident handling of the subject. The verse of the month is clever but not distinctive. The departments are well handled, and the editorials are timely and readable.

The Boston College Stylus. Our monthly visitor from the City of Culture makes its appearance arrayed in its best and containing much to catch the eye of the receiver. To our mind the most pleasing feature of the *Stylus* is "Apud Poetas". This special corner devoted to the college versifier is beginning to show results. Already we find the *B. C.* paper in the front rank in this department. February's best efforts seem to be "Roses"

a sad little piece, and "The Burning Ship", a bit longer, a bit sadder, and decidedly vivid. "The Little Mother", a skillful character sketch of the spirit of French womanhood in war time, is undoubtedly the ranking prose of the number. It's sole fault is a tardy appearance in print. A great deal more could have been made of "The Last Night in Kharti". It displays marks of haste, but the theme is good. "The Blunderer" puts a new twist to a melodramatic sketch with considerable success. "Aeschylus and Sophocles and the Spendthrift Euripides" is an effective apology for the last named playwright. We find "A Dissertation on Teeth" amusing, somewhat informative, but rather incoherent.

The Lorette. The demoiselles of Loretto have something to be proud of. Their magazine is without doubt one of the leading representatives of young ladies' school in this well-known fair land. Every article strikes our fancy. "Popular Polly" is up-to-date and sparkling. "The Education of Daughters" is a dissertation on that famed product of Fenelon's pen that coincides with one idea of the subject and of capable essay. "The "The Brimming Cup" is another book review that finds the point. It is refreshing to discover a rebuke for the Carol Kennicott and Marise Crittenden type of heroine. "Greek Meets Greek", and "Salesmanship an Art" are novel and nicely worked out. "Dramatic Struggle" contains a number of original thoughts. "College Athletics" is assistance from an unexpected source. The poetry and editorials are worthy of their names.

We acknowledge the receipt of "The Alverni", "The Arrow", "Bay Leaf", "Campionette", "Columbiad", "Exponent", "Gonzaga", "Ignatian", "Fordham Monthly", "Laurel", Lakeside Punch", "Minerval", "Mountaineer", "Nazarene", "Redwood", "St. Mary's Collegian", "St. John's Record", "St. Mary's Messenger", "St. Vincent's Journal", "'Varsity News", "'Varsity Breeze", "Viatorian", "Victorian", "Villa Sancta", "Scholastica Quarterly", "Waynesburg Collegian", "Xavier", "Symposium".

P. G. S.



Duquesnicula.

Mr. Mathewson: "Can any one suggest a scene for an essay in the City of Pittsburgh?"

Stebler: "The morgue."

Mr. M.: "That's a *stiff* proposition."

Prof.: "What is the Millenium?"

Stud.: "It's something like a centennial, but it has more legs."

We know a good joke about crude oil, but we can't publish it. It isn't *refined*.

K.: "I had a nightmare last night."

O.: "Yes, I saw you with her."

Ride, and your girl rides with you. Walk, and you walk alone.

Cray: "Our English Prof. is a book-worm."

Zee: "Rats, our Mathematic Prof. is an angle-worm."

Botany Student: "How does the water get into a water-melon?"

Prof. "They plant it in the spring."—(Vindex).

"Where do jelly fish get their jelly?"

"From the ocean currents."—(Vindex).

Mr. Mathewson: "Now, boys, look at the board, and I will quickly run through it."

Kay: "Gerard's poetry ought to save his family a lot of money in winter time."

Tee: "Why."

K.: "It's full of gas and has no meter."

Haste thee friend, and bring with thee a pony for geometry.

Dum: "Hello, Pete, fishing?"

Bell: "Naw; just drowning worms."

Regis O'Brien's so fond of the "dollies"—

His only ambition—to manage the "Follies".

Even the most violent music has to be composed.

To the Editors of Duquesnicula,

Dear Sir:

They ain't no use talkin', you guys take the skunk's eye teeth, and I don't mind tellin' that you did pretty good last

mo., though, of course, it could of been improved, on which is the object of this here epistle. The writer really ain't got much love for this dep't on acc't of Duquesnicula writing up some of his career in a most liblous an' scand'lous manner, but still in all a guy in the writer's position can afford to overlook these little affronterys, and let by-gones be by-gones, which is the way a big man looks at it. So here goes a couple suggestions, which you no doubt can see at a glance, is calculated for the best interests of the so-called dep't, and will take it to heart.

In the 1st place, I think that the aim of every sec. of a educational magazine ought to somewhat educational, so I guess the best thing you can do, is get a few breezy notes on what is sometimes called the problems of the to-day, from Capt. Billy's paper, like you said you would, an' didn't. This would be a education in itself, as many items of sterling worth, are to be found in this able publication.

Then they ought to be a helpful hint column that gives useful bits of information, like for inst' a kid asks us the other day: is freshman 1st yr. college? And we says yes, and he says what class are you in; and if they had a column like this, he could of asked it about the freshman, and eventually saved us the embarrassment of telling what class we are in. And, anyhow, he couldn't ask what class the Duquesnicula staff was in, because it wouldn't do him any good, if he did as its class, is so low they would be ashamed to admit it, in even such semi-public point as their dep't.

My last suggestion is altogether in the negative, which is that personal stuff about guys like I ought to be suppressed, as we got reputations to uphold vs. the onslaughts of a multitude of personal enemies like all public men got, and the lord knows its hard enough to make both ends meet, except maybe, when ice-skating, without no insensible dep't makin' statements about us.

In conclusion, we will offer any advice that might be of any good at such times as it will be most needed and appreciated.

O you resevoir,

GE-RARD.

ADVYSSE.

I.

' Twixt fool and knave there's nought to choose;
 This truth, ye can't upset it;
Pick which ye will, ye'll surely lose,
 And sure ye will regret it.

II.

For fool's a knave from foolishness
 From his fool's acts on-broughten
 But from his deeds of ghouliness
 Ye'll find thee oft besoughten.

III.

And knave's a fool by being knave,
 By knave's ill deeds a-doing;
 For filching all that fools do crave
 He spends his life a-ruing.

IV.

Oh, fool's a knave and knave's a fool;
 Ye'll never separate 'em
 So an ye'd try, thy ardor cool,
 For Nature wills to mate 'em.



FOR
State Senator
HARRY J.
THOMAS

Bellevue Borough

*Subject to decision of Republi-
 can Primaries
 MAY 16th, 1922*

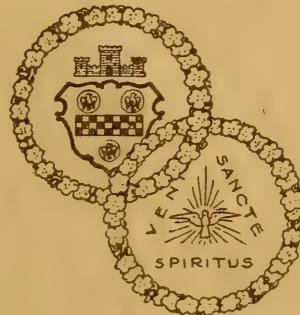
40th Senatorial District

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 North of the Ohio and Allegheny
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DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Duquesne Monthly

JUNE, 1922



CONTENTS

June	W. E. BOGGS	263
The Ethics of Games	JEROME MARECKI	264
The Shave-Pate	CLEMENT M. STROBEL	267
The Veterans' Meed	PAUL A. McCROY	273
The Price of Pleasure	ANTON RADASEVICH	276
To A Flapper	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	281
Editorial:—		
Country in Springtime	M. A. CUSICK	282
The Piety of Catholic American Youth	WILLIAM E. BOGGS	282
June	JOHN L. IMHOF	283
Character Surpasses Everything	JOHN L. IMHOF	284
Chronicle	285
Athletics	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	290
Alumni	295

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PITTSBURGH

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Duquesne Monthly

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JUNE, 1922

Number 9.

June.

THE sun steals up behind the hill,
And casts shy looks on meadow rill;
He wets his lips in fields of dew,
Then paints day's face a ruddy hue.
Thence, on he flits to pleasant bowers,
And smiling wakes the fragrant flowers.
The rose-bud hung in sleepy daze,
But, sensitive to golden rays
Of light, it shakes its dew-kissed head,
Looks up refreshed, and blushes red.
Thus, nature's children, one by one,
Arise to greet the morning sun.
The heather bloom, the daisies white,
The peonies in colors bright,
The clover fields, the meadows lure
My feet to find a tryst secure
Beyond that verdant dizzy peak,
Where weary souls a solace seek.
I breathe me in the balmy breeze—
A gift sent up by summer seas.
Thus, heeding naught save nature's croon,
I whiled away that day in June.

W. E. BOGGS, '23.





The Ethics of Games.*

THE common-place things of life, because they are commonplace, frequently fail to impress us. In an age of novelties, novelties alone awaken our imagination, stir our intellect and thrill our souls. What is more common-place than motion? Caught up unconsciously in the ebb and flow of events, the world, and ourselves are subject to one inevitable law—the law of motion.

It and we are being whirled on and on outside of ourselves by the gale of some mighty wind, urged by the impact of some hidden force, it and we are hastening on to doom and destiny. Obeying a law of inherent necessity, everything, man alone excepted, moves on to its perfection and goal; man alone stands Creation's king guiding and directing his own steps, his own motion; man alone is master of the bark of his own existence, sending it as he sees fit, adown the river of time through hidden shallows or capricious rocks, on to the endless ocean of eternity. Man alone directs his own motion, man alone is master of his own destiny. The aids given to this end are styled virtues. And I will show you how sports are an aid, a necessary means, particularly in an intellectual *milieu* in schools, consequently, in colleges and universities, to reach in safety, the goal of human destiny, to help us in our struggle for happiness. The human body, grand testimony as it is to the grandeur and Wisdom of God, is finite in its being, finite in its nature, finite too in its activity. We can do so much physical work and no more. We must take food, and our weary and fatigued limbs, our quivering, aching body seeks for and sinks into a needed rest, before they can continue again the movement and struggle.

The mind, that forces secrets from the bowels of the earth, that chains the fury of the elements, that traces paths in the pathless ocean, the mind that reads the lesson of the stars, the mind that questions the billowy deep, the mind that finds us the language of the flowers, the mind that discovers the habit of the fawn, the mind that reasons on angelic life, the mind that travels

* Oration delivered at Oratorical Contest, April 30, 1922.

the steep mountain road of creation, and, arrived at the summit, peers in to the golden book of the life of God, and tremulously descends with almost the revelation of His mysteries, the mind I say, is, withal, created, and it too partakes of creation's nature, it too is finite. And so, when it has given itself to the contemplation of hidden truths, mysteries beyond the ordinary pale of a mind's activity, like its life partner, its partner of eternity, the body, it becomes fatigued, it, too, needs repose.

Now the mind immaterial, cannot take material food; the mind immaterial cannot take material rest. The mind cannot sleep. Its rest consists not like that of the body, in inactivity. Its rest consists simply in a change of activity. The repose of the soul says the Angelic Doctor consists in certain quietude, which it has by some pleasure or delight. Hence, in order to resume its flight to God, in order to continue its wearying, harrassing search after the hidden gems of human love, or the mysterious jewels of divine truth, the mind must rest, it must perform seek it amid less serious paths, but not less necessary pleasure walks of some delight.

Just as deep down under the dark earth, amidst the stones and clay, the living root spreads its tender fibils out, and from the moist earth drinks the draughts with which it feeds the strength of the tree's gigantic stem, and gives their loveliness and lusciousness to fruit and flower, thus the mind must go down in to the common-place of existence and in its movements of fatigue and distress seek from the somewhat ordinary level of sensitive pleasure, the draught to sate it and give it rest, the panacea of its ills and the aid, and to give it new life, and new force to continue on its quest of hidden truth.

Delight and pleasure it consequently must have. And all those actions, to use the words of Saint Thomas, which are performed for no other purpose than to give pleasure, are what we call sports or games. Since education consists in the soul's development, it is in educational surroundings chiefly that the mind becomes fatigued; consequently, for the mind's own perfection, for the soul's own striving towards its own destiny, sports or games in educational institutions are of paramount importance and of first necessity.

That is why I speak of the Ethics of sports, that is why I maintain that in sports, is a real virtue—a force aiding us to well-doing, a power leading us on to perfection, leading us consequently to God.

Ethics means nothing if not the movement of a rational creature back to God. The soul and body in joint partnership through the span of human existence are joint partners, too, in their activity; bodily prowess will make for mental greatness.

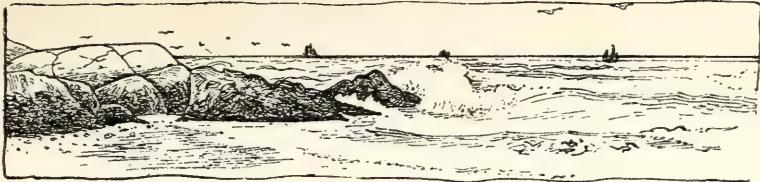
There is a deep wisdom in the words of Juvenal, "a healthy mind in a healthy body." Too often bodies become prematurely worn, too soon, alas! are the furrows traced on the cheek of youth; too soon, all too soon, do the strong arms feel the chill of age, and the once sturdy feet begin tottering to the tomb; too soon, do the blossoms of the grave cluster upon bent shoulders; yes, too soon, do the bodies bend to the reaping sycle of time, and all because enough of attention is not paid to the physical development of children. They need plenty of exercise, it is essential to the physical and mental well being.

Our country has given us food and soil and sunny sky, we owe it a debt, that we can pay only by giving it our best. It needs a hardy manhood. Shall we say it nay? It needs the efforts of a balanced mind, shall we culpably repay it in an under-developed mentality?

It needs above all a Christian manhood, physical, mental and moral towers of strength. It needs morality, for it needs its God, and will we, citizens of the fairest and best land on earth, fail in our duty to fill up its needs? One of the noblest tributes to our land shall ever be that it is a land of athletic men, a land that patronizes manly sport, a land of games and—pleasure. By entering reasonably into its activities we can serve it by the patriotism of real love, and will we dumur? In fine, all this activity, all this movement tends onto another ocean.

We are made for America, but we are made for God. We are held in bounden duty to tend towards Him as our final end. Games aid us on our difficult journey, they are the pleasures in a toilsome task, they are a resting place on the steep mountain road, they are the roses in a thorny path, they are the repose where our souls can often rest in sweet contentment and in joy serene, to wake refreshed before more stern realities of live, to continue their efforts, to march along the labyrinthian way of human existence and reach in safety, in freshness, in happiness their destiny, their heaven and their God.

JEROME MARECKI, '22.



The Shave-Pate.

[CONTINUED]

PART III.

The early morning found most of the men sleeping heavily. It was now that Irene decided to try her plan. Determined to see old Barney, she slipped past the drunken soldiers and hastened to the tower. Here the guard, who was surprisingly sober, challenged her.

"Who goes there?"

Irene was permitted to go when she explained that the Light itself needed attention.

Arriving at the lamp, she pretended to work around it, in the meantime contriving to wake old Barney from a light sleep, into which he had fallen, and whispered her plan to him. After procuring a large coat, a sailor's helmet, and large boots, she was on the point of leaving, when she remembered that in her haste the little hand-light, with which they had always flashed the signals to the "Shannon", was in the next room. This all-important article must be retrieved. Going about cautiously, she had almost recovered the object, when the guard, posted in the room, awoke from his stolen slumbers, and discovered her.

"What's that? Trying something again, eh? Didn't I tell you before that, while I'm boardin' here I'll look after the old man? Give me that!" Irene complied.

"What d' you want this for?" Suspicion was beginning to dawn in his sleepy mind.

Irene realized the situation. If this soldier chose to call the captain of the guard, her secret would be out, and not only her plans for escape be thwarted, but also discovery of the crew result. Darting a quick glance at the open door, she tried to get within distance, where escape was possible.

But her captor saw the move, divined her purpose, and deliberately closed the door, thus blocking all escape.

The trap was secure. Irene was held a prisoner. Frenziedly she ran to the door, and tried desperately to wrench it open, but with no result. It held immutable. In a final attempt at

freedom, she hurled herself against the panels, calling on Barney to help her.

The old man, thoroughly aroused, and fearful for her safety, by a super-human effort, that left him momentarily weak and impotent, broke his bonds, and staggered to the door, where he feebly pulled at the knob. The guard flung open the door, and as the old man tottered in, struck him a fearful blow on the head. He sank in a heap, without even a moan.

Irene, terrified by fear, and torn with anguish, as if by instinct, picked up a small oil lamp, and hurled it at the sailor. Then she stooped, and attempted to revive her father, but all efforts failed. Precious time was fleeing! With a start she realized that all her plans were now of no avail. The guard at the foot of the tower would be expecting her return. What was to be done? Suddenly an escape seemed open. Why not pose as the guard himself, and march away, as if relieved of duty?

Going to the other room, in which were old Barney's trunks, she hastily discarded her feminine apparel that would betray her, and assumed a uniform, as near like as possible, to that of the unconscious guard. At last, in a boatswain's uniform of wide pantaloons, sandals, blue-jacket and sweater, she stepped back to the other room, and removing her late captor's rakish hat, thrust it on her own head. But try as she would it just wouldn't stay on. With an impatient toss of her head, she felt along the cap to determine the cause of the delay, when the whole explanation dawned on her. Her *hair!* How could a number six hat fit on such a head of curls? No solution offered itself. But again happy chance came to her rescue. Happening to gaze on the wall in her perplexity, she found herself looking at an old picture of herself, taken on her arrival at Donovan's Light. She had always hated the old thing, with its shabby frame, her faded dress, and her close-cropped hair. But childish misgivings and girlhood memories were cut short. The loathsome object had supplied an idea. Without even a mirror for one last sorrowful gaze at her crowning glory, the scissors snapped angrily, and off came the locks. At last the hat fitted perfectly. Then taking a black wick from the demolished lamp, she blackened her face in several places, and gave it a masculine aspect. Thus disguised, she marched heavily, yet smartly, down the stairs. The guard was her first test.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Give the password!"

"Roundhead."

"Advance and be recognized!"

With quaking heart Irene sauntered up.

"Ah, hello Watkins. What's doing?"

"Relief late; I'm dying for rest." Irene contrived to answer in a monotone, and keep her sentences as short as possible.

"By the way, where's the girl gone?"

"Her? Trimmin' the lamps."

He showed a desire to continue the conversation, but Irene, eager to get away, cut him short. Pulling her hat down lower, she swaggered past with a crisp: "See you later."

Avoiding the sailors quartered in the house, she walked rapidly down to the water's edge. Here several of the men were also under the influence, and insisted that she drink with them.

The dawn was breaking as she reached the boats. Here her disguise served well, for the only craft in sight were three small boats, all manned by intoxicated sailors.

Affecting a hoarse and authoritative voice, Irene said:

"You fellows are to take to those two boats, and row up to Queens Point, land there, and await instructions! And," confidentially, "I gotta hunch that crew of crazy Irish are hidin' up there."

The tip worked. In an instant they had tumbled in, and were pulling lustily for Queens Point, a barren shelf of rock, ten miles up the coast.

The last she saw of the motley array before they turned out of view, beheld them fighting for advantageous positions, in anticipation of taking the prisoners and bringing them back single handed.

Irene then manned the third boat, newer and lighter than any of the rest. She rapidly rowed in an opposite direction from Queens Point, to a group of islands a mile and a half distant.

Keeping well in along the shore to hide herself from prying eyes, both on land and sea, she managed to make good time, and was soon lost in the islands. In a short while she reached the one in which the arms and ammunition were stored, and near where the submarine always ported. Beaching her boat, she hastened to a cave in the side of the hill, and drawing forth her pocket torch, flashed the signals into the yawning and apparently empty blackness. An answering light flashed, and in a short time a footstep approached, and O'Brien himself came out.

Not at first recognizing Irene, he was on the point of addressing her ruffly, when she took off her cap and revealed herself. Realizing the grave importance of a visit made under such stern and distressing circumstances, he listened eagerly to her disclosures. The crew was hastily called, and ways and means of rescue were discussed. It was finally decided that four men should remain and guard the island and its stores. Three of the crew were to go back in Irene's boat, and the remainder to use a small boat of their own, hidden in the creek, and proceed in a roundabout way to the Light.

As Irene's boat was rounding the last obstruction of cragged shore line, one of the men noticed a red reflection in the water. No cause was to be found for its being there, until the last island had been cleared, when Irene, who had all the while been anxiously scanning the sky line, shrieked in terror. The Light was afire!

The men rowed hard and fast. Disregarding all caution, they boldly made for the open water, and in plain view of the cruiser, sent the boat at a mad pace, direct for the Light.

Arriving at the base of the Light, they were astounded to find that no effort was being made to stop the flames.

Irene was held back only after she had spent her strength in a vain attempt to get up in the tower. The fate of her kind old uncle was constantly before her, as was also that of the guard, whom she had struck down.

A cheer went up from O'Brien's men, as a man staggered out, bearing a burden on his back.

"It's the captain! Hold him! Don't let him go back!"

But the warning was an unnecessary precaution, for the rescuer, weak and blinded by the smoke, was scarcely able to stand.

By now the old tower was a blazing monument of gigantic flames. The oil of the lamps had ignited, and the explosions spread the ravaging flames. Hope of saving the Light was abandoned, and under cover of the prevailing confusion, O'Brien sent back his men to the boats. His late captor was stripped of all power to stop him for his own men, not yet over the effects of the previous night's drinking, sullenly refused to obey orders. But O'Brien was destined for one more storm before the sun would again shine forth through the dark clouds of misfortune.

Immediately on leaving the Light, the whole expedition consisting of Irene, her father whom O'Brien had rescued, O'Brien himself and eight of his crew, commenced to row vigorously for the

island. They had not proceeded far, when shots were heard coming from the cove, in which was secreted the "Shannon" and her stores of contraband. O'Brien increased the speed on the boats, and just as they were coming into view of the secret port, a fast launch was seen to steam away and head for the cruiser.

Landing on the island, but one of the four left to guard it, was able to tell the story. The men of the cruiser, observing the direction of the boat bearing Irene back to the burning Light, had traced its original course far back into the island. Almost immediately, the launch with fifteen men had, by accident, steamed straight to the ill-fated place. Here a brisk fight was waged between the invaders and the four gallant men left by O'Brien as guard. The submarine, luckily had been submerged, and in the skirmish they could not find it. Two of the four guards were killed, one was taken captive, and along with all the military supplies they could pile on, was now on his way to the cruiser. The man telling the story was wounded slightly in the shoulder.

Preparations were made to sail at once. The remaining stores of ammunition were either carried on board or destroyed. Old Barney was taken care of by Irene.

It was mid-afternoon. The last preparations had been made. O'Brien who had been anxiously keeping a lookout on the activities of the cruiser at last, saw the launch steam away again in the direction of the islands. He was giving the order to submerge, when there was a blinding flash of light out at sea, followed by a heavy explosion. When the smoke cleared, the cruiser was no more. The Irish captive had but one life to give and he gave it gladly.

.

Old Barney lingered but a day. The shades of death had already darkened his brow. The exposure of that terrible night, the raging fire, and lack of proper nourishment, had taken its toll.

Calling Hugh to him, he had found out the captain's real name. A prison sentence he had served, but only because he had stubbornly refused his seat in Parliament, and in a moment of heated debate, had uttered remarks entirely too truthful for the authorities to countenance. Imprisonment followed. Escaping from prison, he changed his name to O'Neil, offered his services to the Irish Republic, and thus disguised, worked his way up.

Old Barney was satisfied. Calling Irene, he entrusted her to Hugh's care. A worn smile suffered his haggard face. He could go in peace. The honor of his country had been upheld. Irene was provided for.

"Irene lass, one kiss for your daddy." Irene willingly but sadly complied.

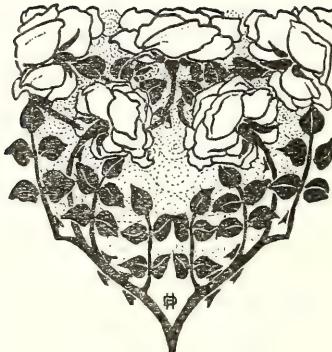
"Hugh, take care of my little girl, my shave-pate!"

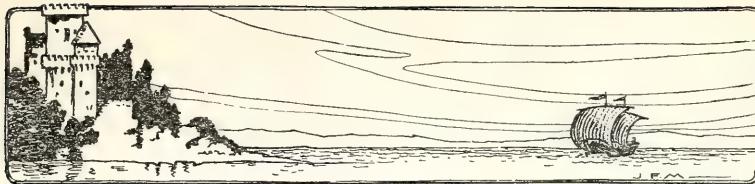
Then a burning fever overtook him. He babbled incoherently. . . . That night he died.

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The Admiralty has relinquished Donovan's Light. To-day, a towering shaft marks the spot of the old Light. The doves sing there during the day. Dusk finds the voice of the Nightingale in every glen and inlet. The moon glows in silken silence. . . . The patriot sleeps in peace.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.





The Veterans' Meed.*

THERE is, at the present time, a question which interests many of us, at least indirectly, if not directly; for who is there that bore no connection with the affairs of the recent war? Indeed, many were very directly concerned, concerned even to die for their country. To those of a different fortune we now turn our thoughts.

The treatment due the ex-service man demands the attention of all of us. We should see to it that our returned heroes are properly cared for. It is at the present time partly in the hands of our statesmen to aid these men by finally passing in favorable form that issue known as THE SOLDIERS' BONUS BILL. Statesmen are the formal representatives of the people. We must so act as to make them represent us in reality. Now what is the SOLDIERS' BONUS BILL? It is simply a bill which provides that we in some financial way repay our soldier boys so that they may have the means to regain their footing and start life anew. The voice of the people must be raised for this bill, it was for us that the soldiers fought. In a poorly contrasted way we must fight for them, because there are those that are trying to defeat this bill.

The United States Government has comparatively so small a standing army that, when real action is needed in time of war, it depends almost entirely on the good will of the fighting citizens. Good will demands coöperation. Very recently the brawny manhood of this nation responded to the call of its country, fought, suffered and even died. How can we laud them sufficiently for the gigantic work they have done? Our veterans have received tribute in words aplenty, but actions speak louder than words. When the Government wanted action in the most undesirable form the doughboy gave it. Now, when the returned soldier wants action, in the form of appreciation, will you, the Government, not give it?

Just think for a moment what the ordinary soldier had to cope with from the time he left home until he returned.

* Prize Oration of the Oratorical Contest, April 30, 1922.

There was a mental strain in the form of worry and uneasiness, no work is more weakening than this. Then the physical hardships; there was the damp confinement of the trenches; the whistle and din of shrapnel all round; the baffling mazes of barbed wire entanglements; the ever present peril from overhead attack; the grim, oft-repeated spectacle of bleeding human wreckage; the crushing fear of sharing his comrades' fate. The hardships of a soldier can only be experienced, they can not be enumerated. Those at home can not and do not realize what conditions confronted the boy that crossed the sea, for if they did, the returned hero would not only have already received praise in words, but also praise in actions. Action is what they gave, action is what they must receive.

It is not a new idea to give the ex-soldier a bonus or compensation in the form of money or land. This very same thing was done after the Civil War. The principal nations in the recent war have certainly surpassed us in this respect. Are we,—being the richest country on earth with the smallest percentage of public debt in proportion to national wealth,—are we not going to do as much for our ex-service men as those other countries have done? Great Britain, with a public debt of 53 per cent. of her national wealth, has provided an adjusted compensation ranging as high as 7,000 dollars to certain officers. Belgium, mercilessly plundered, with a debt of 87 per cent. on the country, has given 492 dollars to each soldier. Our neighbor Canada has not only paid privates 600 dollars and officers 972 dollars, but has even advanced them money with which to buy farms. Then consider our own United States, with an estimated national wealth of 286 billions of dollars and a public debt of only 8 per cent., think of it! We have given only 60 dollars to a soldier on his release from the service, scarcely a sufficient sum to outfit him in civilian clothes.

Why has the United States not done more for her ex-service men? Because we have not demanded it of our statesmen. We must do our part to urge on this most praiseworthy motion. Once before a compensation bill passed from the House to the Senate, but there it died. Now for the second time the House has passed a similar bill to the Senate. Will this bill die there? Are we going to sit back and say nothing, and do nothing? The bill as it now stands would give an average of 375 dollars to every veteran as against Canada's average of 600 dollars. Why can we not at least do this for our men?

Who are the objectors to such a measure? The very ones

who have materially profited by the results of financial dealings occasioned by the war itself; those who fairly coined money at home, while the soldier made a mere pittance, and that too with his life at stake. Some of our objecting statesmen say that a true conscience can not allow them to vote for a reward for merely doing one's duty to his country. As a matter of fact there is no method, law, or any other human agency that can properly reward loyalty and patriotism. Where were these men's consciences when they voted 30 billions of dollars to manufacturers, whose Government contracts did not materialize on account of the premature ending of the war, due to the gallantry of our soldiers? Where were their consciences when the iniquitous tariff bill went through Congress? Where, when the railroads were given paternal guarantees of profits when the Government turned them back after the war? It is strange, indeed, how such men are so loyal to their consciences at certain times.

No, we can not let propaganda and unjust principles steer us from our duty to the ex-service man. If we are true and appreciative American citizens let us show it now. The war has been over nigh on to four years, and what have we done for our soldiers? The time has come when we must act. Now it is our turn to fight for them. Let no selfish principles hold us back. Let us overwhelm those conscience-stricken men who hold the passage of this bill as needless and proud reward for only doing one's duty. This bill at its best does not even approach my ideal as a standard of our regard to the ex-service man. No, at its best, it is but a trifle and far from a reward. No, I say it is not reward, it is the soldier's due, it is to him justice and only justice.

PAUL A. McCRARY, '23.



The Price of Pleasure.

DARKNESS had long since drawn its mantle over the world. The citizens of Carroltown were sleeping soundly and refreshingly when, just as I was closing up the place for the night, a little boy of seven or eight summers entered the Drug Store. Now the Drug Store belonged to Mr. Sills, candidate for Mayor, while I had been retained to be in humble subservience to him, keeping shop during the campaign.

Duke, my only faithful friend was accustomed to keep me company throughout the long and tedious evenings. He was a clever dog, that Duke, and as intelligent, if not more so, than some supposedly rational animals. I had trained him so that every night a schedule was gone through. If it was my intention to set out for home directly I closed shop, Duke would take the message home. If the dog was not in evidence by ten o'clock then the family were automatically acquainted with the fact that I would be home late.

To-night, the rush of business had been unusually pressing. Duke was lying down in the rear of the store, which signifies that we were late. It was half past ten o'clock, and I wondered that a boy should be abroad at so late an hour.

"Give me fifty cents' worth of Hoffman Drops, please," he called in a breathless tone. "Hurry, please!"

Now I had been fairly conversant with the positions of drugs in the store, but last week the boss had ordered a rearrangement of the bottles, and now I was forced to consume not a little time in consulting a chart of listed compounds and their new positions in the store. This information gained, I was in the act of reaching for the Drops when Duke began to bark. He had roused himself from slumber, and was barking furiously, presumably at my customer. This was a singular action on his part, for he had never been known to bark at customers. Indeed, I thought I had him too well trained to do so. I was flustered. However, I proceeded to fill a bottle with the liquid. The boy kept nervously fingering his cap, as though internally affected by the barking of the dog. With a well-known command, I silenced Duke and sent him in disgrace to the corner, but I could detect a glint of smouldering fire in his eyes.

Duke was a shepherd dog of enormous size, and I felt certain that the boy was frightened. He held his ground manfully, however, and I took an instant liking to him. What could have occasioned that outburst from Duke, I wondered?

"Well, buddy, here's your Hoffman Drops, but who and what is this liquid intended for, can you tell me?"

The boy gave a start, paled and then mumbled almost inaudibly, "Mom's sick! Got an awful bad toothache, and the dentist's office was closed long since. Father was away in the city, and when Mom found there was nothing in the medicine chest for toothache, she took to moaning so that I offered to run down here for the remedy. We only live around the corner. Please hurry with my change." Receiving which, he was off.

Naturally, I was affected by the lad's story, and for a while gave myself up to contemplation, wondering whose child he was. He had not told me his name, and the "just around the corner" was not so definite an address as one would wish. However, it was growing late, and discontinuing my musings, I began to make everything spick and span for the night. I called Duke but received no response. Again I called, but in vain. And now I noticed that the door was slightly ajar. He has gone along home, I thought, disregarding our usual custom.

I was just turning out the lights, when I spied the still open decanter of Hoffman Drops, as I thought, reposing on the counter where I had placed it. I walked over, leisurely inserted the stopper in the neck of the bottle, and was restoring it to its accustomed place in the neat row of bottles on the shelf, when I happened to glance at the label.

Instantly, my eyes seemed literally to threaten to loosen themselves from their sockets, so straining was the look I bestowed on the label. A cold, clammy perspiration seemed to ooze out from my pores and bedew my forehead, and my feet seemed paralyzed, so benumbed they were. With gaping mouth, I stood there, petrified with horror. Within that brief space of time I seemed to live ages, but at last my benumbed brain began to function, and I regained a little of my usual composure. But I was dazed. Again I peered at the label on the bottle, and now I was certain of my mistake. The label bore the inscription, "LAUDANUM, POISON BEWARE!"

"Merciful Heavens," I groaned, "I've given that little chap laudanum! Poison! And as, with lightning-like rapidity, I thought of the fatal consequences, perhaps, of my mistake, I was nearly beside myself with dread and excitement."

What if the mother had, by this time, taken the poison, innocently unaware of the deadly efficacy of the remedy? "You are a murderer," I seemed to hear a thousand voices dinning into my ears, and a thousand pair of accusing eyes focused on me, peering at me from all sides. I could bear it no longer. I acted. Madly, I rushed out into the night with a view to overtaking the

boy if possible. The cool night breeze blowing seemed to soothe my feverish brow. I stopped a moment, trying to pierce the gloom of the darkness about me for a possible shadow of my late customer, but to no avail. The boy had vanished, swallowed up in the murky blackness.

Sill's Drug Store was situated on the corner of Main and Wood Streets and just opposite, at an angle of 45 degrees, perhaps, extended Phelps Street. Which was the "round the corner" direction, I pondered? But I could only surmise. Action was necessary if I hoped to gain results. Deliberating for a moment, I dashed down Wood Street at a brisk pace, scanning the houses along the sides. But after traversing three blocks without gaining sight of the boy, and failing to catch the least glimmer of a light in any of the houses, I stopped to catch my breath and to reorganize my befuddled nerves. "I must retrace my steps immediately," I concluded. Evidently I had taken the wrong direction, so suiting the action to the word, I came back to the starting point, to the store. Now my nervousness so far overmastered me that a thousand hectic thoughts raced madly through my brain. How could I have been so careless? I had not been careless, I argued with myself. The dog had distracted my attention. But that would carry no weight in influencing a jury. I saw myself a convict without self-respect, position or freedom. Each passing minute but tightened the nervous tension on my mind and body. Again I felt that cold, clammy dampness gracing my forehead.

Running down Phelps Street, I repeated my close observations, but again I observed in vain, for here too, all was silent, serene. The peacefulness of nature and the absence of all human bustle jarred on my nerves. My own steps sounded unearthly in my ears, so that I wondered why the people were not aroused by the loud noise.

But now I spied a blue-coated form on the corner. It was a "copper" and a very bulky one at that. This was a new element that confronted me. Shall I enlist his aid, I questioned myself? Together, we might be more successful in averting the tragedy so perilously imminent. I had caused this situation to materialize, and it was my duty to make heroic efforts to cope with the state of affairs.

Whispering to him a jumbled tale of what had happened, slightly modified, I enlisted his services. Together we returned to the store, and it was my supposition that we would again set out, taking different routes. But the "copper", entering the

store, proceeded to call up headquarters for more men. More men! The tingling of the telephone bell sounded a death knell in my ears. Carroltown was about to get a thrill, I prophesied.

Not content with calling out the police force, the ignorant officer now summoned the fire department, ordering them to search every street in the town, and later to report to the Drug Store.

I had bungled the matter, I perceived clearly. The mother was, perhaps, at this very instant in the throne of death, and I was powerless to act. I had been side-tracked, cast off! The police had taken charge of the affair, and in their usual masterful way, but I was sure they would fail. But I was not to be set aside with impunity. I decided to explore on my own account, and waiting for a suitable opportunity to make my exit as unobtrusive, as possible, I rushed out, but the policeman was at my heels.

Several times as I crossed corners, I spied human forms moving hastily about. The town was awake and astir.

I must have moved in the direction of a circle, for as I again emerged from the gloom of a side street, Sill's Drug Store lay directly in my path with the street devoid of human forms, as I thought. But now I spied a huddled form squatting on the sidewalk, in the shadows before the store, with another body entwined about the first. I wondered.

The policeman, panting and belligerent, now made his appearance, but I calmed his heated feelings as best I could. I pointed out the forms to him and he too was puzzled. Together we approached the forms, and I laid a reassuring arm on a child's shoulder, a boy. As yet, no inkling of the lad's identity had come to me, but at my words of inquiry, the head bobbed up suddenly, and I recognized my boy customer. And then a hairy form rose up and yelping, licked my hands. It was Duke, and I was dumbfounded at the sight of him. Why, Duke should have been at home long since. But my dumb friend, with almost human tears in his eyes only continued his demonstration, venting ecstatic barks on the universe. He cuddled up now at the boy's feet, and I knew they would be fast friends from that moment hence.

The policeman began his questioning of the lad, but I was not to be side-tracked at this moment.

"Boy, I cried in excitement. What brings you here? What has happened? What did you do with the bottle I gave you? Answer me, quick? And I had grasped him so firmly in the

arms, that I am sure I hurt him. And he managed then to stammer forth brokenly, "I was running home down Wood Street (I dug at my heels viciously) when I noticed this dog following me. You were puzzled to account for his barking at me in the store, but I deserved it. I had been throwing stones at him this morning, when he was tied up in your front yard, and when I found him running at my heels, I was frightened. Each time I looked back, I seemed to see his mouth all dripping with foam, growing bigger and bigger, and I was terrified. And then I ran so fast . . . I fell . . . and . . . broke the bottle. But the dog came up and started to tear at my clothes. Then I began to cry. Lying there, I moaned and howled, and cried still more. After a little, the dog stopped molesting me and sat down to listen. Then I howled still louder. At this, he came up to me, and placing a paw in my hand, began to give piercing, dismal howls. When he started to howl, I stopped, and soon we were getting along fine. We became friends, and then together came back here. I hoped you might still be here. And will you give me another bottle, please! Hurry! I lost my money, but . . .

All this, while the assembled vigilants had continued to pour into the square from every side, but not a sound had broken the silence, except the voice of the boy. But now a thousand voices vied with each other to express their appreciation of the lad's story.

"None of these know the actual preamble to this pathetic scene, I ventured to conclude, and so my fate is safe."

Excited, I proceeded to comply with the lad's request, only too thankful at my deliverance. The chart was consulted carefully, and now with deliberate care I scrutinized the label on the bottle of Hoffman Drops. This bottle reposed on the shelf directly beside the bottle of Laudanum; the colors of the liquids were the same, and thus it happened that I made the mistake. I had seized the wrong bottle when Duke became vociferous. Nervously, I filled a small bottle with the liquid, and delivered it up to the boy.

At which, a committee of ten was chosen to escort the lad home, while the crowd dispersed, chuckling and in good humor.

I sat down to think, with Duke at my feet. "You innocent cause of it all, you villain," I grumbled at my friend, as I shook his head energetically. How long I sat there I do not know, but this I can assert most emphatically, that when I embarked for home that night, with Duke tagging at my heels, I had come to the conclusion that one never knows how one's actions will react upon himself later, when all impressions of that action will have been forgotten. Duke had also given me a lesson in the psychology of animal reaction to emotion. Indeed, I was a wiser and a better man for the experience.

ANTON RADASEVICH, '25.



To A Flapper.

BLITHESOME of heart and debonair,
She skips with an amazing grace,
Redden'd of cheek and bobb'd of hair,
The toast of an appraising race.

In tie and tweeds and "comfy hat,"
We recognize the charm of her,
And tho' she be maligned for that,
We fail to see the harm of her.

Her periwinkle scarf is bright,
Perhaps a bit of stocking shows;
'Tis mean to say, "That isn't right,"
Or, "Goodness me, what shocking clothes!"

She dances all the night till dawn,
At closing time she's fresh as new;
She toddles on and on and on,
Her minute rests are precious few.

'Tis prudish, sir, to take to task
Her shortened skirt and cigarette;
We all have foibles, if you ask,
And most of ours are bigger yet.

By Cupid's bow, we'll never blame
The smitten youth who hovers till
Her dad appears and spoils the game—
With all her faults we love 'er still!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.





S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

Country in Springtime.

IT was springtime, blossomtime. The rural world was a riot of color and perfume. Every twig that a fortnight before had been a bare little stick was now a picture of dainty beauty. From the creek below the old farmhouse, the orchard hill appeared against the soft blue sky, a wondrous cloud of fleecy whiteness flushed with a glow of delicate orchid. The meadows were bedecked with a gold and pearly beauty, and the little brook, as it ran ceaselessly on, seemed to be studded with rubies in a bed of silver. The fairy hands that had covered the land with a thin veil of colored beauty, now dressed each tree and bush in robes of royal fabric woven from many shades of shining, shimmering green.

Throughout the day from the first diamond sparkle of morning to the last opal changing cloud of evening, busy bees buzzed and worked industriously, dashing and dancing from flower to flower, while the sweet-voiced birds sang the beautiful melodies of their mating time in passionate harmony turning the land into an enchanting ground, which some fairy godmother in her flight had touched with her magic wand.

M. A. CUSICK, '22.



The Piety of Catholic American Youth.

THE American boy is different from the boys of other nationalities. He has different ideals, popularizes other sports, and possesses qualities distinctly characteristic of the American temperament. Yet, we can draw a fine distinction

between the Catholic American lads, and those of our country, who are outside of the Faith.

The American boy of Catholic parents obtains his first ideas of God while clambering about the knees of his father and mother. He learns who God is; His relation to created things, and the love and service creatures must pay Him in this life. Then as he attains the use of reason, and begins his grammar-school education, the American boy gains a clever knowledge and understanding of his Maker. The result is that his love for Christ increases throughout the school period with his knowledge of Him who directs the order and operations of the Universe. When his grammar-school days have passed, each boy has an inclination to practise some particular form of devotion, whatever that may be, and however small. Gradually, he practises more and varied forms of prayer suited to his own personality, as the years roll onward, and the necessity for prayer becomes more obvious. All these devotions have a very great effect on the life of the Catholic boy, since they incline him to live in conformity with the Divine Will. American boys' devotion, especially their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, is a comfort and guide at all times. We have only to glance into the interior of our Churches on a Sunday morning, or a time of special devotion, to see the influence that religious services have on our Catholic youth. The fervor and devotion of these young men, many of whom work laboriously throughout the day, is certainly an inspiring sight; without referring to those who, of their own accord, pay a visit to the Church during the day.

The piety of the American Catholic boy is a beacon light inspiring him to persevere, and showing him the right path in times of trial.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.



June.

JUNE has come back again. It is a beautiful month. Into every life a new happiness is born, with these days of gladness, which are indicative of the season of picnics and song.

Man does not appreciate the privileges of passing through the marvelous season of late Spring and Summer, when Nature

sends us roses, and forces all the crops to maturity. People don't understand the joy which comes to the world during this month. All over the Universe young men are made happy. Although they have spent the best days of their youth by applying themselves intensively to books, they are not ministers of Christ; priests ready to spread His gospel, and prepared even to lay down their lives in defense of Him, if necessary. Through the June wedding bells many are gladdened. Thousands of new homes are created for people who will live in near contentment and happiness as God would have them live.

To those who find life somewhat trying, because of real or imaginary sorrows, let them tramp out of the turmoil and bustle of the city, and wend into the tempting country. Let them lie under some great tree, where they can hear the crackle of the broken sticks. There let them relax, perhaps close their eyes, and listen to the sweet song of the birds, then, maybe, fall asleep. Will they not return home happy and contented. On their way home, they will wonder at that scene, where a streak of broken, golden light was paved at its base, with some rippling stream.

In June there are always plenty of reasons for gladness, if one only looks about him, and measures his own size with the bigness of Nature, and his own service with the compensation he receives.

JOHN L. IMHOF, '23.



Character Surpasses Everything.

NEARLY everyone can attract admirers by good manners and the way he or she conducts himself or herself. The way to success and a joyous life, is open to one who is homely in form or features, just the same as it is to the handsome, if one will only acquire good manners and a character which will reflect true beauty of soul.

We find people in the world who place beauty above every other qualification in daily life. Beautiful stenographers and handsome office managers may make the office more attractive to the casual visitor, but they are not always found efficient.

The moss-covered doctrine is: "Fine feathers make fine birds." But does this mean useful ones? I believe not. The old peacock imagines that he is king of the barnyard while

he struts about showing off. Yet few farmers give them roosting space, for the reason that they don't find them worth the corn they gobble up.

Beauty does not win success for anyone, but it is character that does. The beauty, if one can justly call it such, which comes out of the powder cans and the rouge jars quickly disappears, and most frequently it must be replenished. But once one acquires wisdom, good manners and a character which cannot be questioned, it is impossible to lose these sure principles which lead to joy. Character stands out prominent. It can't be purchased. One must have a good character in order to be a success in life.

JOHN L. IMHOF, '23.



CHRONICLE

THE chronicler finds his work a difficult one as the days hasten on to the close of the year. Items of importance follow hard upon each other; and he is obliged to omit many events that would be withal important.

Since the May issue undoubtedly the most important happening was the return of Rev. Sebastian Schiffgens, who visited the University on his way to his home in Fr. Schiffgens Tarentum, where he celebrates his first Solemn Mass. The following Wednesday Fr. Schiffgens officiated at a Solemn High Mass in the University Chapel. Many acquaintances were renewed during his brief stay in our midst.

The annual Public Speaking Contests took place in the University Auditorium on April 30 and May 7. The large number of contestants necessitated the double contests event. The contests attracted large crowds, who were not disappointed, as a most elaborate programme was artistically carried out. On April 30, the following speakers appeared on the stage: Francis T. Heil-

mann, Richard E. Vogel, John T. Foley, Ivan V. Huber, John J. Foley winning the medal in his department. The Fourth High was represented by James F. McCaffrey, Anthony J. Bezila, Jack McKeown, Francis X. Foley; Jack McKeown was the winner in this department. The Oratorical Contest was fought with vigor by Gerald A. Schroth, Paul A. McCrory, Jerome G. Marecki, Charles V. O'Connor; the Gold medal was awarded to Paul A. McCrory.

The judges at this contest were: Rev. Edward J. Misklow, Mr. Joseph Cawley, Albert F. Yunker, Esq.

The second contest of May 7th was not inferior to the preceding one. The participants were: Joseph P. Thornton Joseph J. Meiser, E. Vincent Gallagher, James A. O'Brien, Godfrey B. Miller, William J. Maughn, Paul F. Gabriel, Robert E. Patterson, Joseph J. Stephens, Mark C. Brooker, Walter L. Gleba, Leopold L. Zaczek, Roy A. Niederberger, Nicholas A. McHugh, Daniel L. Dougherty, John M. Lambert. The medalists were: James A. O'Brien, William J. Maughn, Leopold L. Zaczek, Nicholas A. McHugh.

The judges were: Rev. Thomas Glynn, Mr. William H. McClafferty, Joseph S. Szepe, Esq.

The Red Masquers entertained us on April 21, with two plays, "The Martyr's Brother" and "The Boob". In picking out stars from the all-star cast, we may be allowed to mention Thomas Yeaglin and Lawrence Quinn. The proceeds from this entertainment went towards the support of the Father Simon Unit of the C. S. M. C.

On the Feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph, the students were enrolled in the various Sodalities. The ceremony was most impressive. The various classes were distributed among the Sodalities of the Holy Angels, Immaculate Conception, Blessed Sacrament, and the Holy Ghost.

As we go to print, there are some strange things happening down below the handball courts. Brother New Gym. Ammon seems busy too. The new Gymnasium is getting under way, it appears, and will be ready in the Fall.

The members of the Class of '22 have just completed their examinations for graduation. They are to Final Exams. be complimented on their application to study, and on the success which crowned their efforts.

Annual Play The annual Play was given at the Alvin Theatre on Thursday, May 18, and was played to a crowded house.

An idea of the play and the success with which it was staged may be had from the Foreword to "A Prince There Was", which appeared in the Programme, and an appreciation of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

"'A Prince There Was' is, in fact, a modest nomenclature for "A Prince There IS", for so the play may appropriately have been named. We have here a modern "Prince", or a man of to-day, who does princely things. He finds a "Princess" and a little "Fairy-God-Mother". With their help and the assistance of a friend, who is a fitting companion for a Prince, our "Prince" succeeds in doing things that bring happiness into the lives of all who come within the radiance of the effulgent glow of his charming personality.

The Dispatch comments thus:

"Plenty of action, smoothly running, and a high order of acting marked "A Prince There Was" presented by the Red Masquers, the dramatic club of Duquesne University, in the Alvin Theater, Thursday evening. A crowded house greeted the players.

"The bouquets go to twelve-year-old Florence Dixon, the orphan girl. She put her "stuff" across like a regular actress and got a big percentage of the laughs. G. A. Schroth as "Shorty" was tough enough to please everyone. He carried the bulk of the comedy on his side of the house.

"Cora E. Nill and Charles V. O'Connor played the leads as though they were written for them, and Sadie Baer, with her exposed knowledge of a boarding mistress' ways, got a big hand. John Aikens showed up well. Others who contributed to the success were Paul A. McCrory, Elizabeth Hauck, Clement Strobel, Grace Wheelock, Nelle Dixon and Master R. D. Furlong. The play was directed by Clinton E. Lloyd, head of the department of speech arts of the University."

"Like most successful plays, "A Prince There Was" testifies to the axiom-accredited to Dion Boucicault—that "plays are not

written, they are re-written. Originally this Comedy was written for Mr. Robert Hilliard, but it failed to realize the expectation of its star or sponsors. Mr. Cohan then re-wrote it and played the "Prince" himself. It then leaped into immediate favor, and was one of the pronounced successes of the season—a season marked by an unusual number of able dramas.

"The youthful, happy, ingenuous spirit of this delightful Comedy, could not be better suited to the active, eager, snappy character of the Red Masquer Players, had Mr. Cohan had this organization in mind when he wrote the play.

"A Prince There Was" is an authoritative and definitely outstanding exemplar of brilliant, "newsy", movingly-human, up-to-the-minute play writing. Mr. Cohan's deft, accurate, scintillating diction is seen here at its best. Not for an instant does interest lag or attention lapse. At the very rise of the curtain, the hearer—the spectator—is caught up on the full flood of action, and carried joyously along to the informing and happy final fall. The prodigality of wit, the glow and radiance of humor pervading the whole play gives to the auditor a satisfying enjoyment that could not be bettered unless by this master-workman himself."

The Duquesne University Club, true to the traditions of its past, has been busy and active during the past couple of months.

Several important meetings have been held,

D. U. Club and incidentally, several well-attended luncheons were conducted. The eleventh anniversary of the Club was recently celebrated, and brought to a successful close by a bowling party.

June 29th, has been set as the date for the annual meeting and banquet. The Class of '22, College, will then be initiated as members, and will be guests of the Club for the evening.

The Athletic management wishes to thank Mr. Kaveney
most cordially for a bounteous contribution
Donation to defray the expenses of the 'Varsity
baseball uniforms.



ATHLETICS

VARSITY FOOTBALL.

Just a word of spring dope on the football situation. Father McGuigan and Manager Strobel have been on the job as usual. A classy schedule has been arranged, including such teams as Detroit University, Villa Nova, Marietta, Grove City and Geneva. H. R. Ballin, all-American tackle for two years, and Captain of the great Princeton team of 1916, has been signed to do the coaching act. Ballin has seen service as a grid instructor at his *Alma Mater*, in the Marines, and at Lafayette. During the '21 season, he tutored the Shadyside Academy squad, of which "Buck" O'Neill was a leading member, and had the Gold and Blue had its most successful season in recent years. Ballin has the experience, the ability, and the size to make an ideal mentor. He comes with a reputation for square dealing with his men, and as an exponent of the theory of giving every player a chance. He will stand for no foolishness from his charges, and is known to be absolutely impartial in his attitude toward star and substitute. All of which is good. He will make a worthy successor to "Jake" Stahl who has left Duquesne for new fields some leagues distant. We may add, too, that "Jake" goes with the best wishes of faculty and student body, who have always admired and supported the former Pitt linesman. Here's hoping both he and his successor on the Bluff make good.

Strobel is even now lining up candidates for next fall. He expects to have quite a number of new prospects registered in school by the end of June. Matters are shaping themselves nicely. Practically every player of note, last autumn, except Klinzing, will be on hand for the first workout in September. Improvements will be made on the field, the seating capacity of the bleachers will be increased, and will be all set for a big year.

THE SCHEDULE.

September 30, Dennison University, Pittsburgh.

October, 7, University of Detroit, Detroit.

October 14, Waynesburg College, Pittsburgh.

October 21, Marietta College, Pittsburgh.

October 28, Geneva College, Beaver Falls.

November 4, W. Va., Wesleyan College, Pittsburgh.

November 11, Grove City College, Grove City.

November 18, Marshall College (pending) Pittsburgh.

November 25, Villa Nova College, Philadelphia.

'VARSITY BASEBALL.'

The Duke pill-chasers took the field an even half-dozen times during the last moon, and split their average on a fifty-fifty basis. As hair-raisers, the fracases indulged into date put "Ed. Pinaud's" in the last row behind a post. Four of the six battles were decided by a single marker, and the Bucknell contest was in doubt till the last putout. Juniata, with a brainy hurler and some wicked clouters, held the Martinites on the disgusting end of a 7-0 count. On the other hand, Westminster, Wooster and Grove City fell victims to the Bluff bludgeons, though, as stated before, there was competition aplenty. Waynesburg, carrying their horseshoes and a "dream" of a left-fielder, managed to escape the ax by virtue of a couple of first-class miracles.

The Hill cohorts sank the can of Westminster in the initial fiasco of the month. Bob Caffrey toed the mound, and looked like the proverbial "million" after the third inning. His mates started late, but made their bingles count, and Bobby emerged a 5-4 victor.

The Wooster affair was the big noise. For nine frames it was anybody's ball game. In the tenth came the break. The Buck-Eye Staters tallied once, and it looked like "curtains" for the Red and Blue. But the Ohioans made a fatal mistake; they began putting their bats away. Lady Luck smiled on the home boys, and Mike Cusick, hero of the day, drove a scorcher to left, sending over the winning point. Mareski pitched a heady game, but was handicapped by slow fielding.

Bucknell arrived next on the ticket, fresh from a victory over Penn State. They made it two in a row at the expense of Martin's lads after a torrid struggle. Wilinski, despite some clever tossing, was charged with the 5-2 defeat.

The less said about the Juniata imbroglio, the better. Conley alone, was able to touch the Huntingdon hurler for a hit, while the Blue Ridge stickers chased seven runners over the plate.

Grove City hit the Campus, loaded for bear, having just undergone their first mauling of the year at the hands of Tech. They got another without waiting long, though the slip-up was due to no lack of fight. Rather the responsibility should be laid to Bob Caffrey and Pete Kilday. Bobby hooked 'em over in masterful style, and garnered the winning four-base clout into the bargain. Pete kept his team in the swim by a pair of pretty wallops over the garden wall, and cavorted sensationnally in the

mid-pasture. Victory in this tilt was doubly sweet, in view of the fact that the Crimson has knocked off Pitt twice this season, and has been cleaning up generally. We might also remark in passing that the Up-Staters started Smith, their high ace, in an attempt to destroy the Duke onslaught, but, as has been said, 'twas "no go". The count read 5-4.

The Waynesburg encounter was the original vinegar and gall. After knotting a four run lead, the Hilltoppers blew their advantage, and allowed their rivals to pull ahead in the final chapter, and capture the bologna, 6-5, though Kilday carried the tying marker to the warm station in the home half of the ninth.

It is evident that the 'Varsity is putting up a neat article of baseball, though their results have been rather so-so. The swatting has been heavy, except against Juniata, the base-running has been exceptionally good, and the teamwork is there. The fielding has been little short of marvelous—at times, bnt right there is the main defect in the works. The defensive play has not been consistent. Entirely too many opposing players have completed the circuit for no reason other than sweet charity. The pitchers have been breezing along nicely, but have been handicapped by the miscues of their mates. This is particularly true in the case of Wilinski. "Pug" has been smoking 'em over effectively, but the fortunes of war have been decidedly against him. Mareski was a bit slow rounding into form, and had no sooner had he reached the peak, than exams. came along, and threw him off his stride. He held down the initial sack for a section of the Waynesburg game, and stopped one of Wilinski's snapshots at a runner with his salary digits. As a result "Marry's" hand is on the rocks for several weeks to come. Caffrey has been traveling like a house afire, and manufacturing his own breaks. His batting has been timely, and he strikes us as the "find" of the year.

Cherdini and Keefe are coming into their own and walloping the apple lustily. Conley's heady playing around the unfamiliar first bag has been a revelation. His stature is rather below that of "Long George" Kelly of the Giants, but he manages to make out just the same. Sammy Weiss played outside ball and was lost to the club, leaving a gap at second, to be filled by Cusick, and later by Conley. This constant shifting, though necessary, has kept the infield back considerably. When the proper combination is struck, play will improve a hundred per cent.

The gardeners are the brightest spots in the gang. Erlain's right-fielding has been tophole lately, and his clouting is on the

upward trend. Karl has been guarding the opposite half-acre à la Fred Clarke and swinging the willow accordingly. If we mistake not, Jimmie is seen on the basepaths for one reason or another, more frequently than anyone else on the aggregation. We mentioned Kilday before. Pete was born with a bat in his hand, and used a baseball instead of a rattle. He resembles league stuff. Caye and O'Connor have not dented the line-up as yet, but are rarin' to go, and should give a good account of themselves, if an emergency arises. All in all it's the smoothest secondary defense since the days of Morrissey and Zitzman.

Dan Rooney has done the bulk of the receiving, and has done well. Mike Cusick caught one entire contest, and distinguished himself by driving in enough tallies to cop the bacon.

Coach Martin declares that his protégés have come through well, and are all set to clean up the remainder of the schedule.

PREP. BASEBALL.

The Preps. have been saying nothing and sawing quite a bit of wood. As we go to press, they've started seven times, and experienced little difficulty in coming out triumphant on all occasions but one. Schenley, Peabody, Verona and Shadyside were trampled badly, while Sacred Heart and St. Mary's of the Mount were massacred. Westinghouse had one large inning—the eighth—and took the honors at D. C. and A. C. Park in a rain-soaked game that should have been called several stanzas before the last. Even so, the Dukelets' record is something to discuss enthusiastically.

Captain Billy Titz has led his men in every sense of the word. His batting average is close to five hundred, and his all-around work is even ahead of his 1921 display. Billy should be ripe for the 'Varsity next spring. Fleck continues to speed things up at first, and Bullion is the class at the Keystone. Unites started the season at third, but due to his mother's illness was forced to retire. Jimmie McCaffrey has filled the bill admirably. The Bluff lad has improved amazingly, even over his exceptional form of last year. Gilday's prodigious walloping goes merrily on. He dropped a couple more outside the park in the early games, and has interspersed his extra-ply swats with a goodly number of single-sackers. His catching and that of "Nig" Savage compares favorably with that of any high school backstop in the district.

The pitchers are all rather O. K., though Loebig and Maughn have carried most disaster to their opponents. Ryan needs

another year, and Carmody, better support. Of the whole staff, though, Maughn takes the cake, including the dish. The boy looks small beside a flyweight, but he carries the stuff. He set down the Shadyside huskies with ridiculous ease, and has relieved several of his wobbling brethren at critical moments.

The outfield is quite "It". "Red" Egan is the main luminary. His stickwork is heavy, and he has the fly-chaser instinct. Snyder and Haverty lack previous experience, and McNally is in the same boat. Wissenbach is a versatile youth, and can fill in most anywhere. Oh, yes, there's plenty of talent on hand for the pastures, even if it does resemble the "diamond in the rough."

The University High is satisfactory. Let them keep on in the direction they're heading, and they'll equal the marks of their most illustrious predecessors.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, 'Arts, '25.



Alumni.

THE mortal remains of LIEUTENANT ALBERT A. MOUNTAIN were laid to rest in Mt. Calvary Cemetery, McMechen, W. Va., with solemn and pathetic ceremonies on Tuesday, April the eighteenth. He had been killed in action, at the head of his command, at Cierges, on July 1st, 1918.

When the war broke out, he was a student in our college department, preparing for the priesthood of the Wheeling diocese; as such, he could have secured exemption, but he waived his privilege and entered the service. He joined the army as a simple private. His ability as an organizer and leader of men was soon recognized, and his promotion was rapid and well deserved.

At the Solemn High Mass of Requiem chanted in St. James's Church, the chaplain of his regiment, Rev. Father Lanahan, of Columbus, Ohio, paid a noble tribute to the many estimable qualities that characterized the deceased soldier; he encouraged the ardent, cheered the disconsolate, comforted the distressed, visited the prisoners, pleaded with the irreligious, and set an admirable example to all by his frequent communions and daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice offered up in the humble chapel of his regiment, whenever a respite from enemy firing permitted. Thus, when death came, it found him prepared, and he went into

eternity, with an enviable record for duty accomplished, and service rendered to his fellowmen.

Rev. Edward Galway, one of our former professors, and now pastor of Warwood, W. Va., preached the funeral sermon.

The ritual service at the grave was in charge of the Kleeh-Rhodes Post, of Wheeling. As the ritual was in progress, a wreath from his former comrades, and a bunch of white flowers emblematic of his stainless life, were laid on his casket. At the conclusion of the prayers, before the firing squad sounded their salute, Post Commander Claude Bonar, placed a miniature American flag upon his coffin, in honor to him who had made the supreme sacrifice in carrying it to victory. *R. I. P.*

EDWARD B. COLL, President of the Farmers' Deposit Savings Bank of Pittsburgh, has of late, been the recipient of many tokens of the esteem in which he is worthily held. Though the youngest of the Pittsburgh bankers, he is President of the Bankers' Club, and is one of the fifteen bankers of Pennsylvania chosen to codify the banking laws of this State. But a short time ago, he was the honored guest at the "get together" dinner given by the New York Savings Bank practice group. More than two hundred diners greeted Mr. Coll, when he was introduced by Toastmaster William E. Knox, President of the Bowery Savings Bank. Mr. Coll, who is one of the foremost and most successful advertisers of the banking business, spoke on "Savings Bank Service and Making It Known". He maintained that the receiving of deposits, and the paying of withdrawals, are only a small part of the bankers' duties; advertising plays an important role in the development of banking possibilities.

In the afternoon, Mr. Coll was the guest of the Yale Club of John Felleen, Secretary of the New York Chapter of the National Institute of Banking.

We congratulate Mr. Coll on the prominence to which his talents and probity have raised him.

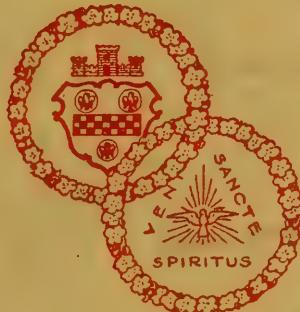
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DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Vol. 29

JULY, 1922

No. 10

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JULY, 1922



CONTENTS

Summer	.	.	.	W. E. BOGGS	.	.	295
The Builders	.	.	.	H. J. HEILMANN	.	.	296
Character and Education	.	.	.	GERALD A. SCHROTH	.	.	298
Our Judiciary Department	.	.	.	G. A. SCHROTH	.	.	300
A Woman's Way	.	.	.	VINCENT B. SMITH	.	.	302
Romeos and Juliets	.	.	.	PAUL G. SULLIVAN	.	.	308
Vacation	.	.	.	ANTON RADASEVICH	.	.	312
 Editorial :—							
All the World is a Stage	.	.	.	JOHN SZABO	.	.	314
Men Wanted	.	.	.	JOHN SZABO	.	.	315
Politeness	.	.	.	JOHN SZABO	.	.	315
Chronicle	316
Athletics	319 ²¹

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Summer.

THE voice of Summer calls us,
The sprays of jeweled rain,
The earth is robed in verdure,
With daisies for a train.

The fields before so broken,
The winding roads so bare,
Bring now their gladsome token
Of flowers for her hair.

The meadows still, are merry,
Their fashions, quaint but gay,
The rippling brook is laughing,
Then steals in bliss away.

The birds are singing gayly,
In quiet leafy homes,
While scented roses daily
Are hiding elves and gnomes.

* * * * *

'Tis summer-time around me
My feet in joy have trod
But, oh! my soul is sighing
For summer-time with God.

W. E. BOGGS, '23.



The Builders.

(Valedictory)

RECENTLY, an artist painted a picture which appeared in one of our leading magazines; it was entitled "The Builders". In the background stands a massive structure in stone, representing a gorgeous temple. To the left, lower down, two persons are intently studying a parchment; to the right stands another holding a vessel to the mouth of a workman. Below, a number of toilers appear with shining instruments; they are stout of muscle and brawny of limb; their faces, sweated, bespeak unrelenting labor, as they dig deep into the rocky soil, till, lo! they have completed the foundation of a building, that will equal in every way, correspond in every detail to the model stone structure above.

As I pondered over that all-but-common-place scene, it stirred my mind, spoke to me from out the depths of its silence, taught me the lesson of a life-time. It was the lesson of Catholic Education, a lesson, which meseems, is addressed, not only to the assembled graduates of this evening, but to all those who are interested in the great problem of education.

The temple beautiful that has stood the test of time, the lines of which turn towards heaven, the pillars of which support a tottering civilization, is the edifice of the Catholic Faith. It is the handiwork of God Himself. The architect of this world-famed, world-heralded, world-lighting temple is none other than Christ; it has been painted by the blood of Martyrs, cleansed by the hands of Doctors, and adorned by the virtues of Virgins.

Education means the development of man's faculties; and Catholic Education means the development of the same faculties under the influence of Christ; for, the orientation of our education must ever be heavenwards. The faith of the society must lean upon the faith of the individuals, and the power of the Church for good, will depend on whether the individual soul, heart and life is planned, founded, built and adorned in keeping with the ideal of Christ, in harmony with the doctrines of Christ, will depend on whether the building is an exact replica in miniature of the original temple, and be, like it, an influence of light, of life and of love.

Midway between the builders and the finished model, the artist, in the picture I mentioned, has two separate groups: those who oversee the work of detail, they stand at a point of vantage, all solicitous that the great ideal be released from bondage, and enjoy the distinction of reality and perfection: then, there are

those who support the weary workers, pouring cooling waters upon their parched lips, giving them to eat and drink in their weary days of unrelenting toil. Teachers have planned our work; they have directed our youthful efforts. They have stood, these years, midway between us and the ideal, to see that our works advance in strict keeping with the original. Nor ever, during our course, have there been wanting men, devoted men, priestly priests, self-sacrificing Religions, who, through the length of fleeting years, through the haze of lengthening shadows, have given us of to-day, as to our predecessors of yesterday, so to our followers of to-morrow, spiritual nourishment, unselfishly unselfing themselves for the greater interests of the diocese of Pittsburgh.

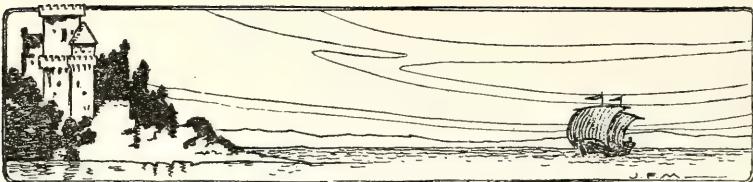
Fellow-graduates, I take it that, in the picture, we are the builders, represented as "delving deeper and deeper into soil," to lay the solid foundation of our after life. Our parents, our teachers, our priests, the companions of our College days, have helped and encouraged us. Our foundation is laid; but, the super-structure must be our own. Build we must. Our lines are marked, the material is at hand, and we know full well that in the future anxious eyes will follow us, anxious hearts will love us, anxious souls will long and pray that our edifice be perfect. They are the eyes and hearts and souls of our teachers who will follow us adown the labyrinthian path of years.

But, time urges: ere yet we go, we pause, worthy teachers, to say that under your guidance, we will perfect our life's work; and on it we will chisel the escutcheon of Catholic loyalty,—loyalty to our beloved Bishop, loyalty to our Faith, loyalty to Duquesne, the nursing mother of our years. We pledge a loyalty unswerving to you, our teachers of the past. May the future prove that your work for us shall not have been in vain. May your guiding spirit keep our motto of loyalty shining through the years. Our soulful parting wishes go to you.

Fellow-graduates, together have we toiled at the foundation, together, have borne the burden; but, now, we must, each of us, build apart. Before we separate to-night, let us pledge union in heart and mind, to build and adorn the temple of our future.

May we one day complete it in joy. We must, we must apart! Till then, a fond farewell.

H. J. HEILMANN, B. A., '22.



Character and Education.

THE recent world war has taught us the necessary requisites of a soldier that is fit to fight. During this conflict we were shown the fool-hardiness of sending a man into battle not properly trained or properly equipped. Our very blood boiled when we heard of some of our friends being rushed into the fray without sufficient training. In many instances, the budding youths of America were forced to sacrifice their lives, because they were not schooled in the manual of arms and self-defense. Yes, it was a pity; more than that, it was a crime, but an unforeseen and unavoidable crime, and on this account the sad blunder must be forgiven, and the necessary precautions taken that they may never recur.

But friends, do you realize that every year thousands of our American young men are going into the battle of life as totally unprepared for the conflict as was the greenest rookie in the fields of France? Here in our own country the crime of sending into battle men who are not fit to fight is being committed continually. The most regretable part is that there is no necessity for it, and consequently the crime is doubly grave.

No man can succeed in any line of endeavor without the proper training and equipment. To take another example, a pugilist spends months in training and conditioning for a battle of no longer duration than a few hours. Yet, our American parents of to-day expect their sons to be victorious in the battle of life, without either of the two great essentials, which are as vital to the man entering the battle of life, as are exercise and training to the pugilist, or as are the gun and drill to the soldier. These essentials are CHARACTER and EDUCATION.

What do we mean by character? A man is said to have character when, true to his convictions, he endeavors with firmness and perseverance to conform his conduct to his conscience. On the other hand, a man without character, is swayed by every breeze of opinion, and allows himself to be governed by circumstances. He lacks confidence in himself by not having sufficient knowledge and self-control.

The ideal and dream of every Christian mother is to see her sons lead successful Christian lives. In order to lead such a life, one must be virtuous; he must possess in a high degree the four Cardinal virtues: Prudence, Justice, Temperance and Fortitude. A man armed with these weapons is fit to fight, and the outcome of the conflict is never in doubt.

Virtue, according to Webster, is rectitude, strength, valor or chastity, or any good quality in man. In the strict sense, however, virtue is a good habit, which perfects and governs our faculties towards honest operation.

Most necessary to the upright man is the virtue of prudence. The prudent man finds himself at the cross-roads of decision, and chooses unerringly the right course.

The just man with resolute will deals out to everyone what is his due. Led by a clear beacon light, he disregards the selfish claims of interest, and steers clear of ignoble, cunning and unprincipled profiteering.

The man possessing temperance holds every immoderate appetite in check, nor ever permits any wayward inclination to plunge him to excess.

The man endowed with fortitude bears up courageously under "the whips and scorns of time;" nay more, when occasion requires, he boldly unsheaths his sword and stalks defiantly into the presence of tyranny enthroned.

A man in whose soul these magnificent virtues are rooted is already far on the way toward a successful life. But he is not yet fully equipped for the fray unless he also possesses an adequate education. And, friends, a grade school and a high school education are not sufficient, but merely a good foundation. When a boy graduates from high school he graduates from boyhood to manhood, he begins to think seriously of the big things in life, and realizes that he has not overcome all the obstacles on the road to success, but has only made a fair start. The broader horizon, the wider sympathy with men and with affairs, the finer feeling for what is best in literature and in art,—these and a thousand other desirable qualifications can result only from the studies and associations of college. And as the young man increases in knowledge, the environment and purity of thought, which are so conspicuous in our Catholic colleges, will so mould and strengthen these virtues so preeminent in character, that they will never be bent or broken.

Shall the young man continue to press forward to success,

or shall he be stopped by an obstacle which his education is insufficient to conquer? This is a serious problem for our parents to consider. To give their sons a college education envolves both expense and sacrfice, but a sacrifice which is well worth while, for they are giving their sons that necessary confidence and knowledge to enter the battle of life on even terms with the best of men. They will not be handicapped. You will have enabled them to toe the line. They will be fully equipped. They will be ideal contestants. They cannot fail. Your sacrifice will be crowned with gratitude and glory, as your sons, by their ideal lives, steadily rise among the successful and prosperous men of the world.

Parents, if it is at all possible, make the sacrifice; give them but a chance—THEY WILL NOT FAIL.

GERALD A. SCHROTH, B. A., '22.



Our Judiciary Department.

WHERE can we hope to find justice in this world, if those very men whose duty, obligation and office, are for no other than the very purpose of administering justice, refuse to be just and honorable. Yes, I mean the courts, the judges, the jury, and in particular, the detectives. A good detective is an honorable man; but, a man who attempts to load crime on an innocent man in order to retain his position, is neither just nor honorable, and is far from being an upright man.

The methods used by our present day, high-salaried sleuths, are obstacles in the path of justice, and one of the greatest evils of the day. These wouldbe "Sherlocks" are unable to catch the real criminals because of their inefficiency or cowardice. The lamentable result is, they pick up some poor degenerate, or perhaps some really intelligent, clean-living man, who having been thrown out of work in his home town, had come to the city of progress in quest of employment. These are the class of men our detectives arrest, and immediately after their arrest, come the most degrading and inhuman actions that should be used by

the most barbarous tribes. These poor unfortunates are not left alone in prison, but are dragged from their cells, their hands cuffed behind their backs, and are brought before *respected* detectives. Here, the methods employed by the detectives, in attempting to force confessions from their victims, are unjust and disgraceful, to say nothing of the mental and physical pain inflicted by their torturing captors. They are arraigned and accused of various misdemeanors and crimes, and if any captive should deny these, he would be severely beaten. In many cases the detectives' quiz is curtailed because the prisoner is rendered unconscious. Again the detectives write up confessions of "would-be" crimes and robberies, and their victims are beaten until they sign them.

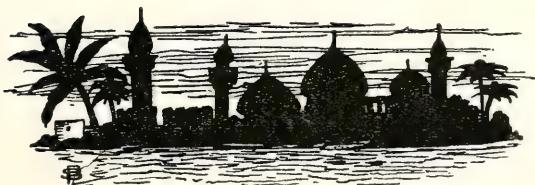
Recently, in our own court in our own city, three men were sentenced to terms of from ten to twenty years for robbing a certain store. One man signed a confession, involving the other two, and although the proprietor of the robbed store, as well as his wife, could not identify any of the men; the three men were sentenced by the evidence disclosed in the forced confession.

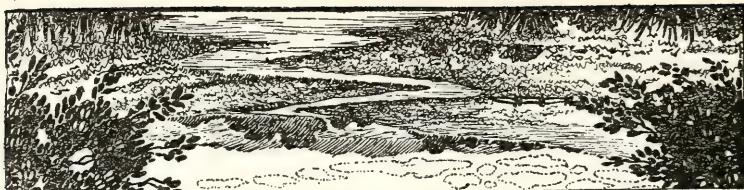
A month later, three more men were arrested for the robbery of the same store, and were positively identified as the culprits.

What does this prove?

Does this form of administering justice meet with your approval? Or are you in favor of abolishing the inhuman methods of forcing confessions from suspicious persons?

G. A. SCHROTH, B. A., '22.





A Woman's Way.

MR. HOBBS, before taking his shower, would look out upon his garden. The sight of that gem of a vegetable plot always filled him with unbounded satisfaction. But this morning, upon leaning out the window, his astonished eyes beheld in the very center of the revered precinct a large and bony black horse pulling up the sacred plants.

"Hey!" shouted Mr. Hobbs, and then stopped his angry vociferation, before it was fairly begun, remembering his sister, and the two maids asleep within.

Hurriedly, he strode to his room, and began pulling on his shirt and trousers over his pajamas, his face showing very red in contrast to the whiteness of his moustache and top thatch. Mr. Hobbs' vegetable garden was the passion of his heart, or, rather, had been before the passion lately became divided. He was still sufficiently attached to it, for his spirits to rise and fall according as its fortunes were good or bad. He knew it and cherished it, as by far the most exquisitely designed and most delightfully healthy of all the green goods tracts in the spacious and well-ordered suburb where he lived.

In brief time, he appeared upon the back porch, and continued the expostulation:

"Get out of that garden, you ugly beast!"

The horse, never by so much as the wiggle of an ear, denoted that he had heard.

In spite of the wet grass, Mr. Hobbs stamped to the edge of the garden, where he thought that his presence would be more felt. He fairly screeched:

"You damn vandal, get out of my garden!"

The quadruped continued his breakfast oblivious; but above the garage, a window flew open, as if in shocked surprise, at this last execration, and a black, curly head was thrust into the morning air.

"What's de mattah, Misteh Hobbs?" it inquired.

"Come down, and help me kill this horse," responded Mr. Hobbs.

"Yas, suh. I'll be right down, suh."

Mr. Hobbs crossed to the driveway, and scooped up a handful of stones. Returning, he flung them at the trespassing brute. At last the animal deigned him a look, but it was a look expressive of utter contempt. Mr. Hobbs' enraged mind realized that drastic action would have to be taken if this impassive beast was to be expelled. His eye alighted upon a broom by the porch steps. Hastily, he procured it, and strode toward the object of his wrath, at that moment unconcernedly masticating a dripping mouthful of young corn. Thwack! the handle of the broom smote a lean flank. With a bound, the horse fled away across the garden, placing his hoofs, as Mr. Hobbs saw it, on every growing thing within reach, and turned the corner of the house. As Mr. Hobbs followed, Sam, the chauffeur (he of the curly black top), joined him. Their quarry had halted on the front lawn, where they found him applying himself delightedly to the shrubbery. In vain they attempted to dislodge him from the premises. He had, to all appearances, conceived a great affection for the place, and at the same time acquired, despite his worn and angular aspect, a remarkable nimbleness of hoof. Finally, however, the stones gathered from the driveway, proved too much for his prominent ribs, and he trotted out the gate and down the road. Sam, who had come forth unshod, did not venture beyond the grass; but Mr. Hobbs, in hot haste, pursued the enemy, uttering wild threats in an attempt to emphasize his discomfiture. He had not gone far, when he cast a slipper, and was forced to desist. At the precise moment of his halting, a great limousine came purring up behind him, and passed. The negro driver grinned broadly down upon him and nodded.

Mr. Hobbs was a little disturbed in mind by the incident. For the negro driver was Henry, Mrs. Gates' chauffeur. And it was Mrs. Gates who had divided Mr. Hobbs' affection for his garden. (Oh, it was perfectly all right: Mrs. Gates had been a widow six years). A kind of rivalry had grown up between Henry and Mr. Hobbs. Henry feared that, if Mr. Hobbs won his mistress, Henry would lose his position. Mrs. Gates, by her own admission, loved all animals, but horses in particular. Mr. Hobbs had acknowledged an antipathy to dumb brutes. Now, he was sure, Henry would paint for Mrs. Gates an exaggerated word-picture of his horse-chasing episode—in colors very unfavorable to the chaser. He was in consequence depressed in spirits.

The work of restoring his ravaged garden did not help cheer

him. Instead, it put a slightly keener edge on his temper. Several times, during the day, his uneasiness and traces of his anger manifested themselves in unintentionally sharp speeches to his office employees. In the evening he returned greatly calmed. His sister met him at the door. She spoke a little cautiously.

"Hello, Ad, dear. How are you?"

"I? I'm all right. Why?"

"Oh, I just thought you seemed a little—a little disturbed this morning. That's all."

"Humph!"

"There is a note here from Mrs. Gates," she said a little tentatively.

"Oh, there is, is there? Let me see it."

Hope, fear, anger at Henry; pride and curiosity rose successively within him, as he reached for the proffered envelope, and slit it. With great pretence of slight interest, he deliberately unfolded the enclosed sheet, and began to read it.

"Dear Adalbert,

"We found your horse in our vegetable garden. (Found his horse? What the devil did the woman mean?) Henry saw you trying to catch it this morning, and that is how we knew it was yours. (Darn—or perhaps it was stronger—that Henry!) I think it is just too dear of you to take that poor, worn-out old animal, and give him a good home. (Ugh! Too dear of him!) I always knew your dislike of the lovable creatures was only pretended. (Only pretended!) And really this one is not so old or decrepit. (The hairy devil!) His frame is good, and he is still supple. I examined him. (She would have no trouble examining his frame.) I am so anxious to see what you can make of him—possibly a very fine horse. (Possibly!) And then, too, I am ever so much fonder of you, since I discovered your true feeling toward animals—and especially horses. Do come to see me this evening.

As ever,

HARRIET."

"P. S. I shall send this note up with Henry and the horse."

The horse! He looked up. His sister had vanished. With long strides, he traversed the house, and descended to the lawn at the rear. Sam had just emerged from the garage. Dubiously he watched his master's approach, until he saw the opened letter in his hand, and then his anxious brow cleared a trifle. Mr. Hobbs' wore a heavy frown. His words were gruff.

"Sam, is that horse in there?"

"Yas, suh."

"How the devil did you ever let Henry impose that horse upon you?"

"Well, suh, Henry, he said, as how Miss' Gates had pos'tively commanded dat dat hoss was to be lef' here till you come home. And, o' cou'se, I thought you would wan' me t' do anything Miss' Gates said. So I done it."

Mr. Hobbs' sister had appeared on the porch with a small silver bell. She now tinkled it gently.

"Ad, dear," she called, "dinner is ready."

Mr. Hobbs turned on his heel, and left Sam to breathe the sweet breath of relief.

The dinner had so far proceeded in silence. At length Miss Hobbs raised a timid voice.

"When that horse first came, he looked very hungry."

"I suppose so."

"So I called up the feed store man, and ordered some oats."

"How much did you order?"

"Well, I didn't know how much to order. So I just told him we had a hungry horse up here, and to bring him some oats."

"How many quarts did he leave?"

"He—he left three sacks."

"Three sacks! What'll we do with three sacks of oats? We're not going to have that horse after to-morrow."

Three sacks of oats! Good Lord!

After dinner, they sat on the porch, and Mr. Hobbs smoked a cigar. Assuredly, he told himself, he must go to see Harriet, and to explain to her her mistake. He started off in the mellow evening air to walk to Mrs. Gates' half a mile away. The nearer he approached his destination, the more his love overcame his indignation. By the time that he had drawn close, he had decided to tell the truth, of course, about his not owning the horse, but, at the same time, to mar as little as possible, the favorable impression which Harriet had apparently received of his humaneness. The unusual warmth of her welcome, and the added luster of her eyes confirmed him in his decision. It was extremely easy to make things plain to her. Her intuition seemingly enabled her to comprehend all things perfectly as he wished. She agreed that he should advertise for the owner, and should hold the horse until he might be found. Indeed, in that whole evening, he brought up nothing to which he did not find

her sweetly agreeable. On his walk home, he concluded that it had been one of the most pleasant he had ever spent with Harriet.

For a week Mr. Hobbs advertised the finding of the horse in the city dailies and the small weeklies of surrounding towns without eliciting response. It became more evident each day that the horse was his, to be fed, watered and curried—and that literally. For, on the third day of his new residence, in retaliation for some harsh currying of his hind leg, the animal planted a swiftly-moving hoof upon Sam's posterior protuberance. Thereafter Sam refused all association with the irascible creature, and it devolved upon Mr. Hobbs to spend part of his mornings and evenings supplying the equine wants. As the animal grew in strength and spirit, he demanded more and more time for exercise. Mr. Hobbs encircled his apple orchard with a new fence, and turned him loose there.

Harriet and Adelbert had many serious consultations concerning a suitable name. Harriet thought he should be called Bucephalus, because Adelbert was the only man who could control him. Adelbert was properly flattered by the compliment, but said that another man would have to be given a trial before the conditions would be applicable. He, himself, favored Pepper or Dynamite. They finally compromised on Ulysses, though neither knew why.

By Thanksgiving the horse had developed into a noble-looking animal with glossy, black coat, shapely legs, arched neck, and small proud head. Mr. Hobbs had made an engagement with Harriet to take her for a drive behind Ulysses that afternoon. He arrived at her home to find a woman caller there before him, and he spent a wretched half hour, listening to the female chatter, and wishing that the visit would end. Just as the caller was being ushered out, two men were admitted, and Mr. Hobbs was told that they wished to speak to him. He came into the reception hall, and found Mr. Hillis, the local hardware dealer, and a stranger, evidently a foreigner. After salutations, Mr. Hillis spoke.

"This gentlemen," he said, "claims that the horse which you have left standing outside belongs to him. In my capacity of town constable, I have come to hear what you have to say about his claim, and to settle the matter according to law."

Mr. Hobbs explained how he had come into possession of the horse. The stranger, who was small and unkempt, inserted valuable explanations in broken English after every sentence.

"M-m-m-m," said Mr. Hillis. "Your evidence apparently substantiates his claim. Let us go out and see whether he can establish any further proof."

As the three men drew near to him, Ulysses kept his eyes on them as if puzzled. The little man suddenly broke out in a tirade of gibberish unknown to either of the other two. The horse leaped back so swiftly as almost to break the rein by which he was hitched. There he pranced about in a way to endanger the rig.

"Hey, stop that," said Mr. Hobbs. "That is sufficient evidence."

Mrs. Gates had put on her hat and coat, and had joined them on the sidewalk. Mr. Hobbs was looking at Ulysses.

"Will you sell him to me?" he asked the little man.

The foreigner eyed him and Ulysses in turn.

"Three hundred dollars," he said.

Mr. Hobbs drew out his check-book.

* * * * *

When they had driven out of town, and into the country, Harriet said to him,

"Addie, the day I sent Ulysses up to your place with Henry, I knew he wasn't your horse. I just wanted to find out if it was true, as people said, that you hated animals. Was that mean?"

Understanding could be seen to dawn in every feature of Mr. Hobbs' face.

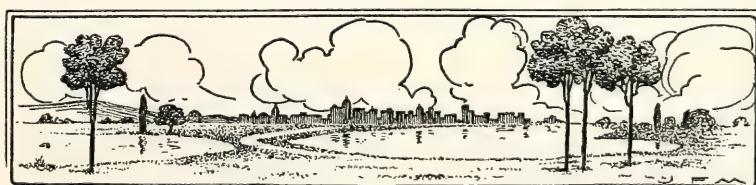
"No," he said, "I'm glad you did it."

"And, now, since I have found that you do like them, I think that you are just about perfect."

"Do you?" he asked. His Adam's apple was in violent agitation. He felt that Harriet was experienced in such matters as proposals, while he himself was a novice, and was likely to make any sort of error.

Anyway, he was accepted.

VINCENT B. SMITH, '24.



Promiscuous Romeo and the Commercial Juliets.

HERE once resided in a Small Town, a Cake-Eater named Edwin. At the tender Age of Seventeen Edwin began to betray the Ear Marks of a Live One. He threw a Murderous Toddle, sported a Cigarette Case, and could tell Orange Pekoe from Tetley's Original Green Label. He affected "Kollege Kut Klothes," snappy Russet Kicks, and tossed his Hay Bonnet in the Ash Barrel on September fifteenth sharp. His Features were not absolutely repulsive, and with his Natural Permanent Wave, the Local Flappers' Union had him catalogued for a sure-enough Collar Ad.

Amongst the Female Element Edwin was quite the Big Noise. To the Cross Roads Berthas he was Jack Barrymore, Wallace Reid, and Rudolph Valentino combined. He was the Sun, Moon and Stars, to everything for Miles around, that wore Organdie. The Village Bells considered a Hop, a Howling Personal Success, if they managed to get in part of an Extra with him. They still talk of the time he wore a Tuxedo to the Knights of Pythias' Annual Ball, and call Four of the Lesser Laddies all sorts of Mean Names for tossing him the Frog Pond, because he lured their Fair Ladies into his Underslung Roadster, and kept them out All Evening.

Now, all might have turned out well, despite these Drawbacks, had it not been for Edwin's Papa. The Old Boy was quite the Main Street Rockefeller. He owned Half the Hamlet and held Mortgages on Most of the Remainder. He still had the First Dollar he ever earned, and a Good Many he had acquired subsequently. His Best Friends—if he had had any—wouldn't have pronounced him liberal. The Biggest Risk he had ever taken with his Accumulated Finances was a Flyer in Liberty Bonds. Where Money was concerned, his Motto was, "Say Au Revoir, but not Good-Bye." His Sole Dissipation was Edwin. In his Fond Parental Fancy, that Young Man was King Drake in the Large and Cosmopolitan puddle of Ducks. As a Natural Consequence, the Favored Offspring was showered with thrice the Bullion requisite for the Needs of the Ordinary Chap, and almost enough for the Simple Wants of the Gay Lothario in question.

At Twenty-One Edwin was graduated from High School. He had been detained a bit by a Reluctance to Drink at the Fount of Knowledge. The Friendly Family Physician was kind enough to pronounce the Ailment Adenoids in order to save him from the Stigma of a couple of Out-and-Out Flunks.

The following Summer was a Wild One for Edwin. He was initiated into the Gentle Pastime of becoming engaged. The First Flop of the Season was for Dora, the Delightful Daughter of the Proprietor of the Palace Hotel—rooms one-fifty down. As a Fianceé she lasted a Week. It would have been less, but the Boy was new at the Game, and rather shaky about spilling the Bad News. He took back the Ring with some Qualms of Conscience and no more Painful Results than the usual Bursting of the Floodgates.

Peggy came next, then Grace and Jo. After that he lost track of the Count. Inside of Two Moons his Genuine Platinum Setting had adorned the Majority of the Eligible Prospects in the Peaceful Village, and the Owner was still hitting it up.

Along about this Time, the Old Man began thinking of the Higher Education of his Son. Edwin was bitten by the same Bug. Papa suggested the Fresh Water Normal School at the County Seat. Edwin threw a Heavy Spasm at the Mere Mention of the Place. He yearned for the Broader—add more Expensive —Life at the Large Eastern Universities. He longed for New Worlds to conquer. In other Words he was fed up on the Kiss-Me-Quick-and-Go Variety of Feminine. The Movie Type was his Speed—and Examples of such were not to be found, avoiding Mud Puddles in a Back Woods Metropolis.

He took his Point like Malaria takes Hindus, and soon had collected a drawerful of Laudatory Literature in the Form of those College Catalogues that make the Sears, Roebuck Effort look emaciated. After assimilating the Contents of a couple of Volumes of Academic Bunk, he was about ready to kick up his Heels and “baa” like a Real Collegiate Person.

Mid-September found Edwin all set to do a Young Lochinvar. He had adopted a Major League Co-Ed School within Dating Distance of the Big Town as his *Alma Mater*. He broke off a Last Minute Engagement, packed a Steamer Trunk or Two, grabbed his Golf Sticks, embraced the Doting Parent, and was off on a Career of Conquest.

Some of the Girls wept copiously, and they all felt a Sense of Irreparable Loss. The Boys took it more violently. They built a Bonfire to celebrate the Event the Night after he went, and went as far as to express the Wish, that he was going to an even Hotter Place than his intended Destination.

Freshman rules kept Edwin on the Ground the First Year. He wore Bed Room Slippers and a Pajama Coat for a week as the Result of conversing with one of his Fair Classmates within the

Area, and received an Artistic Tonsorial Operation and a Painful Chiropractic Massage for being seen at the Theatre with Another. Thereafter he kept in Mind the Fact that Discretion is the Better Part of Valor, and confined his Social Intercourse with the Gentler of the Species to inditing Lengthy and Colorful Missives about his Adventures to the Sweet Young Things he left behind. He came back strong as a Sophomore, and resumed Activities on a Wholesale Basis. In the course of Two Semesters the Beams of his Affection fell upon exactly Eleven, including a Maude, a Gladys, and three Dorothys. None made a Lasting Impression. They took the Partings with varying Degrees of Regret, but without any Particularly Ugly Fuss, being inexperienced and not hep to the How and Why of making Trouble about Such Matters. So Edwin continued to work fast and get away with it.

Toward Thanksgiving of his Junior Year, Things began to slow down considerably. The Pall of Boredom weighed down the Frivolous Spirit of the College Gay Dog. Unless something turned itself up, he feared an Early Demise from an Attack of Chronic Monotony. Accordingly, he ruffled his not-too-prominent Brow, and thought up a New Angle to the Old Pastime. He sunk a Large Slice of the Allowance in a couple more Dazzling Solitaires, raising his Collection to a Trio, and started in to keep them all busy. Heretofore his Style had been cramped a bit. Now he branched out right. When he wasn't pledged to hook up with at least two or three Campus Toddlers, he felt that he was doing himself a Gross Injustice. He even went after a few Debs he met at Proms and made a Clean Getaway. They were Well-to-Do and didn't need the Filthy Lucre.

Then came the Last Lap of the Dear School Days for Edwin. He was a Senior and soon acquired the Sheepskin—with a little Luck. Along about Cherry Blossom Time, he and Freddie, his Tried and True Fraternity Brother, headed for the Large Oasis on the Hudson. They spent the Evening among the Tired Business Men at a Roof Show. It was on the way out that the Wild Boy got a Flash at the Coat Girl. Like the rest of the Pineapple-Bobbed Blondes, she caught the Roving Masculine Eye, and held it like the Democrats held the League of Nations. He slipped her the High Sign and got the Right Wink. He gave Freddie a Vacation and waited Downstairs. The ensuing Debacle was a Shame. He was landed high, dry, and gasping in Twenty Minutes. When Freddie found him the Deal was completed.

Edwin made another Pilgrimage a Week later, bringing the Ring. He had written her Four Decidedly Foolish Billets-Doux meanwhile. They met at the Ritz, fixed up Everything but the Date, and osculated good-bye reluctantly.

On the way to the Train he stopped for a Package of Cork Tips. The Person behind the Counter was an Intoxicating Brunette. Edwin snatched a Glance, a Look, and came up dizzy. He recollects that a Gypsy had once told him of a Dark Haired Lady. He forgot the Choo-Choo and struck up an Acquaintance. It was a Repeat Performance. Edwin was the Blushing Fiancee of no less than a Pair of Sophisticated City Belles.

Commencement rolled around the Prospective Graduate, sitting pretty, and the Situation the same. Papa came on to behold the Prodigious Fireworks. So did Betty, the Sister of Freddie. Betty was an Absolute Knockout, the Kind you see on the Beauty Cream Advertisements. She was a Cultivated Peach, plus. One good Slant at her, and Something hit Edwin that he'd never felt before. Here was the Real Case and no Jocularity.

The Killer hopped in with both Feet. A Meek-looking Math Professor was a Step ahead of him, but lost out badly. The Event was set for the End of June.

Here the Prospective Bridegroom had an Attack of Memory. He lit out for the King Burg, and began the usual Severance of Diplomatic Relations. The Pyrotechnical Display began forthwith. It started with Hysterics, ran the Gamut of a Broken Heart, and reached the Climax in a Lawyer's Office. A touching Court Room Scene rang down the Curtain.

The Shows ran two Performances with different Feminine Leads in each. As in all Melodramatic Sob Stuff, the Villainous Male got it immediately north of the Shoulders. He hadn't a Chance with a Mixed Jury. The Ultimate Cost amounted to Forty Thousand Shekels of the Realm. The Old Boy footed the Bill with Bad Grace, and came near requesting Edwin to take the Atmosphere permanently. The last-named Worthy sojourned in Parts Unknown for a While till the Domestic Typhoon blew over. He didn't even get his Sparklers back.

The Coat Girl joined in Wedlock with her Original Handsome Harry, an Aristocratic Taxi Chauffeur. The Cigar Counter Venus retired to live on her Proceeds. Betty tried Love in a Cottage with the Rising Young Disciple of Figures, and is getting along nicely. Edwin is a Disillusioned Bachelor, plays Bridge at the Club, and has decided that Dame Fortune smiled on

him in the Stretch. Perhaps his right. Everybody's happy but Father, and he's taking it out on the Village.

Moral:—There isn't any; you'll have to arrive at your own Conclusion. (We've had an Inferno of a Time reaching This One).

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, Arts, '25.



Vacation.

"**T**HERE comes a time in the life of every boy, which taken at the flood, leads on to the 'ole swimmin' hole,' or perhaps the corner lot so dear to the heart of youth."

Picture in your mind the suffering lad, yoked to the vehicle of "learning", daily sweating over the laborious passages of Caesar and Cicero, racking his brains for the declension of the elusive "jaw-breakers" of Classical Greek! Picture him thus in your mind, I say, and then multiply that vision of martyrdom by 300 times, and you have a fair estimate of the "unfortunate's" yearly grind.

How piteous it is to see a brilliant lad, who can glibly give you an account of every worth while baseball team in the leagues, and who can charm you by the emphatic explosions of opinion, always at his command, as to the rating of this or that player; how heart-rending it is to see him stumbling through the test in History, or being literally racked to nervous prostration on the terrible gibbet of algebraic equations!

Can you blame the lad for crying out in rebellion against this bondage to the grim and cruel *doctus manus*?

As the breezy days of spring increase and multiply, and finally undergo the metamorphosis of the chrysalis, blossoming into balmy summer, he rebels, he defies, he fumes and raves, but to no avail. His cries are drowned in the noise of the revolving grind-stone, and the fates hear him not.

At length, worn out by the merciless drudgery, he falls into an apathetic state, a lethargic stupor, and this, providentially, influences his master to grant him his freedom.

He is given a card of introduction to his future master, bearing testimony of his general intelligence, application and dependency, and released from bondage.

How gloriously real then become those dreams so often woven during the year; of the swimming hole surrounded by overhanging trees with the best diving-board for miles around; of the fishing pond where the fishes were most obliging; of the corner baseball lot where battles raged as fiercely as any baseball fan could wish; of the hikes through the woods, in which all nature seemed to gladden, and trill with a delicious melody at one's approach, and the thousand and one other pastimes of the average boy.

He becomes as an animal, without restraint, without fear, and revels in his freedom, enjoying to the utmost every minute of the far too short day. During this brief period of frolic and pleasure, the lad so unstintingly courts and cultivates nature's bounty, as to cause the soothing, healing balsam of the forests, the exhilaration of the "hole", the wholesomeness of food, the strength-giving power of mere exertion, to set into motion that rejuvenating and upbuilding agent, which will, at summer's end, leave him sound once more in body and mind.

The years multiply, and the boy, grown strong and sturdy in his position, leaves the house of servitude, and strikes out for himself, another would-be conqueror. He prospers, perhaps, is in business, and grows wise in the way of the world.

But, ever in his memory, is that subconscious call of nature, the insistent call of a superior force, and he remembers the oft-repeated "paroles" of his youth.

When summer days and summer nights draw near and flood his musty office, or his cramped home with that sizzling, scorching, penetrating heat, that is the only attendant of summer days in the city, he must, of course, take a vacation, get out into the open, he says, smell the fragrance of the woods; revel in the freedom of the beach, relax in the cool, secluded, shady nook. And so, through nature he comes into a more complete appreciation of life, of its Author, and purpose.

The man returns, refreshed in mind, elevated in spirit, and invigorated in body, a new man, and ready to resume the labours of life.

O wonderful power is thine, Vacation!

ANTON RADASEVICH.



S A N C T U M

E D I T O R I A L

All the World is a Stage.

ALL the world is a stage for some people, while for others it is not. But the former greatly out-number the latter. Perhaps if this would not be so, then life would lose its attractiveness from the material standpoint. The reason why the majority think this world a stage is evident. It is in one's nature to make others believe what one is not.

A smooth tongue, combined with just a bit of earthly possession, makes up the type of actor that is predominant in life. For him the world is a stage, and he marches along in the ranks of the would-be's, false-alarms, pretenders, and other classes of hypocrites. Man is weak and he falls for the illusions of life. Undoubtedly the world is a stage, and he is in the foolish procession toward the pot of gold, at the end of this rainbow of disillusion, which serves as a setting for his stage.

But why act, when nearly everybody is on the stage, and therefore the audience so small? The reason is plain. The actor not only caters to the small audience, but also to his fellow-performers. He vies with them, and his purpose is to go all men one better.

Much of this acting is nonsensical, and since it is confined to a certain period of man's life, it seems rather harmless; for with age comes the realization of the falsity of it all. The has-been actor now sits back, and forms a part of the minority, in thinking this world a stage. He is amused by the vast throng on the stage, and especially by their presumptuous endeavors, which make them appear most ridiculous in his estimation.

JOHN SZABO, '25.

Men Wanted.

MAN was created for a definite purpose, and therefore he should function in such a manner, as to bring about the end for which he was created. This is the spiritual side of life. Now the material aspect should be reckoned with, for only by so doing, is it possible to fulfil the spiritual end.

And so it is in dealing with the material side, we make note of the industries, which give employment to men. Here there is a demand for men and more men. We are in a progressive age, and the demand is nearly always in equal proportion to the progress and increase in population.

We may make a division, and divide the kinds of men wanted, into two classes. 1. Men wanted, where only muscle and brawn are the requirements. 2. Men, who have character, ambition, education, and know how to make use of their talents.

We may also insert here that class of humanity, parasites more or less, known as man. Here the true meaning of the word man is not meant,—it is merely just a sort of distinguishing mark, and that's all.

In classes one and two, there are men who do honor to the name man, each in his distinctive manner. The falsity of the prevalent opinion that wealth and social standing make the man, must be readily admitted by right thinking men, without the slightest bit of reflection.

Men who have a true knowledge of themselves, and follow the dictates of conscience, come under the heading Men Wanted. Others may be placed under that of Male Help Wanted.

JOHN SZABO, '25.



Politeness.

IT IS just natural that people should judge one another by action and speech. As to politeness, we are judged from outward appearance and action, and also by the effect they bring upon those with whom we come in contact. Consequently, opinions are formed, as to whether one is cultured or uncultured.

To one who has been taught since early childhood, the principles of politeness, it is just a mere matter of course for him to practice them during his lifetime, without being conscious of the fact.

Then, there is that false form of politeness, which is put on only on certain occasions. But "put on" politeness is very soon detected, and the offender is judged accordingly.

The idea prevalent, that a man cannot be polite and be a real "he" man, or a "reg'lar guy" at the same time, is ridiculously false.

When we read the history of the Middle Ages, we find the famed bold knights of that time the very personification of politeness.

The word polite is derived from the Greek *polites*, meaning citizen, and the underlying essence of Greek culture, was that thorough breeding of the citizen was the first motive,—hence the application of the word. In its widest sense, politeness means not only the observation of the ordinary amenities of daily life, but it embraces the application of the Christian principle, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." It is a part of education to know how to practice the various form of politeness toward our fellowmen. But the rough horny-handed son of toil can be just as much a gentleman as the polished, cultured man of affairs. This, of course, is not the impression of the average individual in the crowd, but to the man who analyses the things that make up life, it is readily seen.

JOHN SZABO, '25.



CHRONICLE

On Sunday, April 30, the Very Rev. President addressed the Allegheny Council of the K. of C. in K. of C. their hall, after they had received Holy Communion in St. Peter's Church, N. S. His theme was "Higher Education in Pittsburgh".

Bishop Swint The Rev. President also assisted at the Consecration of Right Rev. John Swint, D. D., as Auxiliary Bishop of Wheeling, on May 11.

Address Rev. M. A. Hehir, President, delivered the address of the graduating nurses of St. John's Hospital, at Carnegie Hall, N. S., on May 9.

The Commencement Exercises in Duquesne University began with chapel exercises, including a baccalaureate sermon by Rev.

Thomas O'R. Rea, LL. D., and closed on Commencement Tuesday evening, June 19, in Soldiers' Memorial Hall, with an address by the Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, Chancellor.

Following is the list of graduates: (School of Accounts) Bachelors of Commercial Science, Michael David Bachrach, William Maurice Coyle, Leo Pierre Dooley, Birger Engstrom, Harry Joseph Forst, Joseph Jay Harter, Margaret Louise Kennedy, William McNamara, William Robert McNamara, James Joseph Mulvihill, Francis Xavier Murphy, Harry Clark Ploeger, Meyer Pritkin, John Desmond Scully; Bachelors of Science in Economics, Eugene Joseph Donoghue, George Edward Henning, Agnes Marie Sullivan; (School of Oratory) Special Certificate, Mercedes M. Hoffmann; Bachelor of Arts in Drama, Mary Lorena Dixon, Cora Elizabeth Nill; (College of Arts and Sciences) Bachelor of Science, Anthony Napierkowski; Bachelors of Arts, Michael Aloysius Cusick, Henry Ellenbogen, Herman Joseph Heilmann, Sister Mary Aquin Lee, Igor Michael Maczko, Jerome George Marecki, Peter Paul O'Keefe, Sister Mary Isabel Oger, John Stanislaus Pawlowski, Gerald Augustine Schroth, Herman John Sieber, Ralph Francis Smith, Sister Margaret Wildman; Masters of Arts, Charles Gerald Brophy, Sister Augusta Conklin, Rev. John Francis Dodwell, John Jeremiah Donovan, Rev. James Hickey, Francis Joseph Ligday; (School of Law) Bachelors of Laws, Julius B. Alpern, Bronislaus Stanley Budrewicz, David McCalmont Cummins, Robert E. Dolphin, Wayland Pierce Duncan, Byron J. Finn, Louis J. Groudine, George Kirby Herrington, Ira Hurwick, John Faread Jeha, Jacob Ezra Kalson, Nathan M. Katz, Albert F. Koontz, James Merle McCandless, Arthur L. McLaughlin, Jr., Earl Emery McMonigle, Albert D. Mazer, Leonard A. Mazer, Samuel Sinai Rosenberg, Paul C. Ruffennach, Samuel Hanna Sarraf, Ira Delbert Shaw, Herschel Vane Silberstein, Joseph I. Winslow, Michael Alexander Wolak, Charles Edward Young.

Honorary Degrees, Master of Commercial Science, Chester Edward Presho, M. A., Master of Laws, John Stewart Dunn, Esq., Master of Business Administration, Harry Leroy Darner; Doctor of Music, Casper Peter Koch; Doctor of Humanities, Rev. Mother Francesca, Dean, Seton Hill College; Doctors of Laws, Very Rev. Peter Conrad Danner, V. G., Chancellor, Pittsburgh

Diocese; Very Rev. Francis Augustine Driscoll, O. S. A., President, Villanova College; Rev. Thomas O'Regan Rea, Rector St. Pius's, McKeesport, Pa.

In the High School Academic Department, Diplomas were awarded as follows: Joseph Desmond Boyd, Joseph John Brumbaugh, Joseph Adam Bulevicius, Joseph Sylvester Bullion, Joseph Maxwell Cameron, William Leo Carl, Dominic DeSilvio, John Thomas Egan, Edward Francis Ende, William Henry Exner, George Ralph Fasiczka, Leo John Fleckenstein, Francis Xavier Foley, John Albert Frank, Kenneth Matthew Gaffney, John Lawrence Gallagher, Francis Ervin Hammill, Thomas Bernard Harnyak, Francis Regis Harrison, Joseph Anthony Horrell, Thomas Kaveny, Edmund Charles Kelly, Maurice Francis Klaser, William Philip Kohler, Charles Bernard Lamb, Joseph John Los, James Francis McCaffrey, John Francis McKeown, Alphonso Joseph Marinaro, Joseph Michael Maxwell, Cornelius Michael Mhley, Francis Regis Mullen, John Thomas Neuner, Charles James O'Brien, Henry Xavier O'Brien, Regis Francis O'Brien, Vincent Aloysius O'Donnell, Francis Joseph O'Neill, Victor Martin Owczarzak, Cyril Francis Ruffennach, William Daniel Savage, Vincent William Simpson, Francis Paul Snyder, William John Stebler, John Harry Styka, George Thomas Wissenbach, Charles Thomas Wyeth.

In the Science Department, Diplomas were awarded to Anthony Battaglia, Aloysius Martin Heim, Ralph William Leonard, Robert McDermott Murray, Harold John Myers, Paul Marcellus Reilly, William Cornelius Titz, George Francis Vaia.

In the Commercial Department, Diplomas in Stenography were awarded to John Patrick Bloomer, Charles Frederick Greiner, Edward Francis Loughren, William Joseph Maughn. On completion of the Commercial Course, Diplomas were awarded to Michael Brendan Griffin, John Bernard Harvey, Joseph Charles Hennessy, Thomas John Janda, Earl Joseph Kohnfelder, Raymond Julius Kosak, Joseph John O'Brien, Harry Francis Schreiber, Francis William Weigel.

Certificates for the Commercial Short Course were awarded to Paul Mark Becker, Charles Francis Dean, James Joseph Ferry, Laurence Aloysius Gitschier, Charles Joseph Kellermann, Patrick James Lydon, Richard Leo McNamara, Raymond Bernard Maloy, George Albert Nellis, Joseph Henry Sodini, John Joseph Thoner, Joseph Alphonsus Tracey.

The Degrees having been conferred, the Very Rev. President addressed the audience as follows :

" During the past year, over 2,500 students had been registered in the various schools, besides 500 teachers, who took extension courses from members of the Faculty. To accommodate the ever-increasing number of students, two new buildings are to be erected in the near future. Plans have been drawn and ground was to be broken for them this week. These buildings are to be put upon money secured from the drive of 1920 for the benefit of the University. Less than half a million has been received so far. The hard times during the past two years explain why more of the pledges have not been redeemed. The buildings planned are to cost \$400,000.00. One of these buildings is to be "The Canevin Hall." This is in recognition of the great assistance given by his race, Archbishop Canevin, during the drive, and as a mark or token of gratitude to him, the first Chancellor of the University."

Father Hehir next alluded to the general demand throughout the country for religion to be taught in our schools, colleges and universities. No sincere educator ever believed education was complete without religious instruction. All good men and women of the country regretted the exclusion of religious training from our schools. To-day we see the sad results. Sixty-five million of our people are not church-goers, nor are they affiliated with any religious denomination whatsoever.

A prominent Presbyterian minister from Boston, some few weeks ago, said that American colleges were turning out annually thousands of students, who had no proper concept of what was right and what was wrong, they were ignorant of the Commandments, they had no knowledge of and no belief in the existence of God Himself. At a general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church the following resolution had passed : "Resolved, That this General Conference places upon record its deliberate and positive conviction that moral and religious instruction should be given in every department of the public school system of the country, primary, high schools, colleges and universities, such instruction to be without cost to the State in the lower grades, and to be offered as optional courses in colleges and universities, such optional courses, when completed, to be given equal credits with other courses of equal intellectual and cultural value."

" Many have already raised their voices against our friends, the Methodists, and decry them because of their efforts to bring

about Prohibition, and condemn them now for trying to undo our grand public school system, by trying to introduce religion in our schools, colleges and universities. But no matter, we may think of Prohibition and of this resolution by the Methodist Conference the best and most intelligent part of the people of this country demand religion as a necessity, especially in this the reconstructive period of our history, to prepare our people and our country for their God-given mission—mission among the nations of the world."

At the conclusion, he introduced the Right Reverend Bishop Boyle, whose brief, eloquent and inspiring words were eagerly listened to and loudly applauded. His words:

"Very Reverend Father, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

"Recipients of Degrees, in behalf of you friends, and of the Faculty of the Collegiate and University departments, I congratulate you. They only, who have passed through the experience of study and intellectual work, can appreciate your position this evening at its full value. As Hon. Judge Swearingen, Dean of the Law School, has told you, your graduates in Law have yet to register a failure before any bar; and, what is true of that department, is equally true of all the other schools of the University.

"Success means hard work. I remember having heard a prominent practitioner of many years once say, looking back on his youthful days, that he considered it a crime to have been admitted to the practice of Law with the amount of knowledge he had had. It is only years that brings maturity. Academic lore and success but open up new fields of vision, point out new pathways to be followed, and show new places, where men can perfect themselves. All success in life is made after the student leaves the portals of his school. By that, I do not mean that University training is of no account; for the success of which I speak is built on such an education, and depends entirely on well-spent college days; but, sureness of judgment, and the apt solution of difficulties come only from practice and experience.

"Graduates of this evening, my advice to you is contained in the words: "Shun delights and live laborious days." Here in America, I often almost despair of University training. There is a tendency to seek pleasure above all. And, if men acquire too great a taste for such, even be it licit pleasure, for sports and games, their work will suffer. It is only men who have learned the secret of liking their work that achieve success.

"Remember, graduates, that you are but beginning your career, and science has only opened up the great doors of the palace of success. As you enter in, be bold! be courageous! go forth and conquer!"

J. F. C.



VARSITY BASEBALL.

We've neither the time, the space, nor the inclination to write an extended resumé of the season. Let it suffice that the 'Varsity cleaned up over fifty per cent. of the card, trimming such teams as Grove City, Wooster and the Carroll Club of Wheeling. Considering the fact that it was a green squad, the record is mighty encouraging, and the well-known myrtle crowns might well adorn the pates of all who contributed to it. As this mode of ornamentation has gone a bit out of style the last few months, the Martinites had to be contented with the regulation "D. U.'s," significant of service on the diamond. The letters were awarded at the annual baseball dinner about the middle of last month. "Pete" Kilday, ranked by Father Mack as a member of Duquene's all-time outfield, was elected captain the same evening. To employ a trite expression, "a joyous time was had by all." "Pete" even forgot his usual taciturnity, and consented to make a speech of two-and-a-half lines; we counted 'em. Some day our accomplished captain will be accused of being garrulous. Anyway, "Kil" promises a regular "bear" of an aggregation for next year, and we suppose we'll have to wait till then to see his prediction justified.

Captain Erlain—*Right Field.*

"Tony" had a run of mighty bad luck, but proved himself a genuinely aggressive leader despite his handicaps. His mother has been dangerously ill all spring, and as a result the Duke leader was pretty well tied down at home, being able to play only six or eight times. Even so he clearly demonstrated that he is still on the upward trend. At bat his prodigious clouting continued. Watching the little south-paw slugger as he swings, we are inclined to believe that he is the originator of the "toe-hold", as applied to the diamond sport. The one regret of his life is that St. Vincent's wasn't met on Commencement Day, thus costing him his annual gala of swat, wherein it is his custom to completely demolish the contest by popping a four-sacker into the Panhandle freight. He goes forth to pursue his medical studies,

with the best wishes of the student body, which honors him as a loyal son of Duquesne.

Captain-elect Kilday—*Middle Field.*

The new boss is one of the most popular players ever seen here at school. He is amazingly efficient in all departments of the pastime, is modest, unassuming, and an earnest worker. Father Mack deemed it best to use the fleet-footed "Pete" in the outfield. It was a wise move. Kilday made the hard ones look easy and gobbled up the impossibles. He has the most powerful and accurate arm in the gang, and has poled out an astonishing number of basehits. His average for entire course is .450. He ranks with any college performer in the business. By why eulogize him? His actions speak for themselves.

Mareski—*Pitcher.*

"Marrie", in whose cranium is stored the pitching lore of the ages, hurled some brilliant ball—the sort expected of a lordly senior—until a fast one ruined a pair of digits on his salary mitt. We but hold the mirror to University opinion, when we inform the world that he is the headiest twirler, who has graced the Campus in a generation. We pay tribute to the never-failing spirit of him who has turned back opposing wallopers for four seasons. He is worthy of the veteran's meed.

Caffrey—*Pitcher.*

We hang out the flags for "Bobby", king of the "hook" and the "smoky one". The Washington lad stepped into the breach at the right moment, and kept the 'Varsity banner out of the dust. "Joey" Ward, the demon sports writer, has declared that for natural "stuff" and effectiveness "Bob" has no peer for miles around. To employ an idiom more expressive than elegant, will proclaim to the cock-eyed universe that "Joey" has the correct dope. Further, "Caff" has real, old-fashioned, college temperament—or lack of temperament. He loves to play, never grumbles, and couldn't recognize an alibi, if one came along and kicked him on the chin. We also feel called upon to mention that he bangs a wicked line drive.

Wilinski—*Pitcher.*

When we hear "Pug's" name mentioned, we feel moved to rise right up and slay Old Lady Luck. Caesar has loads of talent, and worked hard, but the Goddess of Fortune did him several wagonloads of dirt. He won his first game, the Manhattan

fracas, and from then on it was just one tough break after another. He finally cracked the losing streak, and sat down the Wheeling "Kaceys" in the final clash on the card. His best is yet to come.

Rooney—Catcher.

"Dan" butchered his batting average for the sake of the 'Varsity weal. In other words he took the receiving assignment, knowing that the strain on his eyes would injure his stick-work. He deserves a vote of thanks.

Cusick—Catcher.

We line up Mike as a backstop, and are giving the straight facts to a certain extent. But this boy is a person of parts. In the course of the spring we've beheld him behind the bat, in the pasture, and on second base. Besides, he has been known to indulge in numerous forays with the willow. He ends his long career at Duquesne in a blaze of glory.

Conley—First Base, etc.

Ambrose is the chap who posed for the statue of "Versatility". His early youth was spent in the immediate vicinity of the Keystone bag. This year the Bluffites needed a first-sacker. The mentor paged Conley, and the hole was plugged to the queen's and everybody else's taste. Next came a gap at second, and the East Ender returned to the native heath. Then arose a call for a guardian of the torrid angle, and our old pal made another successful shift. Meanwhile he pasted the pellet lustily. He applies his gray matter to excellent purpose, being an exponent of the theory of the superiority of mind over matter.

Keefe—Shortstop.

Here is a future big-timer. "Bozo" is the classiest bit of fielding mechanism we've lamped in several blue moons. His "whip" is immense, and he gets 'em away fast. He is speedy on the paths, and has the happy faculty of being able to place himself in a position, where he can put this ability to advantage. The kid is clever.

Cherdini—Third Base.

"Chuck" was compelled by circumstances to play out of position most of the time, but despite this acquitted himself

nobly. He developed into a flashy fielding third-cornerman with a powerful arm. His hitting was consistently heavy. As a base-runner he's in a class all by his lonesome. And he'll be with us till '25.

Carl—Left Field.

"Jimmie" has the gardener's instinct. He covers an acre or so with ease, and fields the grounders cleanly. As lead-off man he landed on the bases about as often as anyone, and usually managed to complete the circuit. He played in every combat, and had exactly one error. Nuf ced !

Walsh—First Base.

The efficient southpaw prefect got a late start, not coming out for the nine till duty called. In the final four or five contests he starred with the best of them. His hitting was remarkable, and his fielding, mat. He came through in the pinch, and merits a large pile of praise. And, oh yes! we might mention that he guides the destiny of those scrappy young Minims.

O'Connor—Catcher.

"Red" has it in him, but lacks experience. As a consequence he had little to do in actual combats. He is a willing worker, and is the possessor of a great aim for shooting 'em to the sacks. His turn will arrive in '23.

Caye—Outfield.

"Ed" has had little opportunity to display his wares this season, but we figure that he has the goods, and class will tell. He's husky and can find the apple. We hope to see him dent the line-up oftener when the annular cycle has revolved again.

Rozenas—Pitcher.

"Rozy" will eventually succeed. He's going ahead all the time, and with a little better curve will show 'em something. We look to see him a regular boxman before long.

Hoffman—Outfield.

"Chris" was another boy who had little chance. He packs a mean wallop, which will get an opportunity to do quite a bit of damage in the next couple of years. He needs a little practice afield, but that is easily remedied when the talent is there.

Strobel—Manager.

"Clem" seized a month's vacation after relinquishing the football reins, then hopped right into work on the diamond card. He compiled a thoroughly commendable schedule, though handicapped by a faculty order to curtail all trips. His niche in the managerial hall of fame is already leased, and the sculptors have begun on the job of carving his name there. He earned his insignia mid no mistake.

Eddie Heyl—Mascot.

Speaking of mascots and the like we'll rise to remark that "Eddie" is the *de luxe* article. As a keeper of the club house, he is without an equal in the land, as far as our opinion carries. Pirates, Giants, *et al.*, take notice!

Father McGuigan—Coach.

Father Mack has just completed the biggest athletic year in his long and active history. He has been faculty director of all sports, and personally supervised both Varsity and Prep. floor and diamond teams. His proteges have hung up enviable records, which proclaim his skill as a coach to the world. Now to cap the climax, he has finally persuaded the authorities that a new gym must be built. He deserves a medal of honor. As it is, all we can do is hope that he will be here to witness the full-blown fruits of the labors, which he has lavished so unceasingly upon the students of Duquesne.



ALUMNI

In *God or Gorilla* ALFRED WATTERSON McCANN, D. Lit., '18, has delivered a crushing blow to the advocates of the Darwinian Theory. In this, his latest work, he shows the absurdity of those so-called scientists who base their proofs on possibilities and probabilities. Like the Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D., '03, who has written on the same subject, he is a keen reasoner, a subtle philosopher, a facile writer, a convincing protagonist. The Rev. Dr. Talbot Smith is lavish in his praises of Mr. McCann's latest contribution to the literature and controversy of the reading public.

As an acknowledgment of the services of LEO A. McMULLEN and his loyalty to the cause of Catholic art and architecture, the late John T. Comes, in December of last year, took him into partnership. The firm is now known by the title—"Comes, Perry and McMullen". We congratulate Mr. McMullen on this well-deserved recognition.

JOHN A. McGLADE, Esq., is Assistant District Attorney for Washington County, Pa. After Mr. McGlaide had lost both arms in a railroad accident at Charleroi, he took up the study of law; his successes, so far, forecast a brilliant future.

EDWARD B. YELLIG is local auditor for the Marine Department of the Gulf Refining Co. His office is in the Frick Building Annex.

LEO J. MCINTYRE, '21, is trying the heliotherapeutic treatment in Texas. His address is 4131 Hueco Street, El Paso. We hope for good results.

Quite recently CAPTAIN REV. JAMES A. MANLEY paid us a visit, after a three months' equitation course at Camp Knox, Louisville. Previously he had been Chaplain at Camp Pike, Little Rock, Arkansas. His zeal for the spiritual welfare of his men is equalled only by his interest in athletics; wherever he has been stationed, he has promoted physical exercise as a help to good, clean living, and his influence accordingly, has widened and deepened. His football, baseball, basketball and track teams have given a remarkable account of themselves in France, on the Rhine, and in the Sunny South. His latest appointment is to the Coast Artillery, Pensacola, Florida. He wears Six Stars indicative of his active service.

